

THOMAS

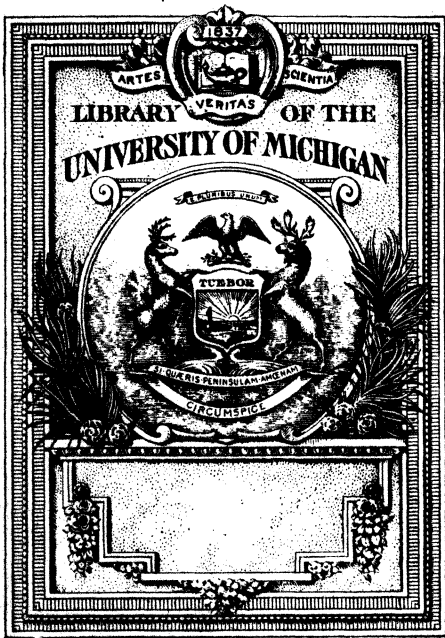
BURLESQUE

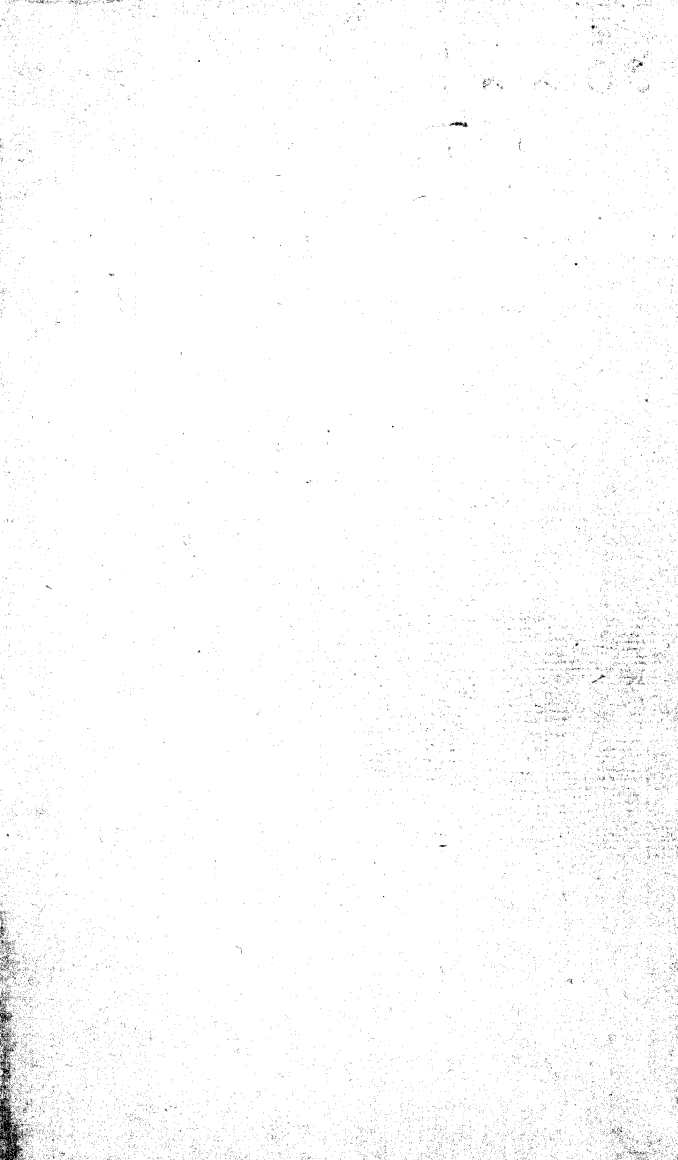
DRAMA

822.08

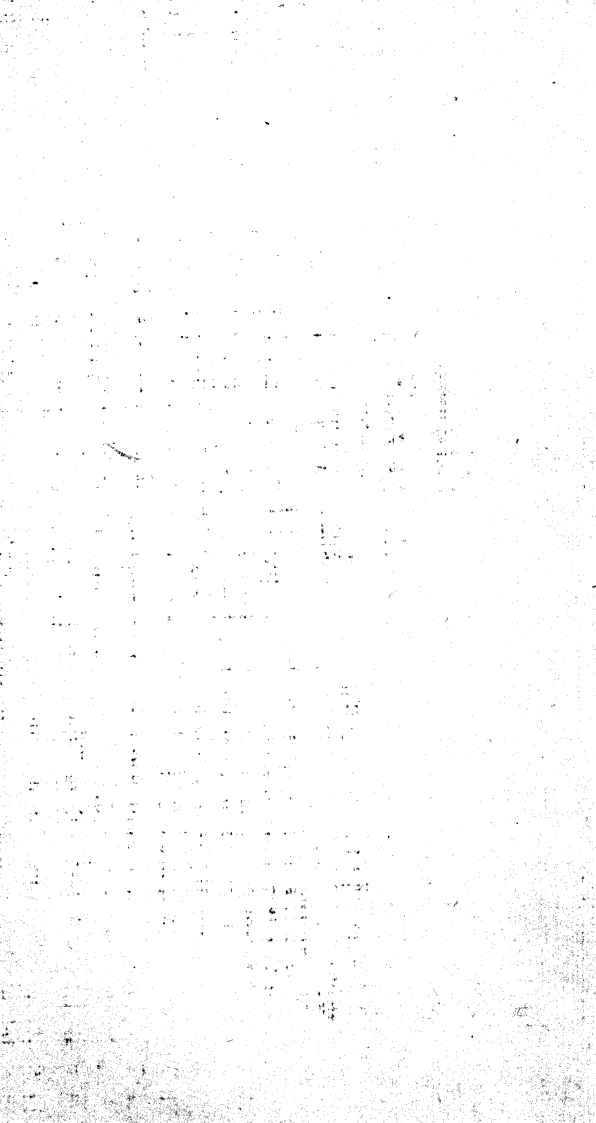
T

UNIV.
OF
MICH.



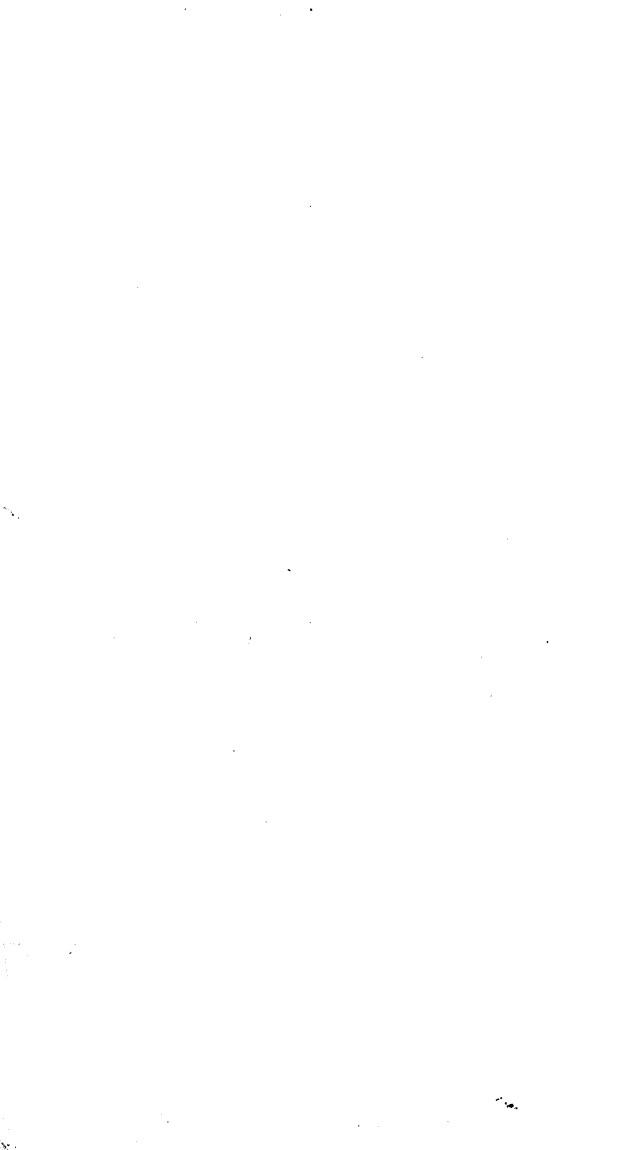








THOMAS'S
BURLESQUE DRAMA.



THOMAS'S
BURLESQUE DRAMA,
EMBELLISHED 92804

WITH SIXTY TWO ENGRAVINGS,
FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS,

BY
GEORGE AND ROBERT CRUIKSHANK.



LONDON:
JOSEPH THOMAS, I, FINCH LANE, CORNHILL.
SOLD BY SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL.

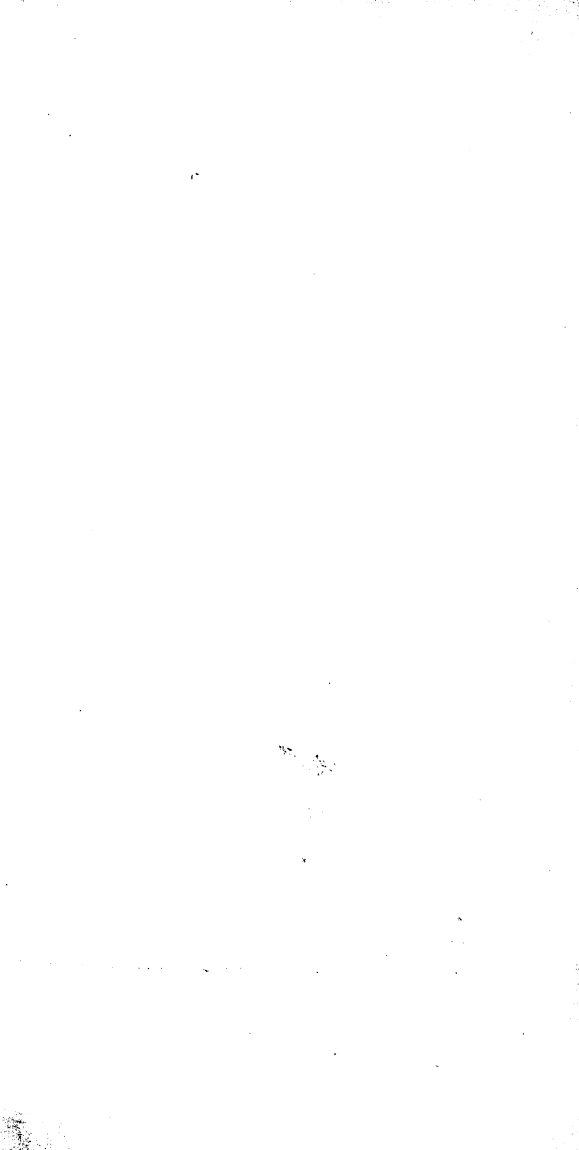
—
1838.

822.08
T45864

CONTENTS.

THE TAILORS,
BOMBASTES FURIOSO,
MIDAS,
TOM THUMB,
THE MAYOR OF GARRATT,
THE BEGGARS' OPERA,
KATHARINE AND PETRUCHIO.

WILLOUGHBY & CO., PRINTERS, 109, GOSWELL STREET.





GRAND BATTLE SCENE—FINALE TO ACT II.

THE TAILORS,

(OR "QUADRUPEDS,")

A TRAGEDY FOR WARM WEATHER.

IN THREE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES ROYAL.

ILLUSTRATED WITH ORIGINAL DESIGNS, BY

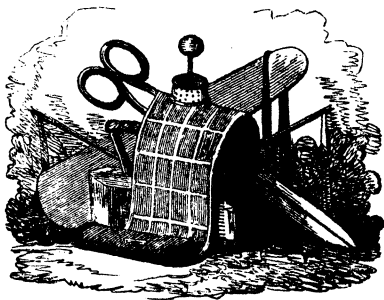
ROBERT CRUIKSHANK,

ENGRAVED BY

WRIGHT & FOLKARD, ARMSTRONG, P. CRUIKSHANK, AND STARLING.

WITH INTRODUCTORY REMARKS BY

RICHARD RYAN.



"HAIL, SACRED NINE."—A CABBAGE.

LONDON:

JOSEPH THOMAS, FINCH LANE, CORNHILL,

SOLD BY SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL, STATIONERS' COURT.

1836.

LONDON:
J. UNWIN, ST. PETER'S ALLEY
CORNHILL.

PREFATORY REMARKS.

TAILORS have been, from time immemorial, considered as fair marks for the shafts of satire. Shakespeare introduces a splendid specimen of "the gentle craft" in Katherine and Petruchio; and what a superb scene he has created out of this "ninth part of a man." How convulsive is every *hop* he gives over Petruchio's sword, and how merrily it is acknowledged by the laughter-loving audience.

Massinger, in "The New Way to Pay Old Debts," introduces a Tailor who has been reduced to "a mere botcher," by the profligacy of Master Wellborn, but although a ruined man, the dramatist cannot let him pass without a slap at him; at the same time inculcating the gross absurdity of young gentlemen paying for their clothes with precision and regularity,—making Master Wellborn remark, that "if a Tailor is paid but once in twenty years, he seldom is a loser."

The comic stage writers of later days have gone even further than this assertion, and have endeavoured to impress upon their audiences the absolute iniquity of paying a Tailor at all. Jerrold, in his Historical Drama of "Nell Gwynne," makes Charles II. wittily observe, "Never pay a Tailor, because sin was the occasion of their trade;" a truism which cannot well be disputed.

Having made these few remarks, which we trust our readers will not deem an irrelevant introduction to the contents of this little volume, we now inform them that the Dramatic Burlesque of "The Tailors, a Tragedy for Warm Weather," proceeded from the pen of Samuel Foote, known as "The English Aristophanes," and was originally acted at the Haymarket Theatre, in the summer of 1767;—Foote, Bannister, Shuter, Palmer, and Weston, sustaining the principal parts. The intent of the author was decidedly not to write any thing personally offensive to that useful class of the community,—the Tailors,—but to hold up to ridicule those bombastic passages in popular Tragedies, where the heroes and the heroines express all their emotions in the most inflated language, thereby furnishing the satirist with a series of scenes the best adapted to burlesque and parody. Foote avails him-

self of these, and feeling that the fun would be greatly increased by making his *Dramatis Personæ*—Tailors—he accordingly presses them into the service.

There is great merit in the piece, not only on account of the whimsical correctness with which the Tragic Authors are parodied,—but its construction as an Acting Drama is admirably managed; the scenic effects are ludicrous to a degree, and whenever the stage can boast of burlesque actors sufficient to warrant its production, its revival is always attended with success. To this statement, however, one exception must be made, which occurred in August, 1805, at the Haymarket Theatre, on Mr. Dowton attempting to revive this burlesque, for his benefit. After it was announced for representation, the Tailors declared, both openly and by anonymous letters to the managers, that if the piece were brought forward, they would go in a body to the house, and there take summary vengeance. The proprietors, however, having gone to great expense in getting up the performance, were resolved to bring it forward. Mr. Dowton also received several letters, warning him of the consequences attending its production, all of which he very properly disregarded.

At an early hour, in the afternoon of August 15, about 700 persons, mostly Tailors, were waiting to gain admittance to the theatre at the opening of the doors. The greater portion went to the galleries, while some took their station in the pit, and the moment they got in, commenced shouting and knocking their sticks in the most turbulent manner. The utmost noise and confusion prevailed in the house, and when the curtain rose there was a general cry of "Dowton," "Dowton!" Mr. Dowton came forward, but the tumult increased, and there were loud shouts of "No Dowton," "No Dowton!" He attempted to speak, but could not be heard; the uproar now greatly increased, a Tailor's thimble and a pair of scissors were thrown from the shilling gallery on the stage; they passed very near to Mr. Dowton, and he took them up, and coming to the front, said, "I would give twenty guineas to know who threw these scissors"; this proceeding so alarmed some ladies in the stage box that at their request he left the stage.

The noise continuing with increased violence, the managers despaired of obtaining a hearing in the usual way, and had re-

course to the exhibition of a large board, whereon they desired to know the pleasure of the audience. Papers were handed up to the galleries and every possible intimation was given that the offensive piece should be withdrawn, and the farce of "The Village Lawyer" substituted. This, however, did not produce a cessation of hostilities; and about nine o'clock, the managers finding it impossible to procure peace, despatched a messenger to Mr. Graham, the magistrate at Bow Street, who soon arrived with some officers, and having sworn in several extra constables, proceeded to the galleries, and seizing on the ring-leaders, took about a dozen of the rioters into custody and lodged them in St. Martin's watch house.

After "Catherine and Petruchio," the curtain being drawn up, discovered three Tailors seated upon a board,—the uproar became universal—loud vociferations of every kind were heard, and a very strong opposition was again formidably manifested. The Bow Street Officers made their appearance a second time, and eventually several of the most riotous were dragged out of the house. The piece then proceeded, but in consequence of these interruptions, it was nearly one o'clock before the performance was over. A party of the Horse Guards patrolled up and down the Haymarket, and remained there until the crowd had dispersed.

After this affray, "The Tailors" lay dormant, until its revival at the Lyceum Theatre, to afford the late Mr. Lovegrove an opportunity of exciting the risible faculties in Abrahamides; its success was most decided, and supported by Oxberry, who was a very fine burlesque actor,—it was performed to many laughter-loving audiences.

The next representative of Abrahamides, of any note, in London, was John Reeve, who, as a performer of burlesque tragedy, is entitled to the appellation of a leviathan;—"none but himself can be his parallel;"—naturally redolent with every variety of broad humour and whimsical fun, he unites each physical requisite necessary to the embodying of all his droll and ludicrous imaginings. Those who have not witnessed his performance of mock tragedy, can have but a faint idea of the grotesque. His huge rolling eye,—his broad ungainly figure, assisted by stage costume,—and the succession of absurdities he illustrates in his department, must be seen to be appreciated. He is the Gillray, Rowlandson, and Cruikshank of his art, combined,—presenting the lights and

shades of caricature, with a fidelity, richness, and breadth equal to all three of these children of Apelles.

Feeling how congenial the labour would be to the pencil of the caricaturist, if employed in illustrating Foote's mock tragedy, we prevailed on Mr. Robert Cruikshank to furnish us with sundry designs, in which he has displayed considerable originality, together with that peculiar spirit and whimsical conception which have created for him so much popularity.

We do not think we ought to conclude without presenting our readers with some slight notice of SAMUEL FOOTE, the author of "The Tailors," who as actor, author, and wit, occupied so prominent a station in the theatrical history of his age,—whose farces and whose repartees have descended hand in hand to posterity, and seem to acquire in each succeeding epoch, fresh vigour and immortality.

Our author was a native of Truro, in Cornwall, where he was born about the year 1720. He was educated at Worcester College, Oxford, on leaving which he entered himself of the Temple, where he continued several years—not studying the law, but devoting his time and energies to the gaming table. He married, experienced various vicissitudes of fortune, and at length betook himself to the stage, to obtain the necessaries of life. Under the auspices of Macklin, he made his *debut* in "Othello," in February, 1744; failing in tragedy, he then tried comedy, and performed Lord Foppington, but was equally unsuccessful. He accordingly struck out a new path for himself, by appearing in the double character of author and performer, and opened the Haymarket Theatre in the spring of 1747, with a new piece of his own writing, called "The Diversions of the Morning." After the success of this "Monologue," he invited the public "To Tea," and his invitation was accepted with avidity.

After this he produced the various Farces, that have ranked him so high as a Dramatic Author, enjoying the friendship of Garrick, and the distinguished host of literati, and first-rate actors, that illumined the stage at this particular period.

In 1766, by being thrown from his horse one of his legs were broken in such a manner as to require amputation; this did not affect the exercise of his abilities, but in 1777, finding his health decline, he disposed of his property in the Haymarket Theatre, to Mr. George Colman, and being advised

by his physicians to try the South of France, with this intent he reached Dover on the 20th of October, where he died on the day following, in the fifty-seventh year of his age. The body was removed to London, and was interred in Westminster Abbey by torch-light.

R. R.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MASTER TAILORS.

	As Originally Cast in 1762.	As Cast in 1805.
Francisco	Mr. Foote	Mr. Dowton
Campbello	Mr. Bannister	Mr. Clifford
Pearcey	Mr. Garaner	Mr. Grove
Hagglestonon	Mr. Newton	Mr. Campbell
Regniades	Mr. Castle	Mr. Smith

FLINTS.

Abrahamides	Mr. Shuter	Mr. Mathews
Bernardo	Mr. Davis	Mr. De Camp
Christophorides	Mr. Pierce	
Humphryminos	Mr. Loveman	Mr. Myers
Bartholomeus	Mr. Smith	Mr. Hatton
Isaacos	Mr. Palmer	Mr. Palmer
Jack, alias Jackides	Mr. Weston	Mr. Denman
Zachariades	Mr. Gardner	Mr. Liston
Ralpho	Mr. Strange	Mr. Wilkins
Timotheus	Mr. Pynn	
Philippomenos	Mr. Keen	Mr. Wharton

TAILORS' LADIES.

Dorothea	Mrs. Jefferies ..	Mrs. Harlowe
Pittillinda	Mrs. Gardner	Mrs. Gibbs
Tinderella	Mrs. Burden	
Mopperella	Mrs. Kirby	
Blousidora	Mrs. Dynton	Miss Vining

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means *Right*.—*L.* *Left*.—*C.* *Centre*.

The lines distinguished by inverted commas (“”) are omitted in the representation.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,

As performed at the Adelphi Theatre, 1835.

- Francisco*, Mr. WILKINSON.—A gray suit with black buttons, short black cut wig, shoes and buckles, rolls of flannel round his legs.
- Pearcey*, Mrs. BUCKSTONE.—Short black coat buttoned close up to the neck, black smalls, blue striped stockings, short half boots, and small cocked hat.
- Hagglestonon*, Mr. GIBSON.—Short blue coat, black waistcoat, gray smalls, black stockings, and black stock.
- Regniades*, Mr. FOSTER.—Green long-tailed coat, flowered waistcoat, short black trowsers, and light blue stockings.
- Campello*, Signor PAULO.—Brown suit, (very old.)
- Abrahamides*, Mr. REEVE.—A light gray coat, large flowered waistcoat, black smalls, red stockings above the knee, shoes and buckles, long black straight-haired wig, large hat, large light brown cloak, gauntlets, black belt.
- Bernardo*, Mr. SANDERS.—Red smalls, blue striped stockings, old black coat, and hat without crown.
- Humphryminos*, Mr. MORRIS.—Very old black suit, no stockings.
- Bartholomeus*, Mr. KING.—Light yellow coat, with black buttons, black smalls, short black cut wig, and red stockings.
- Isaacos*, Mr. GALLOT.—Red striped stockings, black smalls, old court waistcoat, and brown coat, with one skirt.
- Jackides*, Mr. GREEN.—Red smalls, long black boots, short gray jacket, and red wig.
- Timotheus*, Mr. SHAW.—Flowered suit, cut velvet very old, long black boots, large cocked hat, and black wig.
- Christophorides*, Mr. BROWN. }
Ralpho, Mr. PRICE. } Old fashioned suits, some-
Philippomenos, Mr. WILSON. } what damaged.
- Dorothea*, Miss DALY.—White apron and petticoat, brown gown (rumpet up,) large cap with red ribbons, black silk mitts, shoes and buckles.
- Tittillinda*, Miss NOVELLO.—Red petticoat, flowered gown, and white apron.
- Mopperella*, Mrs. DALY.—Brown quilted petticoat, large flowered gown, full cap with crimson ribbons, high heeled shoes and buckles.
- Blousidora*.—Red gown, white petticoat, and black apron.

PROLOGUE.

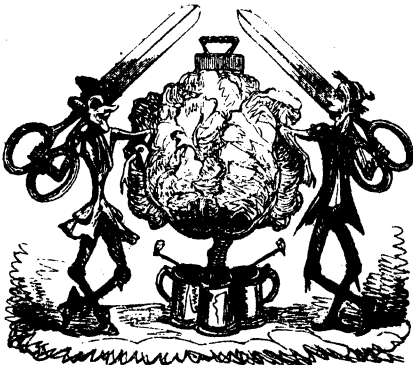
WRITTEN BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

SPOKEN BY MR. FOOTE.

THIS night we add some heroes to our store,
Who never were as heroes known before ;
No blustering Romans, Trojans, Greeks, shall rage,—
No knights arm'd *cap-à-pie* shall crowd our stage ;
Nor shall our Henrys, Edwards, take the field,
Opposing sword to sword, and shield to shield ;
With different instruments our troop appears,
Needles to thimbles shall, and shears to shears.
With parchment gorgets, and in buckram armed,
Cold-blooded Tailors are to heroes warmed,
And slip-shod slide to war. No lion's glare,
No eye-balls darting fire, shall make you stare :
Each outside shall belie the stuff within,
A Roman spirit in a Tailor's skin.
A cross-legged Cassius, Pompey, shall you see,
And the ninth part of Brutus strut in me.
What tho' no swords we draw, no daggers shake,
Yet can our warriors a " quietus make,
" With a bare bodkin."—Then be dumb, ye railers,
And never, but in honour, call out *Tailors !*
But are these heroes tragic, you will cry ?
Oh ! very tragic—and I'll tell you why—
Should female artists with the male combine,
And Mantua-makers to the Tailors join,

Should all, too proud to work, their trades give o'er,
 Not to be softened by the sixpence more,—
 What horrors would ensue!—First, you, ye beaux,
 Would forfeit all existence with your clothes.
 Then you, ye fair, where would be your defence?
 This is no golden age of innocence.
 Should drunken Bacchanals the Graces meet,
 And no *police* protect the naked street,—
 Beauty is weak, and passion bold and strong :—
 Oh! then—but modesty restrains my tongue.

May this night's bard a skilful Tailor be,
 And like a well-made coat his tragedy ;
 Tho' close, yet easy ; decent, but not dull ;
 Short, but not scanty ; without buckram, full !



TAILORS' COAT OF ARMS.

THE TAILORS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Tailor's Work-shop.*

ABRAHAMIDES *discovered in C. and Four Tailors on Shop-board at Work. Enter BERNARDO and BARTHOLOMEUS.—L.*

ABR. Welcome, Bernardo!—Now, what say our friends?

BERN. Great Abrahamides, the chief of all,
Who led th' embattled Tailors first to war,
Success attends you to your utmost wish;—
Behold! the brave Bartholomeus is come,
Willing to hear, and aid your utmost aim.

ABR. His mien is noble, and bespeaks the Tailor
Not of the Dunghill and degenerate race,
But such as the brave Elliot led to battle.
Will he not bend before a master's frown?
Or flow dissolving in the tankard's tears?

BERN. Injurious thought!

BART. To ease you of your fears,
I will retire;—you'll one day know me better.

ABR. Forgive me, stranger, if, in caution old,
I fear to trust appearance e'en like thine.

Whence and what art thou ?

BART. In Wapping's distant realm I drew my
breath ;

Where long my father held his peaceful sway.

Fired with the love of liberty and beer,

Urged by Bernardo's friendship, I am come

To offer aid,—if aid, so mean as mine,

Can aught avail a cause so great, so just !

ABR. Say, who thy sire ?

BART. The old Bartholomeus.

ABR. Thrice happy omen ! Welcome to my arms,
Thou generous son of that brave man I loved ;

We oft in early youth together worked,

On the same board together cross-legged sat ;

In summer cucumbers, in winter cabbages,

Together eat. Oft at the skittle-ground—

BERN. Consider, sir, this time admits no pause
For friendship's softer ties : one hour, perhaps,
Decides our utmost fate !

ABR. Well urged Bernardo.—Say, thou generous
youth,

How stands thy state ? speak, if in peace or war ?

BART. In peace profound with all the neighbouring
chiefs ;

Nor that alone ; for amity's strict league

Unites us all.—Far on the adverse coast,

As far as Redriff's ample range extends,

Great Christophorides resides in state.

While northward, to Whitechapel's awful mount,

The great Humphrymiños, renowned in arms,

Leads the tremendous sons of Spitalfields.

BERN. What are your numbers, and how disciplined ?



BART. Full fifteen hundred men complete in arms.

ABR. A goodly band! Now, gallant stranger, hear!
By good intelligence I'm well informed,
The tyrant masters meet in close divan,
At the Five Bells. Part of their dark design
Is known, the rest concealed; but I've ta'en care
To place Isaacos, with a chosen band,
Instructed to discover, or disturb
Their inmost councils from their destined aim;
Be it thy care to haste, Humphryminos
And Chrystophorides, to this night's council;
While each subaltern chief prepares the men.

BART. I will, brave chief.—Where is the council held?

ABR. Why, at the Orange Tree, in White Hart yard.

BART. Till then, farewell!

ABR. Nay, quick! be Mercury;
Set feathers to thy heels, and fly like thought,
From me to them, from them to me again!

BART. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.
[Exit. L.]

BERN. Spoke like a sprightly Tailor!

ABR. A gallant youth!

Bernardo, ere the midnight clock has struck,
Be thou with me; some doubts perplex my breast
Which this night's council must or clear or cure.

[Exit. with Tailors.—R.]

SCENE II.—*An apartment in Francisco's house.*

Enter FRANCISCO, followed by DOROTHEA.—L.

DOR. Francisco, stay! unkind Francisco, stay!
Nor let thy Dorothea plead in vain;

Consider, love, thy swaddled legs, thy gout, and all thy pains.

FRAN. Cease, Dorothea, to perplex my breast
With idle fears; where'er my duty calls,
Thou know'st, nor gout, nor rheumatism can stop me;
Cease, then, to ask for what I must deny.

DOR. True, I'm a woman; therefore full of fear;
But tho' my body's weak, my mind is noble,
For that is full of *thee*: on *thee* I gaze,
Watch every virtue, catch the kindling flame!
Cease, then, to tax thy Dorothea's heart
With idle fears; those fears are all for thee!
Oh, but this night absent thyself from council,
And Dorothea then will ask no more!

FRAN. It cannot, must not be.

DOR. Cannot? must not?

FRAN. Ah, no!

DOR. And yet there *was* a time, my Franky,
When Dolly might obtain a greater suit;
If she but looked as if she had a want,
Thy penetrating eyes, and generous heart,
Watched every look, prevented every wish;—
There *was* a time, when in the afternoon,
As you prepared to take your usual nap,
No pillow pleased but Dorothea's breast;
When to the last your eyes would gaze on her,
Till poppey sleep oppressed them; she with joy
Strok'd thy lank cheeks, and lulled thy soul to rest;
But, ah! that time (I know not why) is past.

FRAN. Oh, peace! thou fair upbraider, chide no more!

Thou know'st my heart still glows with fondness for thee;

But, go I must; the fate of all the trade

Depends on this night's council ; 'tis decisive.
Campbello, the great father of the trade,
With his own hand hath summoned : absence now
Would cast reproach on all my former fame !

DOR. Oh, didst thou know but all, thou wouldst
not go.

FRAN. What means my love ?

DOR. Alas, I fear to tell !

FRAN. Keep me not on the rack!—perplex no more,
But tell me all !

DOR. Wilt thou not chide me then ?

FRAN. Chide thee, my love ?

DOR. Oh, smooth that angry brow,
I'll tell thee all!—Last night, I had a dream !

FRAN. A dream ! a dream !

DOR. Nay, hear me, ere you blame!—
Methought you took me in a one-horse chaise,
Unto the Star and Garter, Richmond Hill.
Placid and pleased, we had a charming ride ;
But, while we gazed on the rich prospect round,
Sudden, methought, I stumbled ; anxious fear
Urged me to catch at thee—at thee, my love,
My best support—but thou, alas ! wert gone !
When, lo ! far off, the bottom of the hill,
I saw thee rising from the watery Thames,
All dripping wet ! with eager haste I ran :
As I drew nigh, what words can paint my fears,
When I beheld blood trickling down thy face :
At that sad sight I waked with horror !

FRAN. Wet ?

DOR. Dripping wet !

FRAN. And bloody too ?

DOR. All a gore blood ! and from that hour to this,
Remembrance chills me with the very thought !

FRAN. Trust me, my love, my heart recoils with fear!

DOR. Oh, seize the happy omen! stay at home! I'll send a message, that you're sick in bed.

FRAN. What, for a dream! no; it shall ne'er be said
A dream could awe a Master Tailor's soul!
Besides, inform me, what's this dream to me,
More than the world in general?

DOR. Gallant man! [*Fran. going.*]
Yet, stay, Francisco, stay!

FRAN. Thou plead'st in vain!
How would St. Clement's sons, renowned in art,
And their proud dames, (whose mantuas sweep the
ground,
With heads made up of wool and rumps of cork)
Attaint the lustre of Francisco's name,
Should it be known, a dream could e'er deter
Him from his duty! no; come what come may,
I'm fixed to go; for 'tis our council-day.

DOR. Oh, rigid virtue! more than stoic pride!
Since thou wilt go, leave not thy cloak behind;
Screen thy loved self, thy Dolly's dearer half,
From the dank dew, and each unkindly fog:
Sure rigid honour does not that forbid.

FRAN. In that, and every thing that's free from
shame,
Francisco lives but to oblige his Dolly.

DOR. 'Tis kindly said.—Who waits without?
come in!

Enter MOPPERELLA.

Forth from the clothes press fetch, the red roqueleau.
[*Mopperella goes out, and returns with a roqueleau,
and small bottle.*]

And now, one parting kiss ! one more ! farewell.
Remember well—hold, hold, my boding heart !—
Whate'er Francisco's fate, his Dolly suffers !
Oh, my Francisco !

FRAN. Oh, my Dorothea !

[*Exeunt, Fran. R.—Mop. L.*

SCENE III.—*A Room at the Five Bells.*

CAMPBELLO, HAGGLESTONON, PEARCEY, FRANCISCO,
REGNIADES, &c., *in council, all seated at a table,
with pipes, bottles, mugs, &c.*

CAMP. My friends, a set of worthy men you are,
Prudent and just, and careful for the trade.
In various meetings and with long debate,
With no small toil, at length it was resolved,
This night's conclusive meeting crowns the whole ;
Whether by open war or covert guile,
We now debate : who can advise, may speak !

HAG. 'Tis true, this point demands our utmost care ;
And since no generous usage can restrain
Those sons of riot, harsher means be tried !
For if their insults you unpunished bear,
A train of horrid ills will soon ensue,
E'en to the ruin of our antique trade.
Therefore, by my advice, be forthwith raised
A large *subscription*, placed in proper hands,
Which may let loose the merciless stern law
To hunt the slaves, like hell-hounds, thro' the world !

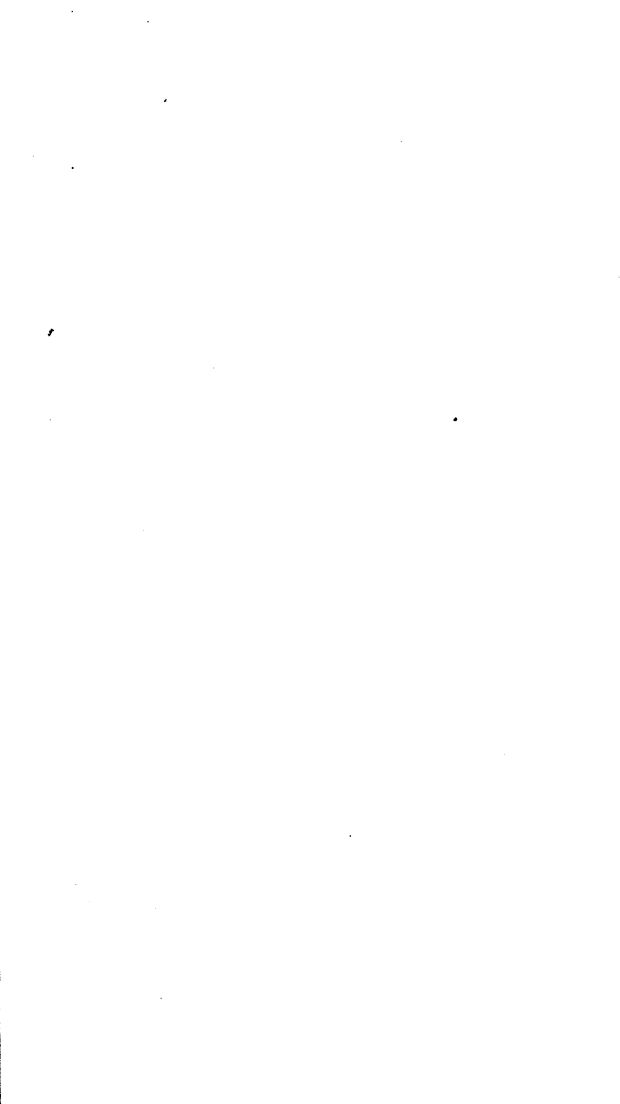
PEAR. Much I approve great Hagglestonon's plan.
United firmly, we have nought to fear ;
But if in our own body should be found
Some hollow bosoms,—men, who, void of shame,
Prefer ignoble ease to glorious toil,

And meanly with their rude demands comply ;
 Should there be such (as worthy cause I have
 To fear there are,) where is your remedy ?
 To what end serves the patriot's honest toil,
 If silken slaves of ease thus bar success ?
 Ills such as these who can prevent or cure ?

REG. That can I.

Sage Latitatos, learned in the law,
 With much sound wisdom proved that not alone
 The rebels who demand, but all who give
 More than the stated price assigned by law,
 Are liable to prosecution deep.
 Be it thy care, oh, father of the trade,
 Thou sage Campbello, with thy utmost strength
 And speed, to forward Hagglestonon's plan ;
 Spare no offender ! then we soon shall know
 Our friends from foes ; as all the wise prefer
 An avowed enemy to a doubtful friend.

FRAN. Rude am I in my speech, and little skilled
 In soft persuasive arts ; but yet, I trust
 By facts my injured character to save.
 Nor need I now relate, oh, Tailors, here,
 The services which I have done the trade,
 They are all known ; Arts such as these I leave
 To them, who think that boasting gives them honour.
 Yet some, in justice to myself, I must——
 When, at the time of general mourning, all
 To Bedfordbury and to White-hart-yard,
 Straight ran in crowds, with haste to intercept
 Each other's men, submitting to their terms,
 Stepped not I forth, and checked the rude barbarians ?
 Who was it first proposed this very plan ?
 Was that the action of a doubtful friend ?
 Who called the general meeting in the Strand ?





CAMP. Hold, hold, my noble friends!

Ye came, 'tis true ; but what did ye effect ?
 Ye spent the time in noisy vain debates.
 Seeing you wavering and irresolute,
 With honest scorn, I catered for myself ;
 What could I do ?—say, if a baron sends
 To me for clothes, what, must I leave him clotheless ?
 Or, if a duke, who pays me nobly, sends
 For a rich birth-day suit, what, must I say
 I can't afford to pay my journeymen ?
 Oh, inconsiderate, ungrateful men !
 Little I thought, that after all my toils
 From early youth down to decrepid age,
 Reproach should ever stain my honest fame ;
 Less, it should come from Pearcey's flippant tongue.
 'Tis true I gave more than the law allows ;
 So have you all : if you call that a crime,
 From guilt like that not even Pearcey's free.

PEAR. Who dares name *guilt*, and with a Pearcey's name ?

FRAN. That dare I !

PEAR. You know your age protects you ;
 Your safety else you would not hazard thus.

FRAN. Safety from thee ?—

CAMP. Hold, hold, my noble friends !
 Restrain your fire, check this impetuous rage,
 Nor let these sparks be kindled into flame.
 Pearcey, be dumb, and learn respect to age !
 Thy worth, Francisco, still will be remembered,
 Long as the Tailors' business has a being.
 Think not, thou venerable man, that words,
 Hastily dropped in council, point at thee ;
 For whosoever strives to wrong thy fame,
 Will find the dart recoil upon himself.

REG. Ere I would wrong the great Francisco's fame,

May my right hand forget to hold the needle !
 Whate'er I spoke was for the common good ;
 The ill was general, fatal the effect.

Which to prevent was the utmost of my aim.

PEAR. Forgive me, sage Francisco, if rash youth
 Forget respect, so due to age like thine.

FRAN. Oh, great Regniades, and Pearcey too,
 Forgive my warmth ; if, when my fame's attacked,
 My swelling heart e'en bursts with indignation !
 For what is dearer to a Tailor's soul ?

Acknowledgment like this restores my love :
 I am no Scythian, nursed with tiger's milk,
 But yield with joy to friendship's softer tie.

CAMP. Ay, this is right !—Say, shall I put the
 question,

Is it resolv'd, that one and all unite ?

OMNES. All, all ; all nine as but one man.

CAMP. Well have ye done, well ended long debates,
 Synod of Tailors, like to what you are !

Yet, ere we part—

[A noise is heard, of breaking windows and shouting.]

Enter WAITER.—L.

WAITER. Haste, gentlemen ! my worthy masters,
 run !

For all the journeymen are up in arms ;
 Caps, hats, and brick-bats fly about the street,
 And knock down every master that they meet !

[Exeunt.—L.]

SCENE IV.—*A Street.*

Enter ABRAHAMIDES solus.—R.

ABR. With what unequal tempers are we formed !

What tho' adorned with splendour, armed with power,
 Obedient Tailors tremble at my nod ;
 Tho' at each club the chair of honour's placed
 For me alone ; what tho' on every slate,
 My name stands foremost—still I am unhappy :
 I groan beneath the complicated pangs
 Of love and of ambition !—Ye jarring pair,
 Why do you join to rack a heart like mine ?
 Yet why should love be e'er denied the brave ?
 Is there no way to reap the fruit of both ?
 Conceal my love, ambition yet may thrive ;
 Come, plausible Prudence, neither vice nor virtue,
 Yet worth them all ; pale fac'd Hypocrisy,
 Lend thy smooth smile to hide my close design ;
 And friendly Caution, with thy timid eye,
 Watch, lest some spy should dog me to my haunt.
[Exit.—L.]

SCENE V.—*Tittillinda's Lodgings.*

Enter TITTILLINDA, followed by BLOUSIDORA.—L.

TITT. Still must I mourn, for ever mourn my fate,
 Oppressed by Fortune, and a slave to love !
 Oh, would but Fortune smile, Love yet might bless
 Our future days, and Abrahamides
 Fill these loved arms, with joys unutterable.
 Instead of that—

BLOUS. Torment thyself no more !
 Think what you are, your present happiness ;
 Great Abrahamides is still thy slave.

TITT. In vain you urge me to forget my woes.

BLOUS. How many ladies, in your situation,
 Would think themselves completely blest to see

An Abrahamides sigh at their feet ;
 One, who, by general voice of all the Flints,
 From his sole merit was elected chief !

TITT. True, Blousidora, merit such as his
 Might gratify a woman's utmost pride ;
 Great is his merit ; greater still his love.
 Sure I shall ne'er forget that fatal day
 When at the Court of Conscience first we met ;
 Urg'd by hard creditors, oppressed by foes,
 Obedient to the summons there I came ;
 Full thirty shillings was the vast, vast debt ;
 Friendless, unknowing in the quirks of law,
 While the brow beating justices insult,
 Forth from the crowd there stepped a gallant youth,
 Whose form might claim attention e'en from queens !
 He asked the sum ; then fifteen shillings paid,
 (His whole week's wages) and subscribed a note,
 By weekly payments to discharge the rest.

BLOUS. Oh, generous youth ! But tell me, hapless
 fair,
 Was he till then unknown ?

TITT. His name, his form,
 Till that blest hour, were utterly unknown.
 Forth from the wondering crowd he led me home ;
 Then ordered dinner, and some brandy-punch ;
 Enquired my name, my state, soothed all my griefs,
 Then urged his passion in so soft a strain !
 What could I do ? my Blousidora, say !
 Could I refuse the gentle generous youth ?

BLOUS. While he is faithful, why should you
 complain ?

TITT. Have I not cause ? my Blousidora, say !
 While cruel fortune frowns, he can't support me ;
 My father's doors are ever shut against me :

Whene'er that thought occurs, my spirits sink,
And my whole soul goes forth in sighs and tears!

[Weeps.

BLous. Here comes the chief.

[Exit.—L.

Enter ABRAHAMIDES.—L.

ABR. In tears, my Tittillinda?
Lift up thine eyes; and see who comes to cheer thee.

TITT. My Abrahamides!

ABR. Yes, my Tittilinda,
Thy faithful Abrahamides is come,
To sooth thy sorrows, cheer thy drooping spirits.
But why these tears? why, with heart-rending sighs,
Heaves thy sad bosom? is there aught on earth,
Within my power, I would not do to serve thee?

TITT. Oh, generous youth!

ABR. Trust me, my love, I feared
Some rude unfeeling bailiff was the cause
Of thy sad tears. But, most of all I feared
You pined for pleasures I could not afford.

TITT. Oh, no! all pleasures centre in thy arms.
I envy not the fair, whose happier fate
Nightly affords to go to Sadler's Wells;
Or to White Conduit House, where buttered loaves
Assuage their hunger; and to cool their thirst,
Sweet-sliding syllabub affords its aid;
Free be their joys, joys once, alas, my own!
Nor yet unhappy Tittillinda's fate,
While Abrahamides continues love.

ABR. Oh, my soul's joy, if fortune crown our arms,
My Tittillinda shall no longer mourn;
A few short hours will soon decide our fate.
When next we meet, I'll raise thee to an height,

Shall gather all thy gazing neighbours round
To wonder who the devil placed thee there.
But if we ne'er meet more—

TITT. What means my love?

ABR. Be ignorant, till thou applaud'st the deed.

TITT. I seek to know no more than you reveal.
Yet, ere thou goest, drink some generous punch,
To cheer thy drooping soul.

ABR. Short be our joys,
Whene'er our duty calls.—But come, my love;
If fate but favour us, our future days
Shall roll in peace, in luxury, and ease,
And all be crowned with punch, with pork, with peas.
[*Exit.*—*R.*

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in Francisco's House.**Enter DOROTHEA and MOPPERELLA.—R.*

MOP. Cease, my dear mistress, cease these fruitless
tears,

Nor let the canker Grief destroy thy beauty.
My master never later stays than ten,
But he sends word.

DOR. Oh, you mistake me quite!
For other sorrows load my throbbing breast.

MOP. What other sorrows can disturb you now?
I'm sure no woman in the parish goes
Or better fed, or better drest than thou,
Or takes more pleasure in a handsome way.

DOR. Happiest of tailor's ladies sure am I;
Ungrateful were it to deny the truth.
'Tis true, Francisco drives but with one horse,
Nor envy I whose ladies drive with two.—
But, Mopperella, as you talk of eating,
Say, is the sparrow-grass got ready yet?

MOP. The water's boiling, and the toast is made;
But Betty says she will not put the grass
Into the saucepan, till my master comes.

DOR. Betty is careful.

MOP. Then, dear madam, say,
Since you confess that you enjoy all pleasure,
A country house and town, a one-horse chaise,

White Conduit House, and every joy beside,
Why do you grieve thus ?

DOR. True, my Mopperella,
I have a country house in Lambeth Marsh,
Genteely furnished ; nor need fear, when drest,
The envious glance of Madam Sarcenet's eye ;
Yet, for all this, I am unhappy still.
I know not why—but, ah ! my boding heart
Presages ill from this night's fatal council.

MOP. What, do you grieve because my master's out ?
Oh, grieve no more ; he will be back to supper.
Madam, were I in your place, I protest,
I should be merry, as a grig, all day.

DOR. Thou hast no husband, Moppy ! if thou hadst,
Thou wouldst not prattle at this idle rate ;
How can a single woman ever feel
Those little fears, that nice uneasiness,
Which so distinguish every prudent wife ?

MOP. Madam, tho' single, yet I can pronounce,
If I were married, I should love my husband ;
But tho' I loved him, yet I would not fret
When he was out—unless he stayed all night.

DOR. Stay out all night ? hold your irreverent
tongue ! [Knocking.
Your master comes ! I know his knock—begone !
Bid Betty hasten supper ; well I know,
When he returns, he's hungry and fatigued.

Enter FRANCISCO with his head broke, led by a Waiter.
—L.

FRAN. Here, Robin, here's a tester !

DOR. What do I see !

Oh, speak Francisco ! ease me of my fears !

FRAN. Be not alarmed, my love, but lend thy arm,
To prop my feeble steps.

DOR. Run for a surgeon!

FRAN. Hast thou no sticking-plaster here, my love?

DOR. I have, my love: and Hungary water too.
How art thou now?

FRAN. Better; much better, love;
Only a little faint with loss of blood.

DOR. No wonder, love; didst thou not faint before?

FRAN. A tailor's soul bears all with equal firmness!

DOR. But say, my love, how hap'd this dire mis-
chance!

FRAN. Why, in the middle of our long debate,
The journeymen assembled, all in arms,
With stones broke every window; then, whilst I
Endeavoured to oppose (the rest being old)
Myself alone amidst an host of foes,
Oppressed by numbers, senseless fell to earth,
Till Robin picked me up, and led me home.

DOR. Where was thy Dolly then, to bind thy head?
But now my dream is out, my fears are gone!
Why wouldst thou go against thy Dolly's warning?

FRAN. Who can controul his fate? all must submit;
Monarchs and tailors must submit to fate.

DOR. That's true. Then let me put thee now to bed,
And rest, perhaps, will heal thy smarting wounds.

FRAN. I will; and in the morning soon will get
A judge's warrant for that rascal Isaac.

DOR. Isaac? who's he?

FRAN. Why, our late foreman; he
Was at their head.

DOR. Then trounce him well, my love!
But come, get thee to bed; and then—

FRAN. What then?

DOR. I'll make my love some whey.

FRAN. And so you may. [*Fran. is led out.—R.*]

DOROTHEA *alone.*

For Isaac get a warrant ? I'm undone !

What can I do ?—Ha ! when he's fast asleep,

I'll send for Isaac, give him instant notice,

That he may shun the danger. [*Exit.—R*]

SCENE II.—*An Antichamber in the Alehouse.*

Enter ABRAHAMIDES—R. and BERNARDO.—L.

ABR. Oh, faithful friend, sole partner of my councils,
Thy early industry proclaims thy heart.

BERN. None yet arrived ? what means this dull
delay ?

ABR. 'Tis yet too soon ; therefore I bid thee come,
To share the troubles that disturb my breast.

BERN. Is this a time, oh, chief, to harbour fear,
When our long-laboured scheme is near its birth ?

ABR. Mistake me not ; so cold a guest as Fear
Ne'er found admittance into this firm breast.
I fear and doubt of others.

BERN. Who ? explain !

ABR. Hast thou not marked, in all our various
meetings,
Some fearful hearts, still wavering and weak ?

BERN. Whom do you mean ?

ABR. Pale Zachariades,
Envious Phillippomenos, I fear ;
Ralpho's cold heart ; Timotheus' addle brain !

BERN. Why do you doubt them ?

ABR. Oh, I know them well ;

On the same board together oft we've worked ;
Oft have I seen them with an abject eye,
Tremble before the tyrant master's frown,
And crouch beneath the foreman's weak dominion.

BERN. If thus you doubt, 'twere better to prevent
The ills you fear, than wait in vain their cure.

ABR. That's my design.

BERN. Shall I secure them, then ?

ABR. Not yet, with open force ; with deeper art,
We'll make their fears the rulers of their fate.
Involved in guilt, they'll then have no retreat,
But to go forward. This night's hostile act
(I know Isaacos will do his duty)
Commences war ; no hopes of peace remain.

BERN. Have you yet heard from great Isaacos ?

ABR. Yes, my Bernardo, that the blow is struck ;
That done, they all dispersed, but will attend
Their several duties here. In the mean time,
Be it thy care to watch those heartless Dungs ;
Inform the leaders of the Eastern climes,
Redriff, and Wapping, of our honest fears,
That when we've singled out these half-made souls,
(Should we not bring them to the paths of Honour)
Then, like a limb diseased, we'll lop them off !

BERN. Bravely resolved, my chief.—But sure 'tis
time

That we repair to council.

ABR. Let's go in.

[*Exeunt.*—*L.*



SCENE III.—*The Club-room.*

BERNARDO, CHRISTOPHORIDES, HUMPHRYMINOS,
BARTHOLOMEUS, ZACHARIADES, PHILIPPOMENOS,
*and RALPHO, discovered in council ; ABRAHAMIDES
in the chair.*

ABR. Oh, gallant men, chief pillars of the trade !
For the last time we meet, to fix the plan
Of future action. 'Tis well known to all,
Some timid Dungs (unworthy of the name
Alike of tailor or of man ; from whom
Opprobrious proverbs rise to hurt our fame,)
Meanly descend to work for half-a-crown.
Whilst this continues, all our schemes are vain ;
What's to be done ?

HUM. Great Abrahamides,
Permit a man, unskilled in council sage,
Yet from plain facts, that have been, thence conclude
What may be.—When the weaving sons of silk,
Oppressed with debts and hunger, rose in arms,
They had divisions then, as we have now :
What did they do ? whene'er they found a man
Doubting or faltering, him they straight compelled :
Hence, soon a formidable band arose,
And all the sister trades were forced to join.
Lo ! their example points us out the way.

BART. And since, among such numbers will be
found
Some dastard Dungs, let chosen bands be placed
To storm the masters' houses where they work ;
And at the midnight hour, when sunk in sleep,
Break all their windows, frighten all their wives ;

While others shall assault each house of call,
Smash all their slates, and plunder every box ;
Till by experience, they are taught to know
No private safety can depend on aught
But on the common good. We want not men,
Nor chiefs to lead them.

ZACH. Measures such as these,
Could we insure success, would gain our ends.
The Dungs are numerous ; and though, so base,
They dread the noble toil of glorious war,
Yet that same baseness may defeat our valour.
It is well known, before these fatal broils,
The Flints and Dungs in friendly intercourse
Together worked, together friendly drank ;
Hence each is known,—his name—his habitation,—
His house of haunt, and each particular ;
Should we proceed to force, as is advised,
With informations they would straight repair
To Sir John Fielding ; whose fierce myrmidons,
At unexpected moments, might entrap
Singly our chiefs, and throw them into gaol.

BERN. And if they do, they cannot hang us, sure !
Breaking of windows is not capital.

ZACH. But plundering boxes is.

BERN. That we'll avoid.

ZACH. Think on the Riot Act.

BERN. Ere that is read,

All our swift-footed Flints, as swift as ducks,
Will soon elude their search.

ZACH. But when asleep
Can they escape ? may they not then be ta'en ?

BERN. Suppose they are, is there a man so base,
Who fears, for such a cause, to live in gaol ?
When from each box they will be well supplied

With beef, with cabbage, cucumbers, and porter.
Fear, more than wisdom, dictates gentler means.

ABR. Bernardo, you forget!

BERN. I stand reprov'd.

ZACH. Fear! fear, Bernardo? sure he but little
knows

Firm Zachariades, who doubts his courage.

BERN. Curs'd be the man who doubts it! Well
I know,

Through every purlieu of long Drury Lane,
And Covent Garden, has thy prowess shone;
And White Hart Yard is wanton at thy name,
Nor is thy matchless hardiness unknown;
For, while the slaves of ease repose on down,
Oft on the flinty pavement hast thou laid,
Hushed by the murmuring kennel to thy slumbers.
I meant not to reproach, but only raise
Thy well-known courage to support our cause.

PHIL. His courage none can doubt; and since all
here

Are free, with freedom will I speak my mind;
I own I think with Zachariades,
That gentler means at first should be proposed,
To win as friends, rather than treat as foes.

CHRIS. No generous means will ever win a Dung;
Their sordid souls are lost to every sense
Of kindness or of honour; Force alone
Can e'er prevail with them. Ye have my voice.

Enter ISAACOS.

ABR. Welcome, Isaacos! what's the news with thee?

ISAACOS. At first I strove with subtle art to gain
Full information of their dark design;
Sounded the waiters; but I found it vain,

For their own prentices secured the door :
 That known, resolved at last to give no time
 For future schemes, my troops I quickly formed,
 And in an instant, at the signal given,
 A cloud of brick-bats darkened all the air,
 Smashed every window, deafened every ear:
 Sudden they gazed ; at the next onset fled,
 Rout upon rout, confusion worse confounded !
 Hats, wigs, and bottles, pipes and Tailors, lay
 In one promiscuous carnage ! Soon all fled,
 Save those whom wounds or gouty limbs detained.
 Great Hagglestonon, prostrate on the earth—

ABR. White-livered Tailor !—

There let him lie, and be the earth on him !

ISAACOS. With him, Regniades, Francisco, fell.
 This done, we all dispersed, and all are safe.

ABR. Conduct like this deserves our public thanks.

OMNES. To great Isaacos our thanks be paid !

ISAACOS. Oh, you o'er-rate my services too much ;
 All I can boast, is to have done my duty.

ABR. Thus by one brave and daring bright example,
 You see how vigour will insure success :
 And, Zachariades, I trust will, own,
 On that alone depends our future hope.

ZACH. I meant not to oppose the public voice,
 But freely gave my thoughts.

ABR. Then we conclude,
 With hostile vigour to compel the Dungs.

OMNES. All ; all resolve !

ABR. In Covent-Garden, ere to-morrow's dawn,
 We'll muster all our troops ; there let each chief
 Attend for further orders.—Good night to all !

[*Exeunt all but Abr. and Bern.—R.*]

ABR. What think'st thou now, Bernardo? Didst thou mark

The pallid Dungs:

BERN. I did; and saw that fear
Shrunk their cold hearts, and withered every nerve.

ABR. They have not hearts to enter into guilt;
Them I can never trust: some safer way
Must then be found to rid us of our fears.

BERN. Ay, but what way?

ABR. Put powder in their drink!

BERN. What dost thou mean?—gunpowder?

ABR. No, nor James's powder: excruciating jalap!

BERN. Ha! jalap!

ABR. Gripe-giving mercury will reach their bowels,
And render them unfit for active deeds.

BERN. True; that will do: where is it to be got!

ABR. Know'st thou no lean apothecary!

BERN. No.

ABR. Then buy it at a common chemist's shop.

BERN. If we should give too much?

What if the powder should not work at all?

ABR. Suppose it should not?

Hast thou, Bernardo, gone with me so far,
Trode every step, and shared in every honour,
And start'st thou at a paltry accident,
Which may or may not happen?

BERN. Doubt me not!

But you remember what the bakers did,
Out of mere fun, and too much jalap given?

ABR. Their comrade died, and they absconded.
Well!

And what of that?—Mark me, Bernardo well;
Consider well the precipice we're on;

For should we fail, be sure that thou and I
To public justice the first victims fall.

BERN. No more! thou hast convinced me; I'm
resolved.

ABR. Yet hear! shall we, when raised thus high,
stop now,

When one step higher crowns our utmost hopes?
Nay, more—but this is for thy private ear—
If we succeed in this, I have a plan
Will free us ever from base servitude,
And we'll be masters in our turn, Bernardo.

BERN. Oh, worthy to deceive and awe the Tailors!
I'll go this instant (for I know their haunt)
And, under fair pretence of reconciliation,
We'll drink together; just ere the tankard's out,
I'll mix the drug, and leave them to their fate.

[*Going.*—*L.*

ABR. A lucky thought.—Yet hear, Bernardo.

BERN. What dost thou say, my chief?

ABR. Full half an ounce!

BERN. Depend upon it they shall have enough;
It shall not be a thimble-full.

ABR. Oh, noble daring!—Think on the reward:
If we succeed, we're masters for ourselves.

[*Exeunt.*—*R.*

SCENE IV.—*Zachariades's Lodgings.*

Enter ZACHARIADES and TINDERELLA.—*R.*

TIND. Why, look you, Zachariades! 'tis vain
To talk to me—my children shall not starve.

ZACH. I prithee, woman, hold thy peace—no more!

TIND. I will not peace, while I have breath to speak.
Oh, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!

Then would I rattle thee with such a peal,
Thou shouldst comply, or never shouldst have rest.

ZACH. Nor have I now, or ever shall.

TIND. Oh, shame!

There's not a meeker-tempered woman breathes
Than *Tinderella*—all the parish knows.
But 'tis enough to make a parson swear,
To see a man run headlong into gaol
And starve his children, and as good a wife
(Though I declare it) as man ever had.

ZACH. As good a wife?—ay, and as gentle too!

TIND. Ay, gentle too!—What, I suppose you'd
Some meek insipid thing with folded arms, [have
Would stand or curt'sy, and say *yes*, or *no*,
As you would have her: No, i'faith not I!
I do my duty, you should think on yours.

ZACH. Why what the devil ails the woman now?
Is not three shillings better far, thou fool,
Than half-a-crown a day?

TIND. What's half-a-crown.

Or what three shillings, if you go to gaol.
Who will maintain your wife and children then?

ZACH. Each friendly box will yield a weekly aid.

TIND. But what if you should be confined for years:
The box would soon be tired. See, hither come
Your masters with a warrant.

Enter HAGGLESTON and REGNIADES.—L.

ZACH. Let them come!

HAG. Well Zachariades, to you we come,
As to a man whose regularity
Has long been known. Say, wherefore would you lose
Your reputation thus, to join with those
Whom gentle usage never can restrain?

REG. Why will you mingle with such men, whose
Are all against the law? [acts

ZACH. Why should not I,
As well as others, have my wages rais'd?
My work's as good as theirs?

HAG. Suppose it is,
You know the price is fixed; what is your due
Is duly paid. Whoe'er offends the law
Will feel, too late, the weight of all its pains.

TIND. Did not I say so?

ZACH. Woman, hold your peace!

TIND. No, I will not!—Sirs, give me leave to
speak—

HAG. Hold; let me speak.— We now are come as
friends,

Out of regard to your known worth, to save you
From all its penalties; for be assured,
Whoe'er is ta'en will most severely suffer.

ZACH. I shall not more than others.

TIND. Yes, you will.

REG. Ay, that you will: consider well, your wife,
Your children.

TIND. Think on that! your children, wife!

ZACH. What would you have me do?—If I comply
The Flints will straight molest; nor wife nor child,
Nor e'en myself, were safe.

REG. Oh, never fear
Those lawless rascals. We will safe protect
Both you, and all the rest that with you join.

Enter TIMOTHEUS.—R.

TIM. Oh, Zachariades!

ZACH. Well, what's the matter?

TIM. Poor Phillippomenos is almost dead !
Ere he arrived at home, a cold fit seized,
And cruel vomits shattered all his frame.

ZACH. Whence could it come ?

TIM. I know not ; but he fears
Some foul play shewn, when late he drank with you
And with Bernardo. I must run for help. [*Exit.*

ZACH. Foul play ! we all drank ; it cannot be.

TIND. Yes, on my life it can.

These are your Flints, your heroes ; these the friends
You only trust ! and when you are in gaol,
They'll poison you, to save their pension box.

ZACH. Ay, that may be.

REG. You see what faithless men
You are engaged with : now consider well,
If peace, or safety, e'er can harbour there.

ZACH. My very worthy, and approved good masters,
With pleasure to my duty I return ;
And so would more, did not their fears prevent ;
But since you promise us your firm support,
I'll seek the others, and consult them straight.

HAG. Continue firm, and doubt not our support.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Covent-Garden.*

Enter ABRAHAMIDES & ISAACOS,—*R.* BARTHOLOMEUS,
CHRISTOPHORIDES, HUMPHRYMINOS, *and others.*—*L.*

ABR. Welcome, ye Flints, deserving of the name !
Ye meet like men who would command success.
Say, gallant leaders of the eastern bands, [*ters ?*
Where are your troops, and how disposed your quar-

BART. Mine are all ready, eager for the fight,
And my head-quarters fixed with utmost care,
Up at the Goose-and-Gridiron, Paul's Church-Yard.

ABR. Where thine, brave Christophorides ?

CHRIS. Why, at the Bell, in Doctor's Commons.

ABR. Where thine, Humphryminos ?

HUM. Safe at the Hog-in-Armour, in Chick-Lane.

ABR. Right well disposed!—Oh, gallant, brave
Matchless as will your glory be hereafter, [allies,
'Tis not for me—But see, who comes in haste !

Enter BERNARDO.—*L.*

BERN. Oh, noble Abrahamides, this time
Calls loud for action, and admits no pause :
The Dungs are all in arms, and vow revenge
For murdered Philoppomenos. Their troops
In Lincoln's Inn famed fields, in firm array,
Are led by Zachariades ; who means
T' attack you here, before your forces join,
Unless prevented.

ABR. Ay, this looks like war !

By heaven, the news alarms my Tailor's soul !
But say, which way do they direct their march

BERN. I hear, through Serle-Street they direct
their course,

Then thro' Sheer-Lane, and by St. Clement's Church.

ABR. By heaven, all this falls out beyond my hopes !
Haste thou, Isaacos ! with thy well known cares,
March with thy small detachment thro' the Strand ;
Watch well their motions, and straight send me word.

[*Exit Bern.*—*L.*

Should they attack you, you'll be well sustained.

ISAACUS. Should they attack Isaacos, they'll meet
A welcome, that will scarce deserve their thanks.*

[*Exit Isaacos.*—*R.*

ABR. I doubt it not ; for thou'rt a Flint of fire !
You Christophorides, from Doctors Commons,

In one small column, through those narrow courts
That from Black-Friars to the Temple lead,
March on your troops; and in the King's-bench Walks
Directly form; and wait for further orders.

Exit. Chris.—R.

You, great Bartholomeus, from Paul's Church Yard
March in firm phalanx straight down Ludgate-Hill,
And Christophorides at Temple-Bar
Will join your troop. [*Exit Bart.—L.*] While you
Humphryminos,
Up Holborn-Hill direct your secret march,
And wait upon their rear. [*Exit Hum.—R.*] Myself,
the while,
With the main body, will attack their front.

Enter a MESSENGER.—L.

MESS. Oh, chief, the gallant Jack—

ABR. Eternal silence seize that vulgar tongue!
Harry sounds well, the warlike Harry noble!
But Jack, vile Jack—degrading monosyllable!

MESS. What shall I call him then, oh, chief?

ABR. Henceforth
Jackides, be his name!

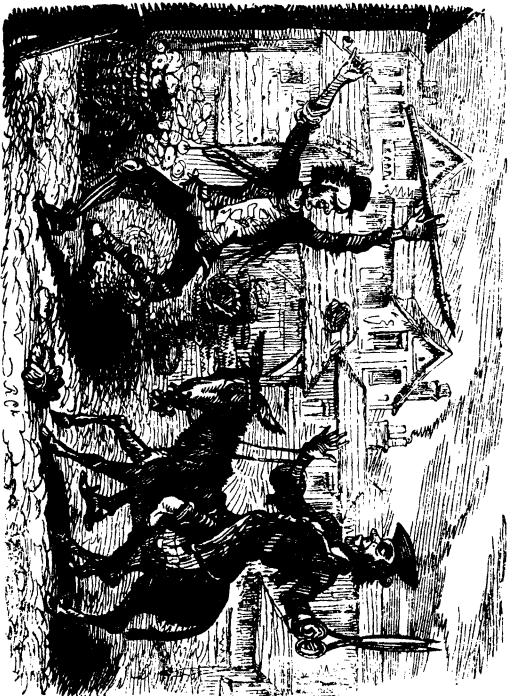
MESS. Jackides, then,
With all his troops revolted from the Dungs,
Is now without, and waits your further orders.

ABR. Admit him instantly!

MESS. I will, this moment. [*Exit.—L.*

Enter JACKIDES, with a broomstick.—L.

ABR. Oh, brave Jackides, welcome to my arms!
Hibernia's gallant son, thy happier isle,
Unhurt by luxury, its courage keeps;
While Britain's youth surcharged with beef and beer



ABRA. Oh, brave Jackides, welcome to my arms.

Degenerate from their fathers, mourn in vain
Their antique spirit to Ierne fled.

JACK. Great Abrahamides, I cannot spake,
But I will tell you how the matter stands ;
At three o'clock they called me out of bed,
At little Phalim's, where I lodge ; I rose,
Went with M'Carty and my Irish boys ;
Each of us took a broomstick in our hands,
Thinking the masters were refractory ;
But when he came—what do you call his name ?
Pale—

ABR. Zachariades.

JACK. Ay, Zack! the same.

He prated much, and bothered all our brains,
And said, at last, the masters would support us.
The devil burn the masters and the Dungs!
Then straight, M'Carty, little Phalim, I,
And all our Irish boys, came off to you.

ABR. M'Carty, Phalim ; tell me are they firm ?

JACK. Firm ? ay, as brick-bats : they're good
fellows both,

As ever trotted bog : set them to work,
And then you'll see what pretty boys they are.

ABR. 'Tis not their courage, or their truth, I doubt ;
But wish to know their characters in war.

JACK. Why, little Phalim from the white boys came ;
I, and M'Carty, from our earliest youth,
Among the boys of Liberty and Ormond,
Were trained to arms.

[A Shout.

Enter a MESSENGER, in haste.—R.

ABR. Well, what's the business ?

MESS. The brave Isaacos demands your aid ;

Close by St. Clement's Church he stood, unhurt,
The shock of numerous Dungs, 'till, from the courts,
Numbers outnumbering number pouring forth,
O'erpowered his little band.

ABR. Jackides, then,
Haste with Hibernia's legion to his aid!

JACK. Ay, that I will. Fear not: my Irish boys
Shall bring you presently a good account
Of all these bastard brats, these dastard Dungs.

ABR. Brothers, and partners in this glorious toil,
'Tis not for me to rouse your courage now;
Be but yourselves, and I can ask no more!
Consider well, no common cause demands
Your present aid, and forces you to arms;
The daily sixpence is no trivial point.

What are these timid Dungs whom you oppose?
Are not their spirits by oppression broke?
And shall the Flints, like them, e'er sink to slaves?
Dishonour blast the thought! Remember, too,
Fame, fortune, honour, all are now at stake!
Oh! let these noble thoughts swell all your hearts,
New string your arms, add weight to every blow.
Draw all your bludgeons, brandish them in air;
Huzza! the word,—Newgate or Victory!

[*Exeunt.—R.*]

THE END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in Francisco's House.*

Enter DOROTHEA and ISAACOS.—L.

DOR. Must thou then go? Alas, how swiftly fly
The hours of love! Must I then be condemned
To the dull poison of a husband's arms?

ISAACOS. Oh, I could ever gaze upon that form,
But cruel fortune otherwise ordains;
It cannot—must not be! Oh, cursed fate,
That gave thy beauty to Francisco's arms!

Enter FRANCISCO behind.—R.

FRAN. Either I dream, or sure I hear some man
Conversing with my wife—what do I see?

DOR. Cursed indeed! but, ah! what could I do?
Condemned to servitude, which suits but ill
With Dorothea's spirit; soon I found
The dotard loved; I watched his hour of weakness,
And by a well-feigned coyness fixed him mine,
Then made him what he is; you, from that hour.
Who always had my heart, have shared my joys.

ISAACOS. Ay, joys indeed, pleasures unutterable,
If not embittered by these anxious fears!

DOR. By fears embittered? what's thy meaning?
speak!

ISAACOS. Mistake me not! my fears are all for thee;
Should it be known, thou, art, alas, undone;
And much I fear Francisco should awake.

DOR. Why, that is true. Now then, retire with speed ;
 For morning dawns. Remember what I told thee ;
 Haste, and preserve thyself and friends !

ISAACOS. I will. But say, my fair, can you inform me

Whose names, beside my own, are in the warrant ?

DOR. Bernardo, Abrahamides.

ISAACOS. 'Tis well.

Ah, generous mistress, doubly am I bound
 By love and gratitude, for e'er, to thee !
 Farewell ! may all good angels ever guard thee !

DOR. Retire my love ; and when the danger's past,
 You shall not fail to hear from Dorothea.

[*Exeunt.—R.*]

FRANCISCO comes forward.—*C. D.*

FRAN. 'Tis as I thought ! why did I ever marry ?
 Fool that I was, who vainly hoped to find
 That want of fortune might be well supplied
 By love and by obedience. Oh, vain hope,
 To think that gratitude can ever bind
 A servile mind !—But what can now be done ?
 If I betray suspicion, she'll grow insolent ;
 What can I do with him ?—a beggar sued—
 The proverb's stale !—A cuckold ? ha ! a cuckold ?
 Cuckolded by a journeyman ? damnation !
 Couldst thou not, partial fate, when thou ordained
 I should be cuckolded, by a nobler hand
 Inflict the shame ? perhaps I then had found
 One drop of patience ; and a verdict gained,
 Had amply paid me for my loss and shame ;
 Instead of that, to be a fixed mark
 For all the parish now to point and stare at !

By Heaven, I'll be revenged ! but how ? how !—right !
 His name is now inserted in the warrant ;
 And when in gaol, I'll buy up all his debts,
 And keep him there ; and, to torment him more,
 I'll bribe the gaoler. Beware, Isaacos ;
 Thou soon shalt feel the vengeance that awaits
 An injured Tailor's honour ! [Exit.—L.]

SCENE IV.—*Tittillinda's Lodgings.*

Enter TITTILLINDA—R. speaking as she enters to
 BLOUSIDORA.

TITT. 'Tis needless, Blousidora ; while you darn
 Those stockings, I will mend this ruffled shirt ;
 For well I know you have your hands full all,
 In this so-general wash.—And now for thinking !
[Sits down.]

Perhaps, ere now, the fatal moment's past,
 And either Abrahamides and I
 Are doomed to misery, or completely blest.
 Fain would I hope, but still am checked by fear ;
 And yet who knows, fortune perhaps may smile ?
 Then, Tittillinda once again will shine :
 Be ever clean, and ever smartly dressed ;
 And fear no more those prudish prying eyes
 Which smile contempt, yet envy me my joy.
 Here comes my love.

Enter ABRAHAMIDES, hastily.—L.D.

ABR. Oh, Tittillinda, all our hopes are lost !

TITT. Forbid it love ! what, could the Dungs prevail ?

ABR. Eternal curses seize their coward hearts !

Prevail they do ; but not by valour's arm.
 This is no time to tell thee now, my love ;
 For their fell blood-hounds hunt me at the heels.

TITT. What can I do ?

ABR. Hast thou no secret place,
 Where I may lay concealed till danger's past ?
 Home I can ne'er return.

TITT. Oh, yes, my love ;
 Within that room a secret closet stands,
 That will escape the search of keenest eyes.
 Thither retire.

[*Noise without.*] We must and will come in !

ABR. By heaven they're here !
 The blood-hounds now have traced me to my lair.
[*Exit.*

Enter two CONSTABLES, &c.—L. D.

TITT. Well, what's your business ?

1st CON. Madam, we are come
 In search of a fell murderer ; who, we are told,
 Has taken refuge here.

TITT. I know of none.

2nd CON. Denying him is vain ; for he was seen
 To enter here.

TITT. Whom do you mean ?

1st CON. Why, Abrahamides :
 You know him well.

TITT. I do ; and what of that ?
 For twice three days I have not seen him here.

2nd CON. We cannot lose our time ; if you refuse
 To yield him up, why then we seize on you.

TITT. I yield him up ? No ! were he here indeed,
 My life should pay the forfeit ere I'd yield him.



Trrr. Let me once more enfold him in these arms!

2nd CON. Then seize on her!

TITT. Stand off!

Enter ABRAHAMIDES,—L. and knocks him down.

ABR. Hell-hounds, stand off! Behold the man you seek!

1st CON. Then seize on him!

TITT. Stand off! Barbarians, hold!

Let me once more enfold him in these arms,
And take one long, one last, farewell!

ABR. Oh, cease;

Nor vainly struggle with our froward fate!—
Lead to my dungeon.

1st CON. Bring him along!

Let's have no whimpering here.

TITT. Hold! one moment hold,

'Till I have caught him once more in my arms!

2nd CON. Tear them asunder.

TITT. Oh, Abrahamides!

ABR. Oh, Tittillinda!

SCENE V.

Enter FRANCISCO, in morning gown and cap, led by ROBIN.—R.

FRAN. Oh, I am griped!—The working jalap runs
Like thoro'-go-nimble thro' my twisted guts!

ROBIN. How fierce his fever is!

FRAN. Oh, what a change of torments I endure!
A red-hot goose runs hissing through my bowels;
Oh, for a peck of cucumbers to cool it!

'Tis death's bare bodkin! Give—give me a chair,
And cover me all over, for I freeze;

My teeth chatter, and my knees knock together!

ROBIN. Have mercy, heaven !

FRAN. And now I burn again !

A Tailor's hell !—The war grows wondrous hot !

[*Jumps into a large arm chair (as in Alexander the Great.)*]

See ! see the Flints ! Isaacos, too ! I know him

By his ragged coat, and unmowed beard. Avaunt !

I'll throw a cabbage at his head ! With that

Last blow I've brought him down. Oh, for

A fire as big as at the Bedford Arms !

The shop-board moves ! the needles dance cross-legged !

The thread's entangled !—Oh, cabbage, cucumbers !

Cab—cab—bage—bage—Oh ! [Dies.

ROB. There fell the pride and glory of all the Tailors !

[*Beckons on two Servants.*]

Bear him off.

As they prepare to carry him, he starts up.

FRAN. No ; I wont trouble you ; I'll walk off.

ROB. Then, take the chair off. [*Exeunt.—L.*]

SCENE VI.—*Newgate.*

ABRAHAMIDES *solus.*—*R.*

Why, what is man ? how vain are all his schemes !

But now, the leader of a gallant band ;

And now, condemned to ignominious death.

Hard fate ! perversely hard ! to be cut off

Just at the time when fortune was in reach.

So when, through life, some favourite plan's pursued,

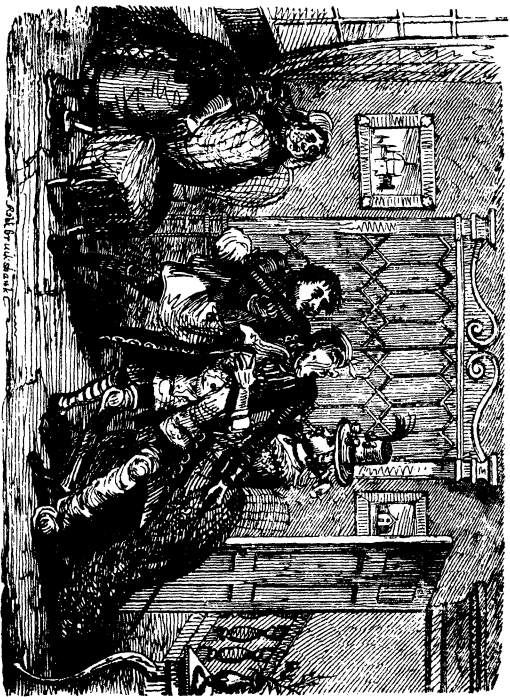
With toil and perseverance down to age,

Just as we hope to reap the fruit of all,

In steps the fell anatomy, and breaks

The bubble. Be it so ! since I must die,

No dastard fear shall stain my honest fame.



FRAN. The thread's entangled!—Oh, cabbage, cucumbers!

Enter GAOLER.—L. D.

GAOLER. A stranger, sir, without, desires to see you.

ABR. A stranger? who can it be?

GAOLER. I know not;

But he will speak, he says, to none but you.

ABR. Admit him then. [*Exit Gaoler.*] Who can this stranger be?

But here he comes.

Enter GAOLER, and BERNARDO in a Chairman's Coat.
L. D.

ABR. Whence and what art thou?

BERN. We are not alone.

ABR. Leave us, honest friend. [*Exit Gaoler.*

Well, what's your business now? and say, who art thou?

BERN. Hast thou forgot me then? [*Discovers*

ABR. How's this, Bernardo? *himself.*

Welcome, thrice welcome, ever faithful friend!

But say, what urgent business brought thee here?

Death, instant death, attends discovery.

BERN. Think'st thou that death, in whatsoever form,

Could e'er detain Bernardo from his friend?

ABR. Oh, generous man! too-generous Bernardo!

Much, much I wanted to behold my friend;

But still I fear, while danger hovers round thee.

What fit return can thy unhappy chief

E'er make for such fidelity as thine!

BERN. Thou wrong'st me, Abrahamides, to think
My friendship ever trod in interest's path.

ABR. Ah! well I know thy uncorrupted faith.
Yet, oh, my friend—

BERN. Why bursts that aching sigh?

ABR. Tell me, Bernardo; is it fitting, he,
Who, by the general voice of all the Flints,
Was chosen chief, should be exposed at Tyburn?
And at the gallows die a shameful death?

BERN. What means my gallant friend?

ABR. Does this become
Whom Tailors followed, and the Flints have loved?

BERN. What's to be done? shall I attempt a rescue?

ABR. No. If thou ever held'st me in thy heart,
Revenge my fall;

BERN. I would; but how for means?

ABR. Thou may'st remember, in an happier hour
I told thee of a plan to free us both
From servitude.

BERN. Thou didst; but these late broils
Deprived me of the right.

ABR. 'Tis true, they did.
What dost thou think of me?

BERN. As of a man
I love and honour much.

ABR. Ill should I deserve
That character, if I could e'er permit
My friend to lose th' advantage I can't share.
Mark me!

BERN. I will.

ABR. Thou know'st, as well as I,
How many thousands, gaily drest, in town,
With aching hearts lament their dwindled purse.

BERN. Know it? ay, well!

ABR. Thou also know'st my friend,
What blistering bills those tyrant masters bring

BERN. Blistering indeed! and the complaint is now
As general as just.

ABR. Now could you contrive
To undercharge them, as in other trades,
Would you not thrive?

BERN. Ay: but consider well
The length of credit they are forced to give.

ABR. I do: That plan you are not to pursue;
Low be your price, and ready cash your terms!

BERN. Ay, that may do. But how for capital?

ABR. For that I have provided. Well you know,
The Tailor's trade no ample fortune needs:
Soon as the suit's bespoke, the cloth you buy;
When made, delivered, and the cash is paid.

BERN. I understand you. Yet some capital,
Though small, is wanting for the workmen's pay.

ABR. 'Tis true; nor shall you want.

BERN. But where to gain;
There lies the point.

ABR. I'll tell thee. Well thou knowest
Ere cruel fortune sunk me thus to earth,
As chief, the box was ever at my nod:
This trust of right to every chief belongs:
And since a few short hours will close my fate,
Some future chief must then supply my place;
And who so fit as thou?

BERN. Oh, generous chief!
Thy partial friendship much o'er-rates my worth.
But then, what envious rivals may oppose—

ABR. Oh, there are none that can deserve thy fears;
The gallant leaders of the Eastern climes,
Though brave in war, in policy unskilled.
Besides, I know they doubt, and turn their eyes
On me to fix their choice; thou art the man;

The public box supplies thy capital.

But oh, my friend, remember, when you've reached
This envied pinnacle of Tailor's greatness,
Never to violate the public faith!

On that firm base alone your power will stand :
The account is monthly ; ere that time returns,
From the first profits you repay the box.

BERN. By Heaven this plan exceeds my utmost
hopes ;

Yet, oh, my heart recoils, when I reflect
My friend cannot enjoy the bright reward.

ABR. Revenge is all the recompense I ask—
Here is the plan digested into form ; [*Gives a paper.*
The different price affixed to different suits,
In every paper quickly advertise ;

You'll soon have custom : Ere few years are past,
You'll be established firm in Fortune's track,
And shake the tyrants' profit, drain their purse !
For ready cash will bear you through the world.
What says Bernardo ? wilt though advertise ?

BERN. In every paper, Morning, Weekly, Nightly,
Till it shall run like wildfire through the land.

ABR. Then Abrahamides contented dies !—
Ye claret-drinking tyrants, ye shall feel me,
E'en from the grave ! Your children yet unborn
Shall curse the day that injured Abrahamides !

BERN. By Heaven, they shall ! and, to my latest
hour,

Thy wrongs shall in my memory live green !

ABR. Thanks, my Bernardo.—One word and then
farewell !

I charge thee, by our present common danger,
By our past friendship, by your future hopes,
By all that can affect a generous Tailor,

If you should have success, preserve from want
The hapless Tittilinda! oh, remember,
Thy dying Abrahamides requests it!

BERN. Oh, doubt it not! Should Fortune blast my
hopes,

By work, at least, I can preserve from want
Thy hapless fair.

ABR. Oh, thanks, thou generous friend!
For ever, and for ever, now farewell!

BERN. For ever, and for ever, oh, farewell,
Thou first of friends, of heroes, and of Tailors!

[*Exit.—L.*

Enter CHRISTOPHORIDES, HUMPHRYMINOS, BARTHO-
LOMEUS, and JACKIDES.—*R.*

HUM. Oh, gallant man, chief pillar of the Flints!

BART. Wapping will stand aghast, and Redriff
mourn

Thy lamentable fall!

ABR. Cease yourvain griefs!

I won't forgive that friend who sheds one tear!

As Abrahamides has ever lived,

So he is now resolved to die, a Flint!

JACK. Upon my shoul, he is a gallant fellow!

ABR. I thank you much, for this last mark of friend-
ship;

And now from each will take a last farewell.

But some I miss! where is Issacos!

And where Bernardo!

CHRIS. They are both proscribed,

Therefore absconded.—In this doubtful state,

(When thou shalt be no more) we know not where

To fix our choice; and therefore are we come

To know, whom thou wilt name to fill thy place.

ABR. The worthiest.

CHRIS. Who can determine that?

ABR. Your own free choice.

HUM. That will be doubtful still,

Where merit's equal; and your voice alone
Will put an end to every private claim.

ABR. Consider well the task that you impose:
Where all are worthy of the name of Flints,
Whom can I name, but I affront the rest?

BART. Oh, no! so much we rest upon your truth,
Your honesty, that we're determined all,
Both to obey, and to support, the chief
Whom you shall recommend.

ABR. 'Tis a hard task!

Yet, ere I speak, answer what I demand.

OMNES. We will.

ABR. Have I e'er swerved from duty, or from
honour?

HUM. Oh, no.

ABR. Say, have I e'er deceived you?

CHRIS. No.

ABR. Has private friendship ever biassed me?

BART. No.

ABR. Have I e'er violated public faith?
Or with rapacious hand e'er wronged the box?

HUM. Oh, no; and therefore do we want thy
voice,

To nominate a chief.

ABR. Fain would I wave

' This last hard task! what think you of Bernardo?

OMNES. It is enough.—Bernardo be the man!
Long live Bernardo! he's our future guide.

ABR. And now my friends, take each a last fare-
well.—

But, oh, remember! never let the Flints
Sink to base slavery! Though now oppressed,
In happier days they yet may rise again.
In the mean time, with utmost industry,
Use every art to gall the tyrant masters!

BART. We will.—But, oh, brave chief, we grieve
to find

The last sepulchral honours are denied thee.
No friend can wait to close thy dying eyes,
Or lay the clay-cold corse in hallowed earth!

JACK. What, are the flaying rascals then to have

BART. Too sure, they must. [him?

JACK. De'el burn me, if they shall!

There's little Phalim, I, and all my boys,
Will rescue him from out their butchering hands.

ABR. Let them then do their worst; for wheresoe'er
One bone of Abrahamides shall hang, -

Know—there still Abrahamides shall awe them!

HUM. Oh, gallant chief! worthy a happier fate!
For ever now, we take our last farewell.

ABR. Live and be happy, and farewell for ever!

[*Exeunt omnes præter Abr.—R.*

Enter TITTILLINDA.—L.

TITT. Stand off! hold off your hands! tis all in vain!
See him I must.—Oh, Abrahamides!

ARR. Ah, Tittillinda! wherefore art thou come?

TITT. Unkindly, said! Canst thou deny me then
Once more to see, once more within my arms
To press thee close—ere yet we part for ever?

ARR. Mistake me not! still art thou rooted here!
Check those sad tears, lest they unman me too.

TITT. Have I not cause? when thou art gone for ever,

Oh, where shall hapless Tittillinda go?
 No friend to sooth her sorrow, share her grief,
 Or shield her from unfeeling bailiffs' hands!

ABR. Oh, cease; nor with vain fears disturb thy
 Thy Abrahamides has taken care [breast;
 At least from want to save his Tittillinda,
 My friend Bernardo, when from danger free,
 Has power and will to serve thee.

TITT. What of that?
 What power, what will, can ever make me blest?
 Since thou wert taken, sleep has fled my eyes:
 Last night, I had a mackerel for my supper,
 But ah, whilst thou wert absent, could not eat.
 Thus will it be, on each succeeding day;
 At breakfast, dinner, supper, shall I miss thee!

ABR. Oh, cease, my love; nor with these fruitless
 tears
 Lament in vain what cannot be redressed!
 But since each moment I expect my fate,
 Oh, let me be prepared. Say, hast thou brought
 The linen with thee?

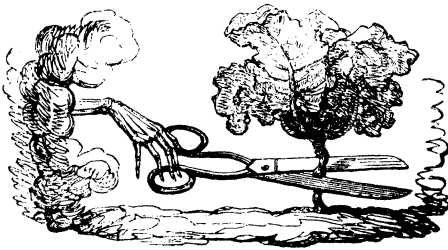
TITT. I had quite forgot,
 Here is the cap; and here the shirt; a ruffled one.
 But, oh, what change has cruel fortune made!
 What pleasing thoughts amused me while 'twas mend-
 I fondly hoped, but, ah, I hoped in vain [ing!
 This ruffled shirt had been thy Sunday's shirt,
 And not a winding-sheet to shade thy corse.

ABR. Thanks to my love, for this last generous care!
 Undaunted, now, I will my fate defy!
 Since I shall soon with kings and princes lie,
 I with this shirt will make a shift to die. [Exit.
 [Tittillinda faints.

Enter GAOLER.—L.

GAOLER. From these sad scenes this certain truth
you'll draw,
Great is the danger to offend the law ;
Since nor his conduct, bravery, nor truth,
Could from the gallows save the Tailor youth.

Curtain Falls.



THE END.



Begone, brave army, and don't kick up a row.

BOMBASTES FURIOSO:

A Burlesque Tragic Opera.

BY

WILLIAM BARNES RHODES.

WITH DESIGNS

BY

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.



LONDON :

JOSEPH THOMAS, FINCH LANE, CORNHILL ;
AND SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL, STATIONERS' COURT.

MDCCCXXXVII,

LONDON:
UNWIN, ST. PETER'S ALLEY,
CORNHILL.

WILLIAM BARNES RHODES, the Author of the following humourous and very popular piece, was second son of Richard and Mercy Rhodes, of Leeds, in which town he was born on Christmas day, 1772. He received a suitable education to qualify him for mercantile pursuits, and, after leaving school, was for some time employed as writer in an attorney's office. When about the age of twenty-seven, he obtained a situation in the Bank of England, in which his integrity and strict attention to business were so conspicuous, as to recommend him strongly to the notice of the Governor, and finally led to his being appointed to the office of Chief Teller: the more honourable to both parties, inasmuch as Mr. Rhodes neither solicited nor expected it. As a still farther testimony of the sense entertained of his services, the Bank, after his death, which took place Nov. 1, 1826, granted an annuity to his widow.

Mr. Rhodes's private worth and cheerful and obliging disposition, endeared him highly to his friends. His taste for the Drama led him to form a collection of the works of the English dramatists, the most complete that has ever been brought together. It was disposed of by auction some time previous to his death, and an idea of its extent may be formed from the circumstance of its occupying ten days in selling.

As an Author, the natural turn of his mind to humour led him to the composition of several works of the lighter species of poetry: besides *Bombastes*, he has left behind him two other dramatic pieces, neither of which have been acted or printed. He also wrote a volume of Epigrams, published with his name, in 1803.

His own opinion of the merits of *Bombastes* was so modest, as to induce him to withhold it from publication, long after it had become an established favourite on the stage, nor would it probably have appeared at all, but that he felt it necessary to vindicate himself from the nonsense and errors circulated in the numerous piratical editions.

The mirth-inspiring pencil of Mr. **GEORGE CRUIKSHANK**, seconded by the talents of the Artists whose names grace the cuts, enables the Publisher to present once more for public approbation **BOMBASTES FURIOSO**.

Dramatis Personæ, Costume and Stage Directions.

ARTAXOMINOUS, King of Utopia.—Full dress, court suit, powdered wig Mr. MATHEWS.

FUSBOS, Minister of State.—The same Mr. TAYLOR.

GENERAL BOMBASTES—A general's military suit, Jack boots, comic powdered wig and pigtail, sword and sash, general's hat and plume Mr. LISTON.

Attendants or Courtiers—Full dress court suits.

Army—A long drummer, a short fifer, and two (sometimes three) soldiers of different dimensions, all dressed in caricature.

DISTAFFINA—Coloured chintz gown open in front, crimson calimanco petticoat, white muslin apron, mob cap, white muslin handkerchief Mrs. LISTON.

R. means *Right*.—*L.* *Left*.—*C.* *Centre*.

Time of representation forty minutes.

BOMBASTES FURIOSO.

SCENE I.—*Interior of the Palace.*

ARTAXOMINOUS *in his Chair of State; a Table set out with Bowls, Glasses, Pipes, &c.; Attendants on each side.*

TRIO.—*Tekeli.*

1st ATT. What will your Majesty please to wear?
Or blue, green, red, black, white, or brown?

2d ATT. D'ye choose to look at the bill of fare?

ARTAX. Get out of my sight, or I'll knock you down.

2d ATT. Here is soup, fish, or goose, or duck, or fowl, or pigeons, pig, or hare?

1st ATT. Or blue, or green, or red, or black, or white, or brown.

What will your Majesty, &c.

ARTAX. Get out of my sight, &c.

[*Exeunt Attendants. R. & L.*

L. Enter FUSBOS, and kneels to the King.

FUS. Hail, Artaxominous! ycleped the Great!
I come, an humble pillar of thy state,
Pregnant with news—but ere that news I tell,
First let me hope your Majesty is well.

ART. Rise, learned Fusbos! rise, my friend, and know

We are but middling—that is, but *so so*.

FUS. Only *so so* ! O monstrous, doleful thing !
Is it the mulligrubs affects the king ?
Or, dropping poisons in the cup of joy,
Do the blue devils your repose annoy ?

ART. Nor mulligrubs, nor devils blue, are here,
But yet we feel ourself a little *queer*.

FUS. Yes, I perceive it in that vacant eye,
The vest unbutton'd, and the wig awry ;
So sickly cats neglect their fur-attire,
And sit and mope beside the kitchen fire.

ART. Last night, when undisturb'd by state affairs,
Moist'ning our clay, and puffing off our cares,
Oft the replenish'd goblet did we drain,
And drank and smok'd, and smok'd and drank again ;
Such was the case, our very actions such,
Until at length we got a drop too much.

FUS. So when some donkey on the Blackheath
road
Falls, overpower'd, beneath his sandy load ;
The driver's curse unheeded swells the air,
Since none can carry more than they can bear.

ART. The sapient Dr. Muggins came in haste,
Who suits his physic to his patients' taste ;
He, knowing well on what our heart is set,
Hath just prescrib'd "to take a morning whet ;"
The very sight each sick'ning pain subdues,
Then sit, my Fusbos, sit and tell thy news.

FUS. (*sits L. of table*) Gen'ral Bombastes, whose
resistless force
Alone exceeds by far a brewer's horse,
Returns victorious, bringing mines of wealth !

ART. Does he, by jingo ! then we'll drink his
health. [Drum and fife. R.]





For which we make you Duke of Strombello.

FUS. But hark! with loud acclaim, the fife and drum

Announce your army near; behold, they come!

[*Drum and fife beat again. R.*]

R. Enter BOMBASTES, attended by one Drummer, one Fifer, and two Soldiers, all very materially differing in size.

BOM. (*to Army*) Meet me this ev'ning at the Barley-Mow;

I'll bring your pay, you see I'm busy now:

Begone, brave army, and don't kick up a row.

[*Exeunt Soldiers. R.*]

(*to the King*) Thrash'd are your foes—this watch and silken string,

Worn by their chief, I as a trophy bring;

I knock'd him down, then snatch'd it from his fob;

“Watch, watch,” he cried, when I had done the job:

“My watch is gone,” says he—says I “Just so;

“Stop where you are—watches were made to go.”

ART. For which we make you Duke of Strombelo.

[*BOMBASTES kneels; the King dubs him with a pipe, and then presents the bowl.*]

From our own bowl here drink, my soldier true;

And if you'd like to take a whif or two,

He whose brave arm hath made our foes to crouch,

Shall have a pipe from this our royal pouch.

BOM. (*rises*) Honours so great have all my toils repaid!

My Liege, and Fusbos, here's “Success to trade.”

FUS. Well said Bombastes! since thy mighty blows

Have given a quietus to our foes,

Now shall our farmers gather in their crops,

And busy tradesmen mind their crowded shops;

The deadly havock of war's hatchet cease;
Now shall we smoke the *calumet* of peace.

ART. I shall smoke short-cut, you smoke what
you please.

BOM. Whate'er your Majesty shall deign to name,
Short cut or *long*, to me is all the same.

BOM & } In *short*, so *long* as we your favours
FUS. } claim,
Short cut or *long*, to us is all the same.

ART. Thanks, gen'rous friends! now list whilst I
impart

How firm you're lock'd and bolted in my heart:
So long as *this here* pouch a pipe contains,
Or a full glass in *that there* bowl remains,
To you an equal portion shall belong;
This do I swear, and now—let's have a song.

FUS. My Liege shall be obey'd.

[*advances and attempts to sing.*

BOM. Fusbos, give place,
You know you haven't got a singing face;
Here, nature smiling, gave the winning grace.

SONG.—*Hope told a flatt'ring Tale.*

1. Hope told a flattering tale,
Much longer than my arm,
That love and pots of ale
In peace would keep me warm:
The flatt'rer is not gone,
She visits number one:
In love I'm monstrous deep,
Love! odsbobs, destroys my sleep.
2. Hope told a flattering tale,
Lest love should soon grow cool;
A tub thrown to a whale,
To make the fish a fool:

Should Distaffina frown,
 Then love's gone out of town;
 And when love's dream is o'er,
 Then we wake and dream no more. [*Exit. L.*]

[*The King evinces strong emotions during the song, and at the conclusion starts up.*]

FUS. What ails my Liege? ah! why that look so sad?

ART. (*coming forward*) I am in love! I scorch, I freeze, I'm mad?

O tell me, Fusbos, first and best of friends,
 You, who have wisdom at your fingers' ends,
 Shall it be so, or shall it not be so?

Shall I my Griskinissa's charms forego,
 Compel her to give up the regal chair,
 And place the rosy Distaffina there!

In such a case, what course can I pursue?

I love my Queen, and Distaffina too.

FUS. And would a King his General supplant?
 I can't advise, upon my soul I can't.

ART. So when two feasts, whereat there's nought
 to pay,

Fall unpropitious on the self-same day,

The anxious Cit each invitation views,

And ponders which to take or which refuse:

From *this* or *that* to keep away is loth,

And sighs to think he cannot dine at both. [*Exit L.*]

FUS. So when some school-boy, on a rainy day
 Finds all his playmates will no longer stay,
 He takes the hint himself—and walks away.

[*Exit R.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Apartment in the Palace.*L. *Enter* ARTAXOMINOUS.

ART. I'll seek the maid I love, though in my way
 A dozen gen'ral's stood in fierce array!
 Such rosy beauties nature meant for kings;
 Subjects have treat enough to see such things.

SONG.—*Paddy O' Carrol.**

My love is so pretty,
 So lively and witty,
 None in town or in city

Her hand would disgrace!

My lord of the woolsack,
 His coachman would pull back,
 To get a look full smack

At her pretty face.

Mathematical teachers,
 Stiff methodist preachers,
 And all the gay creatures

That run about town.

Great foreign ambassadors,
 Never can pass her doors,
 But my sweet lass deplores

So much renown. Fal de ral, &c.

Though she drives a wheelbarrow,
 Through streets wide and narrow,
 The school-boys from Harrow

May laugh if they dare.

Nor tasteful Grassini,
 Nor Billingtonini,
 Divine Catalani

With her can compare.

* This comic song was not written by the author of the piece.

Nor head with a mitre,
 Nor Belcher the fighter
 Can find out a brighter

Than my pretty maid.

But words are mere play-things,
 Neat trim holiday-things,
 They cannot half say things

Enough for my love. Fal de ral, &c.

She's young and she's tender,
 She's tall and she's slender,
 As straight as a fender

From the top to the toe.

Eyes like stars glittering,
 Mouth always tittering,
 Fingers to fit a ring

Ne'er were made so.

Her head like a holly-bow'r,
 Cheeks like a cauliflower
 Nose like a jolly tower

By the sea-side.

Then haste, O ye days and nights,
 That I may taste delights,
 And with church holy rites

Make her my bride. Fal de ral, &c. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Inside of a Cottage.*

Enter DISTAFFINA.

DIS. This morn, as sleeping in my bed I lay,
 I dreamt (and morning dreams come true, they say),
 I dreamt a cunning man my fortune told,
 And soon the pots and pans were turned to gold!

Then I resolv'd to cut a mighty dash;
 But, lo! ere I could turn them into cash,
 Another cunning man my heart betray'd,
 Stole all away, and left my debts unpaid.

[*Enter Artaxominous. L.*

And pray, sir, who are you I'd wish to know?

ART. Perfection's self! O smooth that angry brow!
 For love of thee I've wander'd thro' the town,
 And here have come to offer half a crown.

DIS. Fellow! your paltry offer I despise;
 The great Bombastes' love alone I prize.

ART. He's but a Gen'ral—damsel, I'm a King;

DIS. O Sir! that makes it quite another thing.

ART. And think not, maiden, I could e'er design
 A sum so trifling for such charms as thine.

No! the half crown that ting'd thy cheeks with red,
 And bade fierce anger o'er thy beauties spread,
 Was meant that thou should'st share my throne and
 bed.

DIS. (*aside*) My dream is out, and I shall soon
 behold

The pots and pans all turn to shining gold.

ART. (*puts his hat down to kneel on*) Here on my
 knees (those knees which ne'er till now
 To man or maid in suppliance bent) I vow
 Still to remain, till you my hopes fulfil,
 Fixt as the Monument on Fish-street-hill.

DIS. (*kneels*) And thus I swear, as I bestow my
 hand

As long as e'er the Monument shall stand,
 So long I'm your's—

ART. Are then my wishes crown'd

DIS. La! Sir, I'd not say no for twenty pound:

Let silly maids for love their favours yield,
Rich ones for me—a king against the field.

SONG.—*Paddy's Wedding.*

Queen Dido at
Her palace gate
Sat darning of her stocking O;
She sung and drew
The worsted through,
Whilst her foot was the cradle rocking O.
(For a babe she had
By a soldier lad,
Though hist'ry passes it over O;)
“ You tell tale brat,
“ I've been a flat,
“ Your daddy has proved a rover O.
“ What a fool was I
“ To be cozen'd by
“ A fellow without a penny O;
“ When rich ones came,
“ And ask'd the same,
“ For I'd offers from never so many O.
“ But I'll darn my hose,
“ Look out for beaus,
“ And quickly get a new lover O;
“ Then come, lads, come,
“ Love beats the drum,
“ And a fig for Æneas the rover O.”

ART. So Orpheus sung of old, or poets lie,
And as the Brutes were charm'd, e'en so am I.
Rosy cheek'd maid, henceforth my only queen,
Full soon shalt thou in royal robes be seen;

And through my realm I'll issue this decree,
 None shall appear of taller growth than thee:
 Painters no other face pourtray—each sign
 O'er alehouse hung shall change its head for thine.
 Poets shall cancel their unpublish'd lays,
 And none presume to write but in thy praise.

[*Distaffina produces a bottle and glass. R.*

DIS. And may I then, without offending, crave
 My love to taste of this, the best I have?

ART. Were it the vilest liquor upon earth,
 Thy touch would render it of matchless worth;
 Dear shall the gift be held that comes from you;
 Best proof of love, (*drinks*) 'tis full proof Hodges
 too:

Through all my veins I feel a genial glow,
 It fires my soul——

BOM. (*within. L.*) Ho, Distaffina, ho!

ART. Heard you that voice?

DIS. O yes, 'tis what's his name,
 The General; send him packing as he came.

ART. And is it he? and doth he hither come?
 Ah me! my guilty conscience strikes me dumb:
 Where shall I go? say, whither shall I fly?
 Hide me, oh hide me, from his injur'd eye!

DIS. Why, sure you're not alarm'd at such a thing!
 He's but a General, and you're a King.

[*Artax. secrets himself in a closet. R. in flat.
 L. Enter BOMBASTES.*

BOM. Lov'd Distaffina! now by my scars I vow,
 Scars got—I hav'nt time to tell you how;
 By all the risks my fearless heart hath run,
 Risks of all shapes from bludgeon, sword, and gun,
 Steel traps, the patrole, bailiff shrewd, and dun;



Why help your silly brains, that's not a hat.

By the great bunch of laurels on my brow,
 Ne'er did thy charms exceed their present glow!
 O let me greet thee with a loving kiss—

[*sees the hat.*

Hell and the devil!—say whose hat is this?

DIS. Why help your silly brains, that's not a hat.

BOM. No hat?

DIS. Suppose it is, why what of that!
 A hat can do no harm without a head!

BOM. Whoe'er it fits, this hour I doom him dead;
 Alive from hence the caitiff shall not stir—

[*discovers the King.*

Your most obedient, humble servant, sir.

ART. O General, O!—

BOM. My much-loved master, O!
 What means all this?

ART. Indeed I hardly know—

DIS. (*R.*) You hardly know!—a very pretty joke,
 If kingly promises so soon are broke!

Arn't I to be a Queen, and dress so fine?

ART. (*L.*) I do repent me of the foul design;
 To thee, my brave Bombastes, I restore
 Pure Distaffina, and will never more
 Through lane or street with lawless passion rove,
 But give to Griskinissa all my love.

BOM. (*C.*) No, no, I'll love no more; let him
 who can

Fancy the maid who fancies ev'ry man.

In some lone place I'll find a gloomy cave,
 There my own hands shall dig a spacious grave,
 Then all unseen I'll lay me down and die,
 Since woman's constancy is—all my eye.

TRIO.—*O Lady Fair!*

DIS. O cruel man! where are you going?

Sad are my wants, my rent is owing.

BOM. I go, I go, all comfort scorning;

Some death I'll die before the morning.

DIS. Heigh O, Heigh O! sad is that warning:

O do not die before the morning!

ART. I'll follow him, all danger scorning;

He shall not die before the morning.

BOM. I go, I go, &c.

DIS. Heigh O, Heigh O! &c.

ART. I'll follow him, &c.

[*Exeunt. L.*]

 SCENE IV.—*A Wood.*

Enter FUSBOS.

FUS. This day is big with fate: just as I set
 My foot across the threshold, lo! I met
 A man whose squint terrific struck my view;
 Another came, and, lo! he squinted too:
 And ere I'd reach'd the corner of the street,
 Some ten short paces, 'twas my lot to meet
 A third who squinted more—a fourth, and he
 Squinted more vilely than the other three.
 Such omens met the eye when Cæsar fell,
 But caution'd him in vain; and who can tell
 Whether those awful notices of fate
 Are meant for Kings, or Ministers of State?
 For rich or poor, old, young, or short or tall,
 The wrestler Love trips up the heels of all.

Some death I'll die before the morning.



SONG.—*My Lodging is on the cold Ground.*

1. My lodging is in Leather-lane,
 A parlour that's next to the sky;
 'Tis expos'd to the wind and the rain,
 But the wind and the rain I defy:
 Such love warms the coldest of spots,
 As I feel for Scrubinda the fair;
 O she lives by the scouring of pots,
 In Dyot-street, Bloomsbury-square.
2. O was I a quart, pint, or gill,
 To be scrubb'd by her delicate hands,
 Let others possess what they will
 Of learning, and houses, and lands;
 My parlour that's next to the sky
 I'd quit, her blest mansion to share;
 So happy to live and to die
 In Dyot-street, Bloomsbury-square.
3. And O would this damsel be mine,
 No other provision I'd seek;
 On a *look* I could breakfast and dine,
 And feast on a *smile* for a week.
 But, ah! should she false-hearted prove,
 Suspended, I'll dangle in air;
 A victim to delicate love,
 In Dyot-street, Bloomsbury-square. [*Exit. L.*
Enter BOMBASTES, preceded by a Fifer, playing*
 "Michael Wiggins."

BOM. Gentle musician, let thy dulcet strain
 Proceed—play Michael Wiggins once again,—
 Music's the food of love; give o'er, give o'er,
 For I must batten on that food no more. [*Exit Fifer.*

* The remainder of the part of Bombastes in this scene is sometimes performed in a morning-gown and slippers.

My happiness is chang'd to doleful dumps,
 Whilst, merry Michael, all thy cards were trumps.
 So, should some youth by fortune's blest decrees
 Possess at least a pound of Cheshire cheese,
 And bent some favour'd party to regale,
 Lay in a kilderkin, or so, of ale;
 Lo! angry fate, in one unlucky hour
 Some hungry rats may all the cheese devour,
 And the loud thunder turn the liquor sour.

[Forms his sash into a noose.

Alas! alack! alack! and well-a-day,
 That ever man should make himself away;
 That ever man for woman false should die,
 As many have, and so, and so——wont I;
 No, I'll go mad! 'gainst all I'll vent my rage,
 And with this wicked wanton world a woful war I'll
 wage.

[Hangs his boots to the arm of a tree, and, taking
 a scrap of paper, with a pencil writes the fol-
 lowing couplet, which he attaches to them, re-
 peating the words

“ Who dares this pair of boots displace,
 “ Must meet Bombastes face to face.”

Thus do I challenge all the human race.

[Draws his sword and retires up the stage.

L. Enter ARTAXOMINOUS.

ART. Scorning my proffer'd hand he frowning fled,
 Curs'd the fair maid, and shook his angry head.

[Perceives the boots and label.

“ Who dares this pair of boots displace,
 “ Must meet Bombastes face to face.”

Ha! dost thou dare me, vile obnoxious elf;
 I'll make thy threats as *bootless* as thyself:

I'll make thy threats as bootless as thyself.



Where'er thou art, with speed prepare to go
Where I shall send thee—to the shades below!

[*Knocks down the boots.*]

BOM. (*coming forward*) So have I heard on Afric's
burning shore,

A hungry lion give a grievous roar;
The grievous roar echo'd along the shore.

ART. So have I heard on Afric's burning shore
Another lion give a grievous roar,
And the first lion thought the last a boar.

BOM. Am I then mock'd? Now by my fame I swear
You shall soon have it—There? [*They fight.*]

ART. Where?

BOM. There and there.

ART. I have it sure enough—Oh! I am slain,
I'd give a pot a beer to live again;
Yet, ere I die, I something have to say:
My once lov'd Gen'ral, prithee, come this way!
Oh! Oh! my Bom— [*Falls on his back.*]

BOM. bastes he would have said:
But ere the word was out his breath was fled.
Well, peace be with him, his untimely doom
Shall thus be mark'd upon his costly tomb:—
“Fate cropp'd him short—for be it understood,
“He would have liv'd much longer—if he could.”
[*Retires again up the stage.*]

Enter FUSBOS.

FUS. This was the way they came, and much I
fear,
There's mischief in the wind—what have we here?
King Artaxominous bereft of life?
Here'll be a pretty tale to tell his wife.

BOM. A pretty tale, but not for thee to tell,
For thou shalt quickly follow him to hell ;
There say I sent thee, and I hope he's well.

FUS. No, thou thyself shalt thy own message
bear ;
Short is the journey, thou wilt soon be there.

[*They fight.*

DUETT.—*Weippert's Fancy.**

BOM. I'll quickly run you through,

FUS. No, hang me if you do,

I think I know a trick can equal two of that ;
My sword I well can use,
So mind your P's and Q's :

BOM. I thank you, Sir, but I must caution you of
that.

(*Lord Cathcart's Favourite.*)

FUS. 'Tis a pleasure to fight

With a man so polite,

Then hear in return what I'll do, Sir ;

I'll take down aught you'll say

In the will-making way,

And be your Executor too, Sir.

BOM. O, Sir, there's no need

For so friendly a deed,

But I hope for yourself you're provided ;

Since your worldly affairs

Will devolve to your heirs,

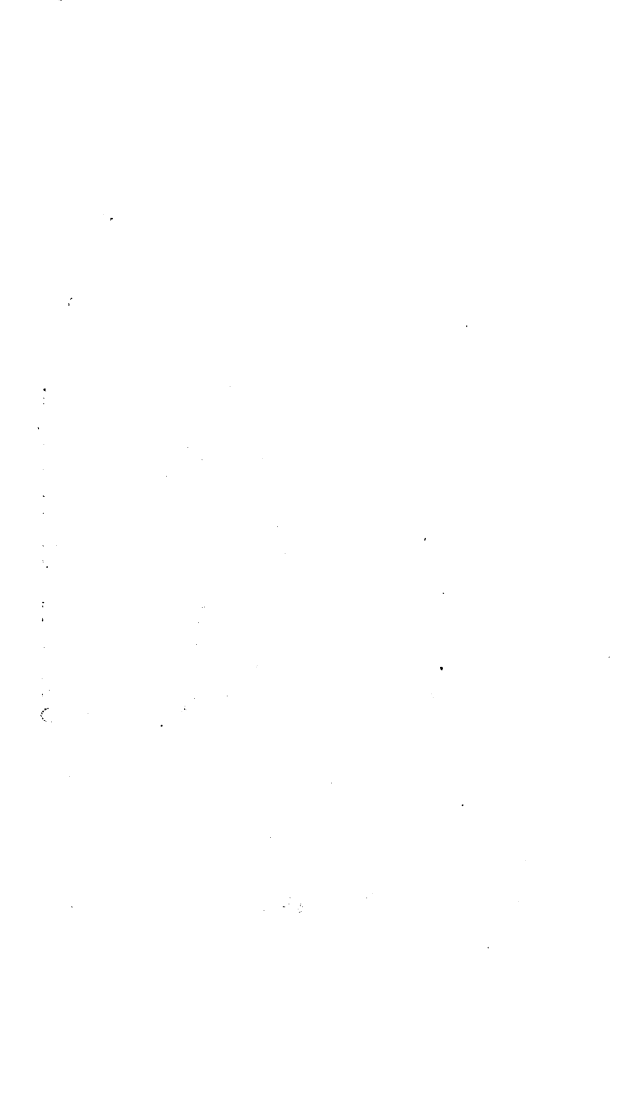
As soon as the point is decided,

Then come on while you can,

Meet your fate like a man—

Bombastes shall ne'er be derided.

* This duett is sometimes omitted.





O Fusbos, Fusbos, I am diddled quite.

BOM. O Fusbos, Fusbos, I am diddled quite,
Dark clouds come o'er my eyes, farewell, good
night!

Good night! my mighty soul's inclin'd to roam,
So make my compliments to all at home.

[*Lies down by the King.*]

FUS. And o'er thy grave a monument shall rise,
Where heroes yet unborn shall feast their eyes;
And this short Epitaph that speaks thy fame,
Shall also there immortalize my name:—

“ Here lies Bombastes stout of heart and limb,
“ Who conquer'd all but Fusbos—Fusbos him.”

L. Enter DISTAFFINA.

DIS. Ah, wretched maid! O miserable fate!
I've just arriv'd in time to be too late:
What now shall hapless Distaffina do?
Curse on all morning dreams, they come so true.

FUS. Go, beauty, go, thou source of woe to man,
And get another lover where you can:
The crown now sits on Griskinissa's head;
To her I'll go——

DIS. But are you sure they're dead?

FUS. Yes, dead as herrings—herrings that are red.

FINALE.

DIS. Briny tears I'll shed,

ART. I for joy shall cry too;

FUS. Zounds; the King's alive;

BOM. Yes, and so am I too.

DIS. It was better far

ART. Thus to check all sorrow;

FUS. But, if some folks please,

BOM. We'll die again to-morrow.

DIS. Tu ral, lu ral, la,
ART. Tu ral, lu ral, laddi ;
FUS. Tu ral, lu ral, la,
BOM. Tu ral, lu ral, laddi.

[They take hands and dance round, repeating



Tu ral, lu ral, la,
Tu ral, lu ral, laddi.



Down, Phœbus, down to earth, we'll hear no farther!

MIDAS:

A BURLETTA, IN TWO ACTS,

By KANE O'HARA;

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES ROYAL.

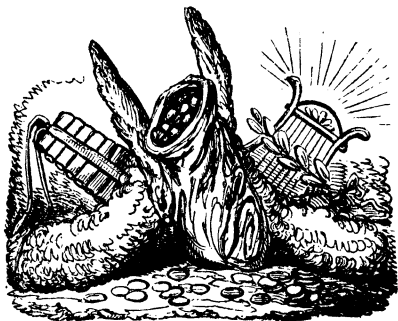
ILLUSTRATED WITH ORIGINAL DESIGNS,

BY ROBERT CRUIKSHANK,

ENGRAVED BY

P. CRUIKSHANK, W. C. WALKER, &c.

WITH INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.



LONDON:

JOSEPH THOMAS, FINCH LANE, CORNHILL,

SOLD BY SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL, STATIONERS' COURT.

1837.

London : G. H. Davidson, Printer,
Tudor Street, Blackfriars.

MIDAS was originally produced in three acts at the Crow-Street Theatre, Dublin, 1762, and was greatly successful ; it was, however, less favourably received in England on its production at Covent Garden, February 22d, 1764, when it had a run of nine nights only. This has been attributed to its length, which has been reduced, as also to the indifferent manner in which some of the characters were supported. Mattocks was the original Apollo, Beard was Sileno, Dunstall was only respectable as Pan, while it was remarked of Dibdin, Baker, and Fawcett, who played Momus, Mercury, and Damætas, that they had neither voice nor humour. Shuter's Midas was excellent, as also were the Daphne and Nysa of the Misses Miller and Hal-lam. In more recent times, some of the best performers in this burletta have been Kelly as Apollo, Suett and Edwin as Midas, Dignum as Sileno, and Mrs. Bland and Mrs. Mountain as Nysa and Daphne. The piece gradually gained in public estimation, and it was continually played, but it was reserved for Sinclair, on its revival at Covent Garden, in 1812, to establish its reputation as one of the most popular burlettas of the English stage. It was produced with great splendour on the 17th of September, and drew crowded houses for fifty-four nights in one season. Sinclair is, probably, the best Apollo that has ever appeared, and his execution of the popular song of " Pray Goody," produced nearly the same effect that is attributed to the " Di tanti" of Rossini—its echo was universal and prolonged, it was heard in every house, and whistled in every street ; and the busy hum of the court and mart was haunted by the omnipresent ghost of this favourite melody. Liston as Midas, and Emery as Pan, were, it will be easily believed, surpassingly excellent: the former still reigns supreme as his Worship, the latter will never be excelled. Mathews and Munden also have played Midas, alas! how

well. The fascinating Vestris almost rivals Sinclair—certainly she has never been surpassed by any other,—as Apollo; she supports the character with great vivacity and talent, but, will it be believed? there is a Critic! who, having seen both, admires neither—*Delectable Gander!*

The idea of Midas is taken from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Book XI., but the wit and humour of the piece, which are very considerable, are entirely O'Hara's; and while the story is dramatized with considerable skill, there is nothing in its construction, or in its dialogue, as it is now played, which can offend the ear of taste, or greatly shock the classic notions of the scholar. It is not more free from the grossness than the nonsense which distinguish "Cotton's *Virgil Travestie*," and even "Homer *Burlesque*," although the latter poem is, perhaps, the most clever of its kind existing. The great excellence of *Midas*, and which will always make it a favourite, is, that its burlesque is in general keeping with the proper characters which it displays. The author died June 17, 1728. J. T.



Costume.

JUPITER.—Coronet, velvet shirt, satin robe, trimmed with gold, over a flesh dress; sandals, bracelets, belt, &c.

APOLLO.—First dress. White shirt, silver trimmed; blue drapery, &c. over flesh dress, sandals, wreath of laurels, sun on breast. Second dress. Dove-coloured ragged tunic, hat, broad belt, and russet sandals.

MERCURY.—Silver cap, with wings, blue shirt, white drapery, over flesh dress; slippers, with wings to the heels.

PAN.—Dark flesh dress, skin leggings and cloven feet, vine leaves and berries.

BACCHUS.—Leopard-skin shirt, wreath of vine-leaves and berries, over flesh dress.

MARS.—Helmet, breastplate and gauntlets, shirt and robe, over flesh dress.

MIDAS.—Black cocked hat, red feather, large velvet coat, embroidered waistcoat, satin breeches, silk stockings.

SILENO.—Large round hat, country coat and breeches, flowered waistcoat.

DAMÆTAS.—Cloth jacket, trimmed; flowered waistcoat, breeches and stockings of opposite colours.

JUNO.—A gold coronet, a silver tissue dress, scarlet and gold robe, flesh-coloured stockings, and sandals.

VENUS.—A silver tissue dress, blue drapery with stars, flesh dress and sandals, silver bandeau.

MINERVA.—Helmet and breastplate, scarlet robe, and spangled dress; sandals.

HEBE.—Spangled dress, blue drapery.

CUPID.—Silver over flesh dress, flowers, wings, &c.

NYSA AND DAPHNE.—Cottage dresses, trimmed.

MYSIS.—Old English velvet hat, jacket, apron, and scarlet petticoat, all trimmed with point; shoes to match.



STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means *Right*.—*L.* *Left*.—*C.* *Centre*.

The lines distinguished by inverted commas (“”) are omitted in the representation.

MIDAS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Curtain rising discovers the Heathen Deities, seated amidst the Clouds, in full Council: they address JUPITER in Chorus.*

Chorus of all the Gods.

Jove, in his chair,
Of the sky Lord May'r,
 With his nods
 Men and Gods
 Keeps in awe ;
 When he winks,
 Heaven shrinks ;
 When he speaks,
 Hell squeaks ;
 Earth's globe is but his taw.
Cock of the school,
He bears despotic rule ;
 His word,
 Tho' absurd,
 Must be law.
 Even Fate,
 Tho' so great,
 Must not prate ;
 His bald pate

Jove would cuff,
 He's so bluff,
 For a straw.
 Cow'd deities,
 Like mice in cheese,
 To stir must cease,
 Or gnaw.

JUP. (*Rising.*) Immortals, you have heard your
 plaintive sov'reign,
 And culprit Sol's high crimes. Shall we who govern,
 Brook spies upon us? Shall Apollo trample
 On our commands; we'll make him an example.
 As for you, Juno, curb your prying temper, or
 We'll make you, to your cost, know—we're your em-
 peror.

JUNO. I'll take the law. (*To JUPITER.*) My proc-
 tor, with a summons,
 Shall cite you, sir, t'appear at Doctors' Commons.

JUP. Let him—but first I'll chase from heaven yon
 varlet,

JUNO. What, for detecting you and your vile harlot.

AIR—JUNO.

Think not, lewd Jove,
 Thus to wrong my chaste love;
 For, spite of your rakehelly godhead,
 By day and by night,
 Juno will have her right,
 Nor be, of dues nuptial, defrauded.
 I'll ferret the haunts
 Of your female gallants;

In vain you in darkness enclose them;
 Your favourite jades
 I'll plunge to the shades,
 Or into cows metamorphose them.

JUP. Peace, termagant—I swear by Styx, our
 thunder
 Shall hurl him to the earth—nay, never wonder,
 I've sworn it, gods.

APOLLO. Hold, hold, have patience,
 Papa—No bowels for your own relations!

AIR—APOLLO.

Be by your friends advised,
 Too harsh, too hasty dad!
 Maugre your bolts, and wise head,
 The world will think you mad.
 What worse can Bacchus teach men,
 His roaring bucks, when drunk,
 Than break the lamps, beat watchmen,
 And stagger to some punk?

JUP. You saucy scoundrel—there, sir—come Dis-
 order,
 Down Phœbus, down to earth, we'll hear no farther.
 Roll, thunders, roll; blue lightnings flash about him;
 The blab shall find our sky can do without him.

[*Thunder and lightning—JUPITER darts a bolt at
 APOLLO, who falls—JUPITER re-assumes his
 throne, c. and the Gods all ascend together, sing-
 ing the initial chorus—“Jove in his chair,” &c.*

SCENE II.—*A champagne country with a distant village; violent storm of thunder and lightning. A shepherd sleeping in the field is roused by it, and runs off frightened, L. leaving his cloak, hat, and guitar behind him. APOLLO (as cast from heaven) falls to the earth, with a rude shock, and lies for a while stunned; at length he begins to move, rises, advances, and, looking forward, speaks; after which, enters to him SILENO, L.*

APOL. Zooks! what a crush! a pretty decent tumble!

Kind usage, Mr. Jove—sweet sir, your humble.

Well, down I am; no bones broke, tho' sore pepper'd!

Here doom'd to stay.—What can I do?—turn shepherd—

[*Puts on the cloak, &c.*]

A lucky thought,—in this disguise, Apollo

No more, but Pol the swain, some flock I'll follow.

Nor doubt I, with my voice, guitar, and person,

Among the nymphs to kick up some diversion.

SILENO. Whom have we here? a sightly clown!—and sturdy:

Hum—plays, I see, upon the hurdy-gurdy.

Seems out of place—a stranger,—all in tatters,

I'll hire him—he'll divert my wife and daughters.

—Whence, and what art thou, boy?

POL. An orphan lad, sir.

Pol is my name;—a shepherd once my dad, sir!

I' th' upper parts here—tho' not born to serving,

I'll now take on, for faith I'm almost starving.

SILENO. You've drawn a prize i' th' lottery.—So have I, too;

Why,—I'm the master you could best apply to.



We'll dance to your strum-strum.

DUET—APOLLO *and* SILENO.

SIL. Since you mean to hire for service,
 Come with me, you jolly dog ;
 You can help to bring home harvest,
 'Tend the sheep, and feed the hog.
Fa la la.

With three crowns, your **standing** wages,
 You shall daintily be fed ;
 Bacon, beans, salt beef, cabbages,
 Butter-milk, and oaten bread. Fa la la.

Come, strike hands, you'll live in **clover**,
 When we get you once at home,
 And when daily labour 's over
 We'll dance to your strum-strum.
Fa la la.

POL. I strike hands, I take your offer,
 Farther on I may fare worse ;
 Zooks, I can no longer suffer
 Hungry guts and empty purse, Fa la la.

SIL. Do strike hands ; 'tis kind I offer ;

POL. I strike hands, and take your offer ;

SIL. Farther seeking, you'll fare worse ;

POL. Farther on I may fare worse.

SIL. Pity such a lad should suffer,

POL. Zooks, I can no longer suffer,

SIL. Hungry guts and empty purse,

POL. Hungry guts and empty purse. Fa la la.

[*Exeunt, dancing and singing, L.*

SCENE III.—SILENO'S *Farm-House*.

Enter DAPHNE and NYSA, R. MYSIS following behind.

DAPH. But Nysa, how goes on 'squire Midas' courtship?

NYs. Your sweet Damætas, pimp to his great worship,

Brought me from him a purse;—but the conditions—
I've cur'd him, I believe, of such commissions.

DAPH. The moon calf! This must blast him with my father.

NYs. Right. So we're rid of the two frights together.

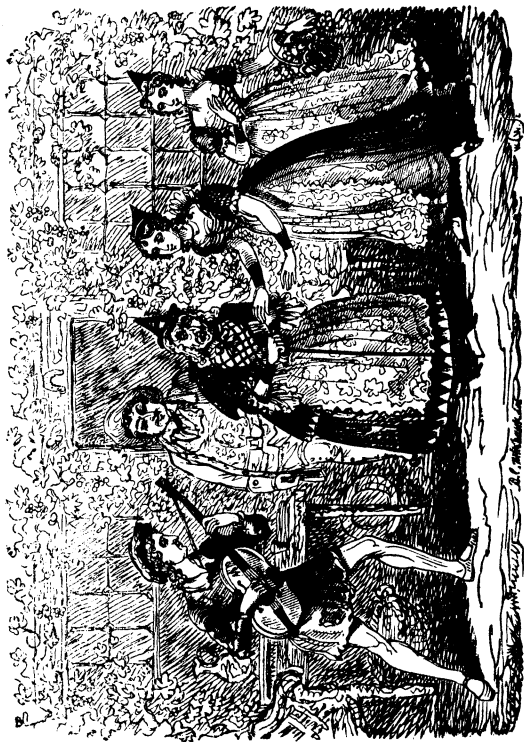
BOTH. Ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ha!

MYSIS. Heydey! what mare's nest's found?—For ever grinning:

Ye rantipoles—is't thus you mind your spinning?

AIR—MYSIS.

Girls are known
To mischief prone,
If ever they be idle.
Who would rear
Two daughters fair,
Must hold a steady bridle.
For here they skip,
And there they trip,
And this and that way sidle.
Giddy maids,
Poor silly jades,
All after men are gadding;
They flirt pell-mell,
Their train to swell,



Pray goody, please to moderate the rancour of your tongue.

To coxcomb, coxcomb adding :
 To ev'ry fop
 They're cock-a-hoop,
 And set their mothers madding.

Enter SILENO, L. introducing POL.

SIL. Now, dame and girls, no more let's hear you
 grumble
 At too hard toil ;—I chanc'd just now to stumble
 On this stout drudge—and hir'd him—fit for labour.
 To 'em, lad—then he can play and sing and caper.

MYS. Fine rubbish to bring home; a strolling
 thrummer!

To POL.) What art thou good for? speak, thou ragged
 mummer?

NYS. Mother, for shame——

MYS. Peace, saucebox, or I'll maul you.

POL. Goody, my strength and parts you undervalue:
 For his or your work, I'm brisk and handy.

DAPH. A sad cheat else——

MYS. What you, you jack-a-dandy?

AIR—POL.

Pray, goody, please to moderate the rancour of your
 tongue:

Why flash those sparks of fury from your eyes?
 Remember, when the judgment's weak, the prejudice
 is strong:

A stranger why will you despise?

Ply me,

Try me,

Prove, ere you deny me:

If you cast me

Off, you blast me,

Never more to rise.

MYS. Sirrah, this insolence deserves a drubbing.

NYS. With what sweet temper he bears all her snubbing!

SIL. Oons, no more words.—Go, boy, and get your dinner. [Exit POL, R.

SIL. Fye, why so cross-grain'd to a young beginner?

NYS. So modest!

DAPH. So genteel!

SIL. (To **MYSIS**). Not pert, nor lumpish.

MYS. Would he were hang'd!

NYS. and **DAPH.** La! mother, why so frumpish.

QUARTET—**NYSA**, **DAPHNE**, **MYSIS**, **SILENO**.

NYS. Mamma, how can you be so ill natur'd
To the gentle, handsome swain?

DAPH. To a lad so limb'd, so featur'd,
Sure 'tis cruel to give pain.
Sure 'tis cruel, &c.

MYS. Girls, for you, my fears perplex me,
I'm alarm'd on your account:

SIL. Wife, in vain you teaze and vex me,
I will rule, depend upon't.

NYS. Ah! ah!

DAPH. Mamma!

NYS. and } Mamma, how can you be so ill-natur'd,
DAPH. } Ah, ah, to a lad so limb'd and featur'd?

NYS. and } To the gentle, handsome swain,
DAPH. } Sure 'tis cruel to give pain;

NYS. and } Sure 'tis cruel to give pain;
DAPH. } To the gentle, handsome swain.

MYS. Girls, for you my fears perplex me,
I'm alarm'd on your account.

SIL. Wife, in vain you teaze and vex me ;
I will rule, depend upon't.

NYS. } Mamma !
MYS. } Psha ! psha !

DAPH. } Papa,
SIL. } Ah ! ah !

DAPH. } Mamma, how can you be so ill-natur'd,
SIL. } Psha, psha, you must not be so ill-natur'd,
NYS. } Ah, ah, to a lad so limb'd, so featur'd ?

DAPH. } To the gentle, handsome swain,
SIL. } He's a gentle, handsome swain,
NYS. } Sure 'tis cruel to give pain,
MYS. } 'Tis my pleasure to give pain.

DAPH. } Sure 'tis cruel to give pain,
SIL. } He's a gentle, handsome swain,
NYS. } To the gentle, handsome swain,
MYS. } To your odious, fav'rite swain.

[*Exeunt, R.*

Enter MIDAS and DAMETAS, L.

MID. Nysa, you say, refus'd the guineas British.

DAM. Ah ! please your worship—she is wond'rous skittish.

MID. I'll have her, cost what 'twill. Odsbobs—
I'll force her——

DAM. The halter——

MID. As for madam ; I'll divorce her——

Some favoured lout incog. our bliss opposes.

DAM. Ay, Pol, the hind puts out of joint our noses.

MID. I've heard of that Pol's tricks, of—his sly tampering,

To fling poor Pan, but I'll soon send him scampering.

'Sblood, I'll commit him—drive him to the gallows!
Where is old Pan?

DAM. Tippling, sir, at th' ale-house.

MID. Run, fetch him—we shall hit on some expedient,
To rout this Pol.

DAM. I fly; (*Going, returns.*) sir, your obedient.

[*Exit, L.*]

MID. What boots my being 'squire,

Justice of peace, and quorum;

Churchwarden, knight o' th' shire,

And custos rotulorum;

If saucy little Nysa's heart rebellious,

My 'squireship slights, and hankers after fellows?

AIR.—MIDAS.

Shall a paltry clown, not fit to wipe my shoes,

Dare my amours to cross?

Shall a peasant minx, when Justice Midas woos,

Her nose up at him toss?

No: I'll kidnap—then possess her:

I'll sell her Pol a slave, get mundungus in exchange:

So glut to the height of pleasure

My love and my revenge.

No: I'll kidnap, &c. [*Exit, R.*]

SCENE VII.—*Front of a Village Alehouse.*

PAN is discovered sitting at a table, with a tankard, pipes, and tobacco before him, his bagpipes lying by him.

AIR—PAN.

Jupiter wenches and drinks,

He rules the roast in the sky;

Yet he's a fool, if he thinks

That he's as happy as I;

Juno rates him
 And grates him,
 And leads his highness a weary life ;
 I have my lass,
 And my glass,
 And stroll a bachelor's merry life.
 Let him fluster,
 And bluster,
 Yet cringe to his harridan's furbelow ;
 To my fair tulips,
 I glue lips,
 And clink the cannikin here below.

Enter DAMÆTAS, L.

DAM. There sits the old soaker, his pate troubling
 little
 How the world wags, so he gets drink and vittle.
 Hoa, master Pan, 'gad you've trod on a thistle !
 You may pack up your all, sir, and go whistle.
 The wenches have turn'd tail, to yon buck ranter—
 Ticked by his guitar, they scorn your chanter.

AIR.—DAMÆTAS.

All round the May-pole how they trot,
 Hot,
 Pot,
 And good ale have got ;
 Routing,
 Shouting,
 At you flouting,
 Fleering,
 Jeering,
 And what not

There is old Sileno frisks like a mad

Lad,

Glad

To see us sad :

Cap'ring,

Vap'ring ;

While Pol, scraping,

Coaxes

The lasses

As he did the dad.

[*Exit, κ.*

Enter MYSIS, L.

MYS. O, Pan! the devil to pay, both my sluts
frantic!

Both in their tantrums, for you cap'ring antic.

But I'll go seek 'em all, and if I find 'em,

I'll drive 'em, as if Old Nick were behind 'em.

[*Going, L.*

PAN. Soa, soa—don't flounce ;

Avast—disguise your fury.

Pol we shall trounce ;

Midas is judge and jury.

AIR.—MYSIS.

Sure I shall run with vexation distracted,

To see my purposes thus counteracted!

This way or that way, or which way soever,

All things run contrary to my endeavour.

Daughters projecting,

Their ruin and shame,

Fathers neglecting

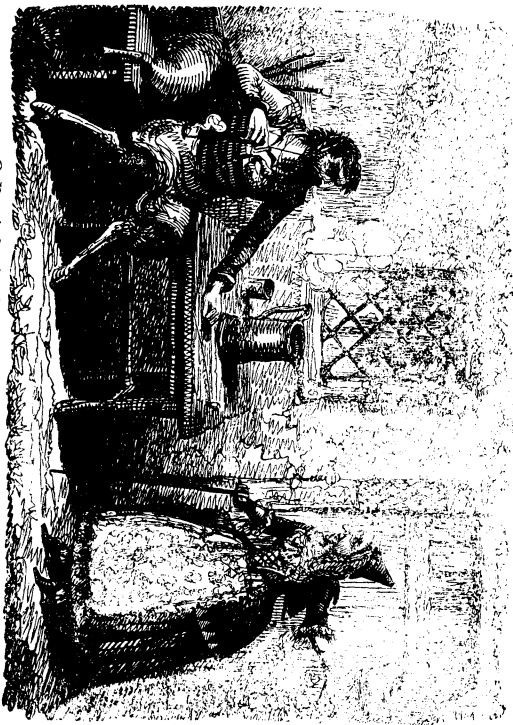
The care of their fame ;

Nursing in bosom a treacherous viper ;

Here's a fine dance—but 'tis he pays the piper.

[*Æeunt, R.*

O Pan! the devil to pay, both my slits frantic!



SCENE X.—*A wood and lawn, near SILENO'S farm, flocks grazing at a distance—A tender, slow symphony—DAPHNE crosses, melancholic and silent, from L. to R., NYSA watching her, then DAPHNE returns, running.*

NYSA. O ho; is it so—Miss Daphne in the dumps?
Mum—snug's the word—I'll lead her such a dance
Shall make her stir her stumps.

To all her secret haunts,
Like a shadow, I'll follow and watch her;
And, faith, mamma shall hear on't if I catch her.

[Retires, R.]

DAPH. La, how my heart goes pit-a-pat; what
thumping,
E'er since my father brought us home this bumpkin.

AIR —DAPHNE.

He's as tight a lad to see to,
As e'er stepp'd in leather shoe,
And what's better, he'll love me, too,
And to him I'll prove true blue.
Though my sister casts a hawk's eye,
I defy what she can do,—
He o'erlook'd the little doxy,
I'm the girl he means to woo.
Hither I stole out to meet him,
He'll no doubt my steps pursue.
If the youth prove true, I'll fit him;
If he's false—I'll fit him, too.

Enter POL, L.

POL. Think o' the devil, 'tis said,
He's at your shoulder:
This wench was running in my head,
And pop, behold her.

AIR.—POL.

Lovely nymph, assuage my anguish ;
 At your feet, a tender swain
 Prays you will not let him languish,
 One kind look would ease his pain.
 Did you know the lad who courts you,
 He not long need sue in vain :
 Prince of song, of dance, of sports—you
 Scarce will meet his like again.

DAPH. Sir, you're such an olio
 Of perfection in folio,
 No damsel can resist you :
 Your face so attractive,
 Limbs so supple and active,
 That by this light,
 At the first sight,
 I could have run and kiss'd you.

AIR—DAPHNE.

If you can caper, as well as you can modulate,
 With the addition of that pretty face,
 Pan, who was held by our shepherds a God o' late,
 Will be kick'd out, and you set in his place.
 His beard so frowsy, his gestures so awkward are,
 And his bagpipe has so drowsy a drone,
 That if they find you, as I did, no backwarder,
 You may count on all the girls as your own.

MYS. (*From within.*) Pol, Pol, make haste, come
 hither.

POL. Death ! what a time to call ;
 Oh, rot your old lungs of leather.

B'ye, Daph.

DAPH. B'ye, Pol.

[*Exit POL, L.*

Enter NYSA, R.

NYs. Marry, come up, forsooth,
Is't me, you forward vixen,
You choose to play your tricks on :
And could your liquorish tooth
Find none but my sweetheart to fix on.

DAPH. Marry, come up again,
Indeed, my dirty cousin !
Have you a right to every swain ?

NYs. Ay, though a dozen.

DUET—DAPHNE *and* NYSA.

DAPH. My minikin miss, do you fancy that Pol
Can ever be caught by an infant's dol ?

NYs. Can you, Miss Maypole, suppose he will fall
In love with the giantess of Guildhall ?

DAPH. Pigmy elf,

NYs. Colossus itself,

BOTH. You will lie till you're mouldy upon the shelf.

DAPH. You stump o' th' gutter, you hop o' my thumb,
A husband for you must from Lilliput come.

NYs. You stalking steeple, you gawky stag,
Your husband must come from Brogdignag.

DAPH. Sour grapes,

NYs. Lead apes,

BOTH. I'll humble your vanity, Mistress Trapes.

DAPH. Miss, your assurance,

NYs. And, miss, your high airs,

DAPH. Is past all endurance,

NYs. Are at their last pray'rs.

DAPH. No more of those freedoms, Miss Nysa, I beg.

NYs. Miss Daphne's conceit must be lower'd a peg.

DAPH. } Poor spite!
 NYS. } Pride hurt!
 DAPH. } Liver white!
 NYS. } Rare sport!
 DAPH. } Do, show your teeth, spitfire, do, but you
 } can't bite,
 NYS. } This haughtiness soon will be laid in the dirt.
 } Poor spite, &c.
 } Pride hurt, &c. [*Exeunt*, l.]

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.



ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Grove.*

Enter NYSA, followed by MIDAS. L.

MID. Turn, tigress, turn ; nay, fly not—
I have thee at a why not.
How comes it, little Nysy,
That heart, to me so icy,
Should be to Pol like tinder,
Burnt up to a very cinder ?

NYs. Sir, to my virtue ever steady,
Firm as a rock
I scorn your shock ?
But why this attack ?
A miss can you lack,
Who have a wife already ?

MID. Ay, there's the curse—but she is old and
sickly ;

And would my Nysa grant the favour quickly,
Would she yield now—I swear by the Lord Harry,
The moment madam's coffin'd, her I'll marry.

AIR—MIDAS.

O, what pleasures will abound,
When my wife is laid in ground !
Let earth cover her,
We'll dance over her,
When my wife is laid in ground.

Oh, how happy should I be,
 Would little Nysa pig with me!
 How I'd mumble her,
 Touze and tumble her,
 Would little Nysa pig with me.

NYS. Young birds alone are caught with chaff—
 At your base scheme I laugh.

MID. Yet take my vows.

NYS. I would not take your bond, sir.

MID. Half my estate—

NYS. No, nor the whole, my fond sir.

AIR—NYS.

Ne'er will I be left i' the lurch;
 Cease your bribes and wheedling:
 Till I'm made a bride i' the church,
 I'll keep man from meddling.

What are riches,
 And soft speeches,
 Baits and fetches,
 To bewitch us,
 When you've won us.
 And undone us,
 Cloy'd you shun us,
 Frowning on us,

For our heedless peddling.

[*Exit, R.*

MIDAS—*Solus.*

MID. Well, master Poll I'll tickle,—
 For him, at least, I have a rod in pickle.
 When he's in limbo,
 Not thus our hoity-toity miss
 Will stick her arms a-kimbo.

Enter PAN, L,

PAN. So, 'squire, well met—I flew to know your business,

MID. Why, Pan, this Pol we must bring down upon his knees.

PAN. That were a feat indeed; a feat to brag on.

MID. Let's home—we'll there concert it o'er a flagon

I'll make him skip—

PAN. As St. George did the dragon.

AIR—PAN.

If into your hen-yard,

The treacherous reynard

Steals sily, your poultry to ravage,

With gun you attack him,

With beagles you track him,

All's fair to destroy the fell savage.

So Pol, who comes picking

Up my tender chicken,

No means do I scruple to banish;

With power I'll o'erbear him,

With fraud I'll ensnare him,

By hook or by crook he shall vanish.

[*Exeunt, L.*

SCENE II.—*A Lawn before MIDAS's House.*

Enter NYSA, R.

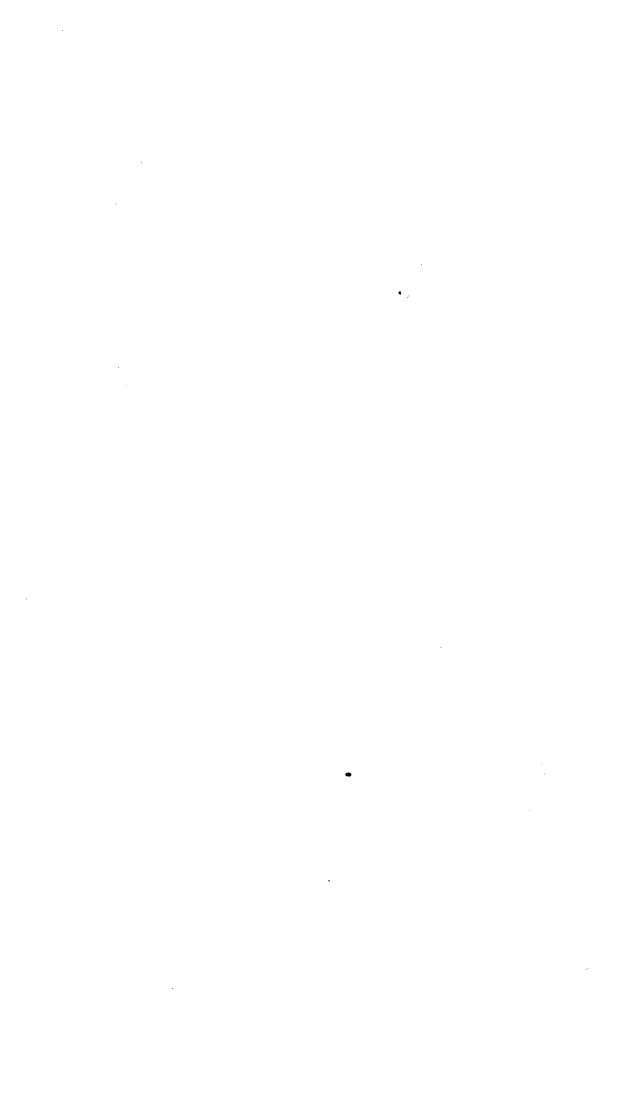
NYs. Good lack! what is come o'er me?

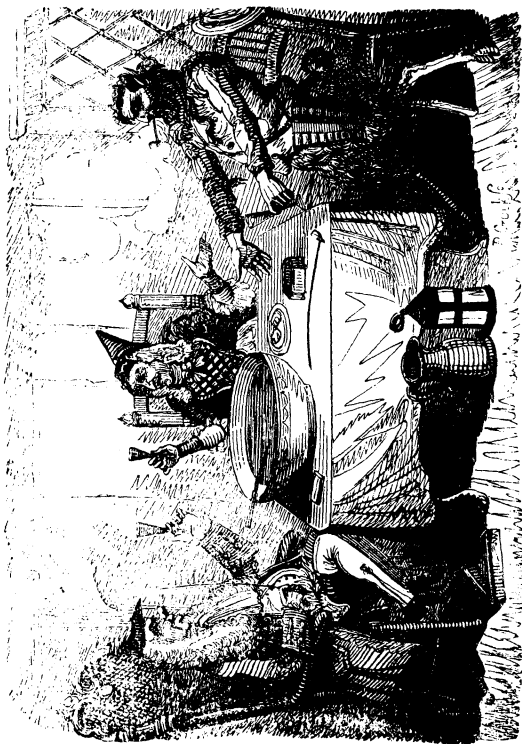
Daphne has stepp'd before!

Envy and love devour me,

Pol doats upon her phiz hard,

'Tis that sticks in my gizzard,





Let's take one bouze, and roar a catch.

Mys. Look, squire, I've sold my butter, here its price is
 At your command, do but this job for Mysis.
 Count 'em—six guineas and an old Jacobus,
 Keep Pan, and shame that scapegrace *coram nobis*.

MID. Goody, as 'tis your request,
 I pocket this here stuff;
 And as for that there peasant,
 Trust me, I'll work his buff.
 At the musical struggle
 I'll bully and juggle;
 My award
 Your sure card;

Blood, he shall fly his country—that's enough.

PAN. Well said, my lad of wax.

MID. Let's end the tankard,
 I have no head for business till I've drank hard.

PAN. Nor have my guts brains in them till they're
 addle,

When I'm most rocky I best sit my saddle.

MID. Well, come, let's take one bouze, and roar a
 catch,

Then part to our affairs.

PAN. A match.

Mys. A match.

TRIO—MIDAS, PAN, and MYSIS.

MID. Master Poll,
 And his toll-de-roll-loll,
 I'll buffet away from the plain, sir.

PAN. And I'll assist
 Your worship's fist
 With all my might and main, sir.

- MYF. And I'll have a thump,
 Though he is so plump,
 And make such a wounded racket.
- MID. I'll bluff,
- PAN. I'll rough,
- MYS. I'll huff,
- MID. I'll cuff,
- OMN. And I'll warrant we pepper his jacket.
- MID. For all his cheats,
 And wenching feats,
 He shall rue on his knees 'em.
 O skip, by goles,
 As high as Paul's,
 Like ugly witch on besom ;
 Arraign'd he shall be,
 Of treason to me !
- PAN. And I with my davy will back it,
 I'll swear,
- MID. I'll snare,
- MYS. I'll tear,
- OMN. O rare !
 And I'll warrant we'll pepper his jacket.

[*Exeunt, R.*

SCENE IV.—*Enter SILENO and DAMETAS in warm argument, L.*

SIL. My Daph a wife for thee ; the squire's base pander !

To the plantations sooner would I send her.

DAM. Sir, your good wife approv'd my offers.

SIL. Name her not, hag of Endor,

What knew she of thee but thy coffers ?

- DAM. And shall this ditch-born whelp, this jack-an-apes,
By dint of congees and of scrapes——
SIL. These are thyslanders and that canker'd hag's—
DAM. A thing made up of pilfer'd rags——
SIL. Richer than thou with all thy brags,
Of flocks and herds, and money bags.

DUET—SILENO *and* DAMÆTAS.

- If a rival thy character draw,
In perfection he'll find out a flaw ;
With black he will paint,
Make a de'il of a saint,
And change to an owl a macaw.
- DAM. Can a father pretend to be wise,
Who his friend's good advice would despise ?
Who, when danger is nigh,
Throws his spectacles by,
And blinks through a green girl's eyes ?
- SIL. You're an impudent pimp and a grub.
- DAM. You are fool'd by a beggarly scrub ;
Your betters you snub.
- SIL. Who will lend me a club,
This insolent puppy to drub ?
You're an impudent pimp and a grub.
- DAM. You're cajoled by a beggarly scrub,
- SIL. Who will rot in a powdering tub,
- DAM. Whom the prince of impostors I dub ;
- SIL. A guinea for a club,
- DAM. Your bald pate you'll rub,
- SIL. This muckworm to drub.
- DAM. When you find that your cub

SIL. Rub off, sirrah, rub, sirrah, rub.

DAM. Is debauch'd by a whipp'd syllabub.

Enter MYSIS, attended by DAPHNE and NYSA, L.

MYS. Soh!—you attend the trial—we shall drive
hence

Your vagabond——

SIL. I smoke your foul contrivance.

DAPH. Ah, Nys, our fate depends upon this issue—

NYS. Daph, for your sake, my claim I here forego;
And with your Pol much joy I wish you.

DAPH. O, gemini, say'st thou me so?
Dear creature, let me kiss you.

NYS. Let's kneel, and beg his stay, papa will
back us.

DAPH. Mamma will storm.

NYS. What then? she can but whack us.

QUINTET—DAPHNE, NYSA, MYSIS, SILENO, and
DAMETAS.

DAPH. Mother, sure you never
Will endeavour
To dissever
From my favour
So sweet a swain;
None so clever
E'er trod the plain.

NYS. Father, hopes you gave her,
Don't deceive her,
Can you leave her
Sunk for ever
In pining care?
Haste and save her
From black despair.

- DAPH. Think of his modest grace,
His voice, shape, and face ;
- NYS. Hearts alarming,
- DAPH. Bosoms warming,
- NYS. Wrath disarming,
- DAPH. With his soft lay :
- NYS. He's so charming,
Ay, let him stay,
- BOTH. He's so charming, &c.
- MYS. Sluts, you are lost to shame ?
- SIL. Wife, wife, be more tame.
- MYS. This is madness !
- SIL. Sober sadness !
- MYS. I with gladness
Could see him swing,
For his badness.
- SIL. 'Tis no such thing.
- DAM. Must Pan resign to this fop his employment ?
Must I to him yield of Daph the enjoyment ?
- MYS. Ne'er while a tongue I brandish,
Fop outlandish,
Daph shall blandish.
- DAM. Will you reject my income,
Herds and clinkum ?
- SIL. Rot and sink 'em.
- DAM. Midas must judge.
- MYS. And Pol must fly.
- SIL. Zounds, Pol sha'nt budge :
- MYS. You lie ;
- DAM. You lie ;
- MYS. }
DAM. } You lie, you lie.
SIL. }

NYS. Pan's drone is fit for wild rocks and bleak mountains ;

DAPH. Pol's lyre suits best our cool grots and clear fountains.

NYS. Pol is young and merry,

DAPH. Light and airy,

SIL. As a fairy.

NYS. Pan is old and musty ;

DAPH. Stiff and fusty ;

SIL. Sour and crusty.

DAPH. Can you banish Pol ?

NYS. No, no, no, no ;

Let Pan fall.

DAPH. Ay, let him go.

NYS.)

DAPH.) Ay, let him go.

SIL.)

MIDAS *comes forth enraged, attended by a crowd of Nymphs and Swains, from the upper part of the stage.*

MID. Peace, ho ! is hell broke loose ? what means this jawing ?

Under my very nose this clapper clawing !

AIR—MIDAS.

What the devil's here to do,

Ye logger-heads and gipsies !

Sirrah you, and hussy you,

And each of you tipsy is ;

But I'll as sure pull down your pride as

A gun, or as I'm Justice Midas.

CHORUS—*NYMPHS and SWAINS.*

O, tremendous Justice Midas!

Who shall oppose wise Justice Midas?

MID. I'm given to understand that you're all in a
pother here.

Disputing whether Pan or Pol shall pipe to you another
year,

Dare you think your clumsy lugs so proper to decide as
The delicate ears of Justice Midas?

CHORUS—O, tremendous, &c.

MID. So, you allow it then, ye mobbish rabble?

Enter POL, R. and PAN, L. severally.

Oh, here come Pol and Pan—now stint your gabble.
Fetch my great chair,—I'll quickly end this squabble.

AIR—MIDAS.

Now I'm seated,

I'll be treated

Like the sopher on his throne;

In my presence,

Scoundrel peasants

Shall not call their souls their own.

My behest is,

He who best is,

Shall be fix'd musician chief;

Ne'er the loser

Shall show nose here,

But be transported like a thief.

CHORUS—O, tremendous, &c.

DAM. Masters, will you abide by this condition?

PAN. I ask no better.

POL. I'm all submission.

PAN. Strike up, sweet sir.

POL. Sir, I attend your leisure.

MID. Pan, take the lead.

PAN. Since 'tis your worship's pleasure.

AIR--PAN.

A pox on your pother about this or that ;
Your shrieking or squeaking, a sharp or a flat ;
I'm sharp by my bumpers, you're a flat, master Pol ;
So here goes a set-to at toll-de-roll-loll.

When Beauty her pack of poor lovers would hamper,
And after Miss Will o'th' Whisp the fools scamper ;
Ding dong, in sing song, they the lady extol :
Pray what's all this fuss for, but——toll-de-roll-loll.

Mankind are a medley——a chance medley race ;
All start in full cry, to give dame Fortune chace :
There's catch as catch can, hit or miss, luck is all ;
And luck's the best tune of life's toll-de-roll-loll.

I've done, please your worship, 'tis rather too long ;

MID. Not at all,

I only meant life is but an old song :

The world's but a tragedy, comedy, droll ;

Where all act the scene of toll-de-roll-loll.

MID. By jingo, well perform'd for one of his age ;
How, hang dog, don't you blush to show your visage ?

POL. Why master Midas, for that matter,

'Tis enough to dash one,

To hear the arbitrator,

In such unseemly fashion,

One of the candidates bespatter

With so much partial passion.

[Midas falls asleep.]

AIR—POL.

Ah, happy hours, how fleeting,
 Ye danc'd on down away ;
 When my soft vows repeating,
 At Daphne's feet I lay !

But from her charms when sunder'd,
 As Midas' frowns presage,
 Each hour will seem an hundred ;
 Each day appear an age.

CHORUS—A Pol ! A Pol ! A Pan ! A Pan !

MID. Silence—this just decree, all at your peril,
 Obedient hear—else I shall use you very ill.

THE DECREE.

Pan shall remain ;
 Pol quit the plain.

CHORUS—Oh tremendous, &c.

MID. All bow with me to mighty Pan—enthroned
 him—

No pouting—and with festal chorus crown him—

[*The Crowd form two ranks beside the chair, and join
 in the Chorus, whilst MIDAS crowns him with bays.*]

CHORUS.

See triumphant sits the bard,
 Crown'd with bays, his due reward ;
 Exil'd Pol shall wander far ;
 Exil'd twang his faint guitar ;
 While with echoing shouts of praise,
 We the bagpipe's glory raise.

MID. 'Tis well.—What keeps your here, you raga-
 muffin ?

Go trudge—or do you wait for a good cuffing ?

POL. Now, all attend.

[Throws off his disguise, and appears as APOLLO.]
 The wrath of Jove, for rapine,
 Corruption, lust, pride, fraud, there's no escaping.
 Tremble, thou wretch; thou stretch'dst thy utmost
 tether;
 Thou and thy tools shall go to pot together.

AIR—POL.

Dunce, I did but sham,
 For Apollo I am,
 God of Music, and king of Parnass;
 Thy scurvy decree,
 For Pan against me,
 I reward with the ears of an ass.

[Midas's wig falls off, and the ears of an ass appear on his head.]

MID. Detected, balk'd, and small.
 On our marrow-bones we fall.

MYS. Be merciful.

DAM. Be pitiful.

MID. Forgive us, mighty Sol.—Alas! alas!

AIR—APOLLO.

APOL. Thou a Billingsgate quean, *[To MYS.]*
 Thou a pander obscene, *[To DAM.]*
 With strumpets and bailiffs shall class;
 Thou, driven from man, *[To MID.]*
 Shalt wander with Pan,
 He a stinking old goat, thou an ass, an ass, &c.,
 Be thou Squire—his estate *[To SIL.]*
 To thee I translate.



I reward with the ears of an ass.

A. Cruikshank

To you his strong chests, wicked mass ;

[To DAPH. and NYS.

Live happy, while I,
Recall'd to the sky,

Make all the gods laugh at Midas.

" DAPH	" SIL.	" MYS.	{ <i>Together with</i> <i>the other</i> <i>Nymphs and</i> <i>Swains.</i>	} To the bright God of day, Let us dance, sing, and play ; Clap hands everylad with his lass ;
--------	--------	--------	---	---

" DAPH. Now, critics, lie snug,
 " Not a hiss, groan, or shrug ;
 " Remember the fate of Midas,
 " Midas ;
 " Remember the fate of Midas.
 " CHORUS—Now, critics, lie snug," &c.

The scene usually changes, discovering the Gods as in the opening scene of the Burletta. Apollo is married by Jupiter, and the Gods ascend, singing in clouds " Jove in his chair."





Welcome, thrice welcome, mighty Thomas Thumb!

TOM THUMB;

A Burletta,

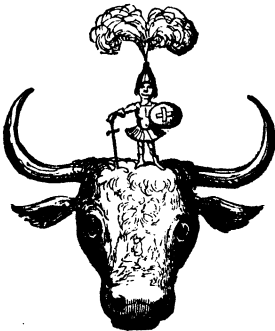
ALTERED FROM HENRY FIELDING,

BY KANE O'HARA.

WITH DESIGNS

BY

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.



LONDON :

JOSEPH THOMAS, FINCH LANE, CORNHILL ;

AND SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL, STATIONERS' COURT.

MDCCCXXXVII.

LONDON:
J. UNWIN, ST. PETER'S ALLEY,
CORNHILL.

TOM THUMB, to whose exploits we have listened with delight in our childhood, and witnessed on the stage with laughter and amusement in our later years, is a hero whose origin is enveloped in equal obscurity with that of many others of old and later time; rival nations contend for the honour of his birth, and rival antiquaries advance their several theories respecting him with equal confidence and pertinacity.

The Author of "*Tom Thumbe his Life and Death*," 8vo. 1630, asserts him to have been of British origin:

"In Arthur's Court, *Tom Thumb* did live,
A man of mickle might,
The best of all the table round,
And eke a doughty knight."*

And the erudite Commentator on that work, (*edit.* 1711,) takes the same side of the question; but the learned namesake of our Hero, **TOM HEARNE**, degrades him to the rank of a dwarf in the court of King Edgar.† Mr. E. Taylor,‡ with greater probability, traces him to the Däumbling, or Little-Thumb, of the Northern nations, and considers him to have formed one of that hardy band of the descendants of Odin, whom Hengist and Horsa led into Britain. Leaving the decision of this important national question to the very learned, *The Society of Antiquaries*, and *The Royal Society of Literature*, we proceed to the history of the drama founded on his exploits.

The muse of Fielding, a name sacred to genius, first presented him before the world as a dramatic hero in 1730, in burlesque of the then favourite tragedies, filled with turgid and bombast speeches, and vapid declamations. To encounter these and drive them from the stage, no weapon was so proper as ridicule; and, wielded by such a hand, none was more effective. The putting into the mouths of Arthur and his mock Court the same speeches parodied, or slightly altered, had the most ludicrous effect, and immediately succeeded in opening the eyes of the public to the glare and tinsel by which they had been dazzled. The genuine wit and satire in the piece, kept it a favourite long after the purpose which called it forth was answered; and, as altered by O'Hara, it is still deservedly popular with the play-going public.

The pencil of the Artist has in these times the power which

* Ritson's Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry, 8vo. 1791.

† Benedictus Abbas, Appendix ad Præfationem, p. LV.

‡ German Popular Stories, vol. i. notes.

in days of yore was ascribed to the wand of the Enchanter Merlin—by it TOM THUMB is again called into an existence, which promises to be lasting as the well-earned fame of his facetious historian, GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

Dramatis Personæ, Costume and Stage Directions.

- KING ARTHUR**—Antique square-skirted royal embroidered suit, flowing wig, three-cornered hat with feathers, red stockings rolled over, high-heeled shoes, with square toes and buckles, sword, gauntlet, belt, and baton.
- TOM THUMB**—Flesh legs and arms, Roman breast-plate, shirt, &c., the dress studded with steel, helmet with plume of feathers, belt, sword, red sandals, &c.
- MERLIN**—Large black gown, high black cap and belt, all with cabalistic characters, grey wig, and long beard.
- LORD GRIZZLE**—Antique velvet court suit, satin waistcoat, scarlet stockings, square-toed shoes with buckles, three-cornered hat, belt, and sword.
- NOODLE and DOODLE**—Antique court dresses, &c.
- GHOST of GAFFER THUMB**—Smock frock, white face, grey wig, and countryman's hat.
- QUEEN DOLLALOLLA**—Full antique court satin dress, wig fully curled, powdered and ornamented with various coloured flowers, embroidered stomacher, hooped petticoat, high-heeled shoes, &c.
- HUNCAMUNCA**—Embroidered antique court dress, &c.
- GLUMDALCA**—Full hooped satin dress, silver breast-plate, and helmet with plume of feathers, &c.
- FRIZALETTA, PLUMANTE, and LADIES OF THE COURT**—Antique court dress.
-

R. means *Right*.—*L.* *Left*. *C.* *Centre*.

T O M T H U M B.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Palace yard.*

Enter DOODLE on the right, and NOODLE on the left—after a long obeisance, they embrace.

DUET.

DOOD. Sure such a day,
So renowned, so victorious—
Such a day as this was never seen;
Courtiers so gay,
And the mob so uproarious—
Nature seems to wear an universal grin.

NOOD. Arthur to Doll
Is grown bobbish and uxorious;
While both she and Huncamunca tippie, talking
tawdry,
Even Mr. Sol,
So tifted out, so glorious,
Glitters like a beau in a new birth-day embroidery.

DOOD. Oh, 'tis a day,
Of jubilee, cajollery;
A day we never saw before,
A day of fun and drollery.

NOOD. That you may say,
 Their majesties may boast of it;
 And since it never can come more,
 'Tis fit they make the most of it.

DOOD. Oh, 'tis a day, &c.

NOOD. That you may say, &c.

DOOD. Sure such a day, &c.

NOOD. Courtiers so gay, &c.

DOOD. Yes, Noodle, yes:—to-day the mighty
 Thumb

Returns triumphant. Captive giants swarm
 Like bees behind his car. [*Flourish of trumpets.*]

NOOD. These trumpets speak the King at levee, I go.

DOOD. And I also—to offer my petition.

NOOD. Doodle, do.

[*Exeunt DOODLE. R. NOODLE. L.*]

SCENE II.—*Inside of the Palace.*

The KING and QUEEN seated on a throne. Lord GRIZZLE, Courtiers, and Attendants. DOODLE and NOODLE apart. They all come forward.

KING. Let no face but a face of joy be seen;
 The man who this day frowns, shall lose his head,
 That he may have no face to frown withal—
 Smile, Dollalolla!

DOOD. (*kneeling*) Dread liege
 This petition—

KING. (*dashes it away*) Petition me no petitions,
 sir, to-day;

To-day it is our pleasure to be drunk,
And this, our Queen, shall be as drunk as we.

QUEEN. Is't so? why then perdition catch the
failers,
Let's have a rouse and get as drunk as tailors.

AIR.

What though I now am half seas o'er,
I scorn to baulk this bout—
Of stiff rack punch fetch bowls a score,
'Fore George, I'll see them out.

What though, &c.

But, sir, your queen 'twould ill become,
T' indulge in vulgar sips;
No drop of brandy, gin, or rum,
Should pass these royal lips.

But, sir, &c.

Chorus.—Rum ti iddity, row, row, row,
If we'd a good sup, we'd take it now.

KING. Though rack, in punch, ten shillings were
a quart,
And rum and brandy be but half-a-crown,
Rather than quarrel, thou shalt have thy fill.

[*Flourish of trumpets.* L.]

NOOD. These martial sounds, my liege, announce
the general.

KING. Haste we to meet, and meetly to receive
him. [*Martial music.*

L. *Enter* TOM THUMB, *Soldiers,* and GLUMDALCA
in chains.

Welcome, thrice welcome, mighty Thomas Thumb!
Thou tiny hero—pigmy giant queller!
What gratitude can thank away the debt

Thy valour puts upon us.

[*Takes him up and embraces him.*]

QUEEN. Oh! ye gods! [*Aside.*]

TOM. When I'm not thank'd at all, I'm thank'd
enough—

I've done my duty, and I've done no more. [*Bows.*]

QUEEN. Was ever such a god-like creature seen!

KING. Thy modesty's a flambeau to thy merit;
It shines itself, and shows thy merit too.

O Tommy, Tommy Thumb! what to thy prowess
do we owe?

Ask some reward—great as we can bestow.

TOM. I ask not kingdoms—I can conquer those;
I ask not money—money I've enough:

If this be call'd a debt, take my receipt in full,

I ask but this, to sun myself in Huncamunca's eyes.

KING. (*aside*) Prodigious bold request!

QUEEN. Be still my soul—

KING. (*after a pause*) It is resolv'd!

The princess is thy own. [*To THUMB.*]

TOM. O happy Tommy! super happy Thumb!

Whisper, ye winds, that Huncamunca's mine!

The bloody business of grim war is o'er,

And beauty, heavenly beauty, crowns my toils.

AIR.

As when the chimney-sweeper,

Has all the live-long day,

Through darksome paths a creeper,

Pursu'd his sooty way:

At night, to wash with water

His hands and face he flies;

And, in his t'other tatter,

With his Brickdusta lies.

[*Flourish of trumpets. Exit. L.*]

KING. (*looking fondly at GLUMDALCA*) I feel a sudden pain across my breast— [*Aside.* Nor know I whether it proceed from love Or the wind cholic—but time will shew.—Hugeous-Queen of Hearts. Sure thou wer't form'd by all the gods in council; Who, having made a lucky hit beyond their journey-work, Cry'd out—"This is a woman!"

GLUMD. Then were the gods confoundedly mistaken—

We are a giantess—I tell thee, Arthur, We yesterday were both a queen and wife; One hundred thousand giants own'd our sway; Twenty whereof were wedded to ourself.

QUEEN. Oh blest prerogative of giantism! [*Aside.*

KING. Oh! vast queen!—Think our court thine own;

Call for whate'er thou likest—there's nought to pay, Nor art thou captive, but thy captive we.

[*Takes off her chain.*

QUEEN. [*aside*] Ha! Arthur faithless!

This gag my rival too, in dear Tom Thumb!

Revenge!—but I'll dissemble— [*To Glumdalca.*

Madam, believe that with a woman's eye

I view your loss—take comfort—for to-morrow

Our grenadiers shall be called out, then choose

As many husbands as you think you'll want.

GLUMD. Madam, I rest your much obliged and very humble servant. *Exit with Guards. L.*

QUEEN. Though greater yet Tom's boasted merit was,

He shall not have my daughter, that is pos.

[*Advancing to the King.*

KING. Ha! say'st thou?

QUEEN. Yes, I say he shan't.

KING. How, shan't!

Now by our royal self, we swear—I'll be damn'd
but he shall.

AIR.—*Queen.*

Then tremble all, who weddings ever made,
And tremble more who did this match persuade;
For like a worried cat, I'll spit, I'll squall,
I'll scratch, I'll tear the eyes out of ye all.

[*Exeunt Queen and ladies. L. The King
throws his hat after the Queen.*]

DOOD. Her majesty, the Queen, is in a passion.

KING. She may be damn'd. Who cares? We
were, indeed,

A pretty king of clouts, were we to truckle
To all her maudlin humours.

AIR.

We kings, who are in our senses,
Mock our consorts violences;
Pishing at their moods and tenses,
Our own will we follow.

If the husband once gives way
To his wife's capricious sway,
For his breeches he next day
May go to whoop and hollow. [*Exeunt R.*]

SCENE III.—*Outside of the Palace.*

L. Enter Lord GRIZZLE.

GRIZ. ——— Arthur wrongs me!
 Cheats me of my Huncamunca!
 Rouse thee, Grizzle! 'Sblood, I'll be a rebel.
 Alas! what art thou, honour?
 A Monmouth street lac'd coat, gracing to-day
 My back; to-morrow glittering on another's—
 To arms! to arms!

R. Enter QUEEN in a rage.

QUEEN. Teach me to scold, O Grizzle!

GRIZ. Scold, would my Queen?—say, wherefore?

QUEEN. Wherefore?

Faggots and fire—my daughter to Tom Thumb!

GRIZ. I'll mince the atom into countless pieces.

QUEEN. Oh! no! prevent the match, but hurt
 not him—

Him!—thou!—thou kill the man

Who kill'd the giants?

GRIZ. Giants?—why, madam, 'tis all flummery,
 He made the giants first, and then he kill'd them.

QUEEN. How! hast thou seen no giants? Are
 there not

Now in our yard ten thousand proper giants?

GRIZ. Madam, shall I tell you what I'm going
 to say? I do not positively know, but, as near as I
 can guess, I cannot tell; though I firmly do believe
 there is not one.

QUEEN. Out from my sight, base Pickthank!
hie, begone!

By all my stars, thou enviest Tom Thumb

GRIZ. Yes, yes, I go; but, madam, know,
(Since your majesty's so pert)

That a flood of Tommy's blood
To allay this storm shall spirt.

[*Exeunt* QUEEN R. GRIZZLE. L.]

SCENE IV.—*An Anti-Chamber.*

The KING on a couch.

KING. ——— Methought

I heard a voice say, "Sleep no more!
Glumdalca exiles sleep"—and, therefore, Arthur
Can sleep no more.

*The GHOST of GAFFER THUMB rises, with a lantern
on a pitchfork.*

GHOST. Oh, Arthur! Arthur! Arthur!
Soon shalt thou sleep enough.

KING. Ah! what art thou?

GHOST. The ghost of Gaffer Thumb.

KING. A ghost!—stand off!

I'll have thee laid in the Red Sea.

GHOST. Oh, Arthur! take heed!
My thread is spun—list, list, oh list!

AIR.

Pale death is prowling,
Dire omens scowling,



G.D.

FOR MULLIN'S MIS. '88.

A ghost!—stand off!



Doom thee to slaughter,
Thee, thy wife, and daughter;
Furies are growling,

 With horrid groans :
Grizzle's rebellion,
What need I tell you on ?

 Or by a red cow
Tom Thumb devour'd? [*cock crows.*
Hark! the cock crowing.

 I must be going,
 I can no more [*vanishes.*

KING. No more! and why no more, or why so much?

Better quite ignorant than half-instructed.
By Jove, this bo-peep ghost makes game of us,
Therefore, fate, keep your secret to yourself.

AIR.

Such a fine King as I don't fear your threats of a rush,
Do shew your sweet phiz again, and I'll quickly
call up a blush.

For I am up, up, up,
 But you are down, down, down,
Do pop up your nob again,
 And egad I'll crack your crown.

Who cares for you, Mr. Ghost? or all that you can do;
I laugh at your stupid threats, and your cock-a-
doodle-do;

For I am up, up, up,
 But you are down, down, down;
Draw your sword like a man,
 Or I'll box you for a crown.

 [*Dances round the trap, and exit.* L.

SCENE V.—HUNCAMUNCA'S *Dressing-Room*.HUNCAMUNCA *at her Toilette*, FRIZALETTA *waiting*.

HUNC. Give me some music,—see that it be sad.

[*Band plays a strain.*]

Oh Tommy Thumb! why art thou Tommy Thumb?

Why had not mighty Bantam been thy father?

Why not the king of Brentford, old or new?

FRIZ. ~~Madam, Lord Grizzle.~~*L. Enter Lord GRIZZLE.*GRIZ. (*kneeling*) Oh, Huncamunca! Huncamunca,
oh!

HUNC. This to my rank,—bold man?

GRIZ. Ah, beauteous princess!

Love levels rank—lords down to cellar bears,

And bids the brawny porter walk up stairs.

Nought is for love too high, nor ought too low—

Oh, Huncamunca! Huncamunca, oh!

HUNC. My lord, in vain, a suitoring you come,
For I'm engaged this instant to Tom Thumb!GRIZ. Play not the fool—that less than baby shun,
Or you will ne'er be brought to bed of one.

HUNC. Am I thus fobb'd?—then I my words recall.

GRIZ. Shall I to Doctor's Commons?

HUNC. Do so pray——

I now am in the mood, and cannot stay.

AIR.—GRIZZLE.

In hurry post for a licence,

In hurry, ding dong, I come back;

For that you shan't need bid me twice hence,

I'll be there, and here in a crack.



Hey ting, my heart's on the wing.

~~Hey ting,
 My heart's on the wing,
 I now could leap over the moon;
 Let the chaplain
 Set us grapp'ling,
 And we'll stock a baby-house soon.~~
Exit. L.

R. Enter TOM THUMB.

TOM. Where is my Huncamunca? where's my princess?

Where those bright eyes, the card-matches of Cupid,
That light up all with love my waxen soul?

HUNC. Put out the light, nor waste thy little taper.

TOM. Put out the light? impossible!

As well Sir Solomon might put out his rushlight.

HUNC. I am to Lord Grizzle promis'd.

TOM. Promis'd?

HUNC. Too sure—'tis enter'd in fate's journal.

TOM. Enter'd?

Zounds! I'll tear out the leaf—I'll blot the page—
I'll burn the book!

I tell thee, princess, had I been thy helpmate,
We soon had peopled this whole realm with Thumbs.

HUNC. O fie! I shudder at the gross idea!

TOM. Then go we to the King—let him decide
Whether you shall be Grizzle's or my bride.

[Going out hand-in-hand are met by GLUMDALCA. L.]

GLUMD. Stop, brandy-nose! hopest thou the wight,
Who once hath worn my easy chains, will toil in thine?

HUNC. Easy, no doubt, by twenty husbands worth.

TOM. In the balcony which o'erhangs the stage,
I've seen one wench two 'prentices engage:

This half-a-crown doth in his fingers hold,
 That just lets peep a little bit of gold :
 Miss the half-guinea wisely does purloin,
 And scorns the bigger and the baser coin.

TRIO.

GLUMD. Oh, the vixen pigmy brat,
 Of inches scarce half six,
 To slight me for a chit like that !
 Ah ! Mr. Tom, are these your tricks ?

HUNC. Oh ! the coarse salacious trull,
 Who giant paramours twice ten
 To bed can pull,
 With hugs can lull,
 Yet still would gull
 Young gentlemen !

TOM. Little though I be,
 I scorn the sturdy strum ;
 Nor ever she,
 My dear, from thee
 Shall debauch thy own Tom Thumb.

GLUMD. Oh the vixen, &c.

HUNC. Oh the coarse, &c.

TOM. Little though I be, &c.

[*Exeunt*, GLUMDALCA. *L.* TOM and HUN-
 CAMUNCA. *R.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Court of the Palace.*

L. Enter NOODLE.

NOOD. Sure Nature means t'unhinge the solid globe!
Chaos is come again—all's topsy-turvy.

AIR.

King Arthur in love ankle deep—speed the plough,
Glumdalca will soon be his punk-a;
The Queen Dollalolla's as drunk as a sow,
In bed with Tom Thumb, Huncamunca.

R. Enter Lord GRIZZLE *hastily.*

GRIZ. If this be true, all women kind are damn'd.

NOOD. If it be not, may I be damn'd myself.

[*Exit. R.*

GRIZ. Then, get out, patience! oh, I'm whirlwind
all;

Havock, let loose the dogs of war, halloo! [*Exit. L.*

SCENE II.—*A Chamber in the Palace.*

R. Enter QUEEN.

QUEEN. Ah! wherefore from his Dollalolla's arms
Doth Arthur steal? Why all alone,
And in the dark, leave her, whose feeble nerves
He knows, are harrow'd up with fears of spirits!

L. Enter KING.

KING. We hop'd the fumes, sweet Queen, of last
 night's punch
 Had glued thy lovely eyes ; but, ah ! we find
 There is no power in drams to quiet wives.

R. Enter NOODLE.

NOOD. Long life to both your majesties—if life
 Be worth a fig ! Lord Grizzle, at the head
 Of a rebellious rout, invests the palace ;
 He swears, unless the princess straight
 Be yielded up with Tom Thumb's pate,
 About your ears he will beat down the gate.

King. The devil he will !—But see, the princess.

R. Enter HUNCAMUNCA.

Say, where's the mighty Thumb, our sword and
 buckler ?

Though 'gainst us men and giants league with gods,
 Yet Thumb alone is equal to more odds.

HUNC. About an hour and a half ago
 Tom sallied forth to meet the foe,
 And soon who's who he'll make them know.

KING. Oh ! oh !

Come, Dollalolla, Huncamunca, come ;
 Within we'll wait in whole skins for Tom Thumb.

[*Exeunt KING, QUEEN, and HUNCAMUNCA. L.*
NOODLE. R.

SCENE III.—*A Plain.*

L. Enter Lord GRIZZLE, NOODLE, and Rebels. The orchestra playing a march.

GRIZ. Thus far with victory our arms are crown'd;
For, tho' we have not fought, yet have we found
No enemy to fight withal. [*Drums and trumpets.*]

R. Enter THUMB, DOODLE, and Soldiers.

TOM. Art thou the man, whom men fam'd Grizzle
call?

GRIZ. Art thou the much more fam'd Tom Thumb
the small?

TOM. The same.

GRIZ. The same.

TOM. His prowess now each prove.

GRIZ. For liberty I stand.

TOM. And I for love. [*Charge of trumpets. A battle between the two armies, they fight off. R. & L.*]

Enter GLUMDALCA. L. and meets GRIZZLE. R.

GLUMD. Turn, coward, turn! nor from a woman
fly!

GRIZ. Thou art unworthy of my arm.

GLUMD. Am I?

Have at thy heart then! [*Thrusts at, but misses him.*]

GRIZ. Rampant queen of sluts!

Now have at thine.

[*Strikes.*]

GLUMD. You've run me through the guts.

GRIZ. Then there's an end of one.

[*Going, is met by TOM THUMB, who runs him through.*]

TOM. An end of two!

Thou hast it. [*Exit. R. GLUMD. staggers off. L.*]

GRIZ. Oh, Tom Thumb! (*falls*) thy soul beshrew
I die—Ambition! the fates have made their tour,
And the black cart is waiting at the door.

AIR.

My body is a bankrupt's shop,
My cruel creditor, grim death;
Who puts to life's brisk trade a stop,
And will be paid with my last breath.

Oh! Oh! Oh! [*Dies.*]

Enter TOM THUMB and Attendants.

TOM. Bear off the carcasses; lop off his knob,
'Twill witness to the King, Tom Thumb's good job.
Rebellion's dead, and now—I'll go to breakfast.

[*Exit. R.*]

[*Attendants lay hold of GRIZZLE.*]

GRIZ. Why dost thou call me from the peaceful
grave?

ATTEN. Sir, we came to bear your body off.

GRIZ. Then I'll bear it off myself. [*Exeunt. L.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Presence-Chamber.*

*The KING, QUEEN, HUNCAMUNCA, DOODLE, PLU-
MANTE, FRIZALETTA, and Attendants.*

KING. Open the prisons, set the wretched free,
And bid our treasurer disburse five guineas



Tom. An end of two ! Thou hast it.

To pay their debts.—Let our arch necromancer,
Sage Merlin, straight attend us:—we the while
Will view the triumph of our son-in-law.

HUNC. Take note, sir, that on this our wedding day
Two victories hath my gallant husband won.

L. *Enter* NOODLE.

NOOD. Oh, monstrous dreadful, terrible! oh! oh!

KING. What means the blockhead?

NOOD. But to grace my tale with decent horror,
Tom Thumb is no more!

A huge red cow, just now i' th' open street,
Before my eyes, devour'd the great Tom Thumb!

[*A general groan.*]

KING. Shut—shut again the prisons:

Let our treasurer
Not issue out three farthings. Hang all the culprits,
And bid the schoolmasters whip all their little boys.

NOOD. Her majesty the Queen is in a swoon.

QUEEN. Not so much in a swoon, but to have still
Strength to reward the messenger of ill.

[*Kills Noodle with her dagger.*]

FRIZ. (*seizing the dagger*) My lover kill'd—
His death I thus revenge. [*Kills the Queen.*]

HUNC. (*seizing the dagger*) Kill my mamma!
O base assassin! there! [*Kills Frizaletta.*]

DOOD. (*seizing the dagger*) For that take this!
[*Kills Huncamunca.*]

PLUM. (*seizing the dagger*) And thou take that.
[*Kills Doodle.*]

KING. (*seizing the dagger*) Die murderess vile!
[*Kills Plumante.*]

Ah! death makes a feast to-day,

And but reserves ourselves for his bon bouche,
 So when the boy, whom nurse from danger guards,
 Sends Jack for mustard with a pack of cards,
 Kings, queens, and knaves, tip one another down,
 Till the whole pack lay scatter'd and o'erthrown.
 Thus all our pack upon the floor is cast,
 And my sole boast is, that I will die the last.

[Stabs himself in the back and lies down.]

C. MERLIN rises. *Thunder and Lightning.*

MERLIN. Blood, what a scene of slaughter's here!
 But I'll soon shift it, never fear.
 Gallants, behold! one touch of Merlin's magic,
 Shall to gay comic change this dismal tragic.

[Waves his wand.]

The SCENE changes and discovers the Cow.

First at my word, thou horned cannibal,
 Return again our England's Hannibal.

*[THUMB is thrown out of the Cow's mouth,
 and starts fiercely.]*

Next to you, King, Queen, Lords, and Commons,
 I issue my hell-bilking summons.

[The dead all start up as MERLIN touches them.]

— Here ends jar,
 Live, love, and all this will be right.

KING *(to the QUEEN)* One kind buss, my Dolly
 Queen;

When we two last parted,
 We scarce hoped to buss again;
 My heart! Lord, how it smarted!



Return again our England's Hannibal.

QUEEN. (*to the KING*) Dear King Atty, pitty patty,
 Mine too went a fleeting ;
 Now we in a nipperkin
 May toast this merry meeting. [*Chorus.*]

TOM. (*to HUNC.*) Come my Hunky, come my pet,
 Love's in haste, don't stay him ;
 Deep we are in hymen's debt,
 And 'tis high time we pay him.

HUNC. (*to TOM.*) Have, dear Tommy,
 Pity on me ;
 I'm by shame restricted !
 Yet I obey,
 So take your way,
 I must not contradict it. [*Chorus.*]

R. Enter GRIZZLE and GLUMDALCA.

GRIZ. (*to GLUM.*) Grandest Glum, in my behoof,
 To love's law be pliant ;
 Me you'll find a man of proof.
 Although not quite a giant.

GLUM. (*to GRIZ.*) Indeed, Lord Griz,
 Though for that phiz
 Few amorous queens would choose you ;
 Yet thus bereft,
 Not one chum left,
 I think I can't refuse you. [*Chorus.*]

MERLIN. Now love and live, and live and love.

ALL. Sage Merlin's in the right on't :

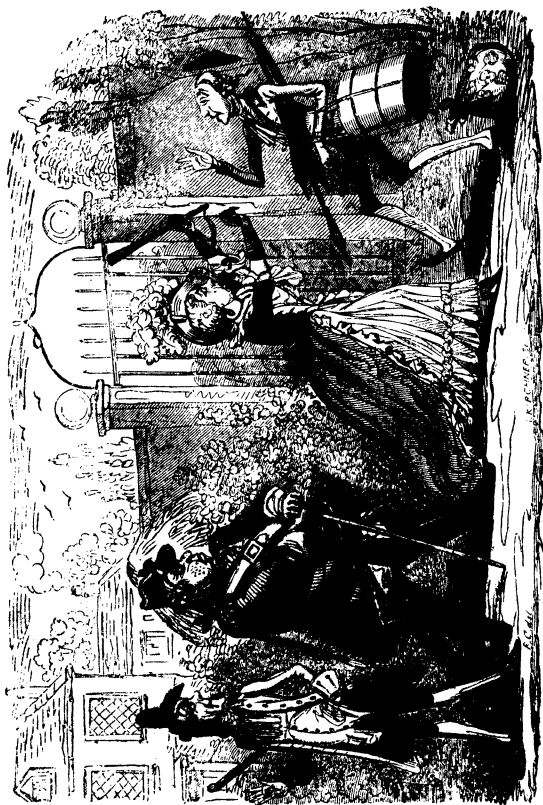
MERLIN. Each couple prove like hand in glove !

ALL. Agreed.

QUEEN. 'Fore George, we'll make a night on't.

ALL. Let discord cease,
 Let all in peace
Go home and kiss their spouses ;
 Join hat and cap
 In one loud clap,
And wish us crowded houses.





Mrs. SNEAK. Go, get you gone out of my sight.—ACT I. p. 23.

THE MAYOR OF GARRATT:

A COMEDY, IN TWO ACTS,

By SAMUEL FOOTE;

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES ROYAL,

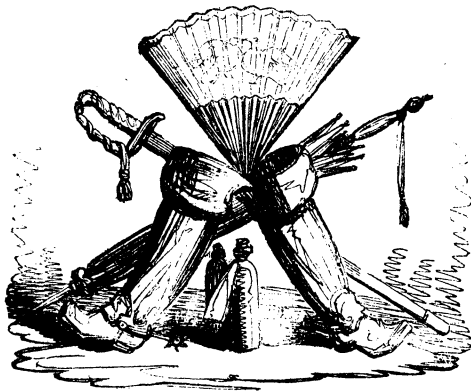
ILLUSTRATED WITH ORIGINAL DESIGNS,

BY ROBERT CRUIKSHANK,

ENGRAVED BY

P. CRUIKSHANK, WALKER, AND KIRCHNER.

WITH INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.



LONDON:

JOSEPH THOMAS, FINCH LANE, CORNHILL,

SOLD BY SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL, STATIONERS' COURT.

1837.



THE "MAYOR OF GARRATT" is founded on a custom which existed until lately in the neighbourhood of Wandsworth, and which originated in consequence of some encroachments having been made on the common, in that part which adjoins Garrett Lane. The inhabitants of the hamlet of Garrett, situated about a mile south of Wandsworth, formed themselves into a society for the purpose of resisting such aggression, and commenced and gained an action which was brought in the name of the President, or, as they called him, the "Mayor of Garrett." This occurring about the time of a general election, it was agreed that the choice of a Mayor should take place at the assembling of every successive Parliament; and the ceremony being an amusing burlesque upon popular elections, gradually gained for it a celebrity which attracted great numbers from the metropolis and surrounding neighbourhood, to share in its humour and conviviality, which appear to have been very great, but being also accompanied with considerable disorder and excess, the custom grew into disrepute, and was finally abandoned about the end of the last century. On the accession of George III to the throne, in 1761, the election seems to have excited particular interest, and party spirit running very high at the time, Foote, Wilkes, and Garrick, are said to have written speeches for the various candidates. Foote paid nine guineas for an apartment at Wandsworth, for the accommodation of himself and friends, establishing therein a sort of committee-

room, but it is not known which of the candidates he favoured.

Foote always excelled more in hitting at existing peculiarities than in dramatic invention; it is probable, therefore, that many of the characters in this piece are sketched from the life. *Major Sturgeon* is said to have been a retired fishmonger, named Lamb, residing at Acton, who had been appointed to a commission in the peace, as also to another in the Middlesex militia, whose "amiable officers" the Major describes as "quiet and peaceable as *lamb*s;" and as the piece was not produced until June 20, 1763, shortly after the termination of the seven years' war, which returned a number of military men into private life, Foote availed himself of an opportunity of satirising the assumption, dissolute habits, and affected gallantry which distinguished the heroes of that period; as in a subsequent comedy, "The Commissary," he holds up to ridicule their ignorance, fashion of aping French manners, and ridiculous mode of squandering the enormous sums they had so atrociously acquired.

Foote warred with quacks of every description, but more particularly with quack doctors; and as this species is certainly not *less* flourishing now than in the days of our author, we have retained in this edition the scene between *Sir Jacob Jollup* and *Lint*, as with a little adaptation to our own times, might, we think, be judiciously done in the representation. We have also for similar reasons retained the election scene, which is generally omitted. It is true that its particular humour is passed; but surely it requires but little skill to point, against the political quacks of our day, that weapon, to which such men

REMARKS.

are most vulnerable,—the shaft of ridicule,—which, wielded by a child, might annihilate the exaggerated pretenders, each with his “universal medicine” to cure all “the ills which *states* are heir to.” Something like this has been attempted lately at St. James’s Theatre; but it is the *manner* only of the arch quack of our time which has been copied. Surely the *man* is absurd enough for a burlesque.

The “Mayor of Garratt” is the only comedy of Foote which is now frequently played; and the humour of even this, the most finished of our author’s productions, is scarcely sufficiently appreciated. Of his other comedies, “The Liar,” occasionally, and “The Minor” still more rarely, have in modern times been presented on the stage; from which, however, the coarseness of the latter is likely, in this our age of “filthiness and cant,” to banish it for ever.

Foote was the original *Major Sturgeon*. His most famous successors in the part have been old Banister (who revived the piece in 1794) and our own inimitable Downton, who embodies our idea of the redoubtable Major in absolute perfection. Weston was the original *Jerry Sneak*, and was deservedly celebrated; but in Russell we have (or had) a representation of the character, any thing equal to which we cannot conceive to have been ever exhibited on the stage. The playgoers of London often ask, Where is Russell—*Jerry Sneak* Russell?—Is the masque broken, and does the Comic Muse no longer speak through him her favoured son? Is he reposing on his laurels, or do the provinces enjoy what the metropolis has lost? The London Stage at present can ill afford to lose so good an actor. J. T.

Costume

MAJOR STURGEON.—Regimental suit of scarlet, with flowered waistcoat, huge black boots, and gold-laced cocked hat.

SIR JACOB JOLLUP.—Old English coat and waistcoat, black breeches, white stockings, and shoes.

JERRY SNEAK.—Crimson coat, fancy waistcoat to contrast, black breeches, white stockings, and shoes.

BRUIN.—Coat, waistcoat, and breeches of the last century.

MOB.—Rustic dresses, various.

SNUFFLE.—Black coat and breeches, flowered waistcoat, gray stockings, and shoes.

CRISPIN HEELTAP.—Jacket and cap, red plush breeches.

MATTHEW MUG.—Jacket, small clothes, and apron; worsted stockings, and shoes.

MRS. SNEAK.—Sarsnet gown, profusely trimmed with ribbon of an opposite colour, silk scarf.

MRS. BRUIN.—Silk gown, and coloured scarf, also to contrast.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means *Right*.—*L.* *Left*.—*C.* *Centre*.

The lines distinguished by inverted commas (“”) are omitted in the representation.

THE MAYOR OF GARRATT.

ACT I.

SCENE—*Sir Jacob Jollup's House at Garratt.*

Enter SIR JACOB JOLLUP, R.

SIR J. Roger!

Enter ROGER, L.

ROGER. Anan, sir!

SIR J. Sir, sirrah! and why not Sir Jacob, you rascal? Is that all your manners? Has his majesty dubbed me a knight for you to make me a mister? Are the candidates near upon coming?

ROGER. Nic Goose, the tailor, from Putney, they say, will be here in a crack, Sir Jacob.

SIR J. Has Margery fetched in the linen?

ROGER. Yes, Sir Jacob.

SIR J. Are the pigs and the poultry locked up in the barn?

ROGER. Safe, Sir Jacob.

SIR J. And the plate and spoons in the pantry?

ROGER. Yes, Sir Jacob.

SIR J. Then give me the key; the mob will soon be upon us; all is fish that comes to their net. Has Ralph laid the cloth in the hall?

ROGER. Yes, Sir Jacob.

SIR J. Then let him bring out the turkey and chine, and be sure there is plenty of mustard; and, d'ye hear, Roger, do you stand yourself at the gate, and be careful who you let in.

ROGER. I will, Sir Jacob. [Exit ROGER, L.]

SIR J. So, now I believe things are pretty secure. But I can't think what makes my daughters so late ere they—[*A knocking at the gate.*] Who is that, Roger?

“ROGER. [*Without.*] Master Lint, the potter-carrier, Sir Jacob.

SIR J. Let him in. What the deuce can he want?

Enter LINT, L.

SIR J. Well, master Lint, your will?

LINT. Why, I come, Sir Jacob, partly to inquire after your health; and partly, as I may say, to settle the business of the day.

SIR J. What business?

LINT. Your worship knoweth, this being the day of election, the rabble may be riotous; in which case, maims, bruises, contusions, dislocations, fractures simple and compound, may likely ensue: now your worship need not be told, that I am not only a pharmacoplist, or vender of drugs, but likewise chirurgeon, or healer of wounds.

SIR J. True, Master Lint, and equally skilful in both.

LINT. It is your worship's pleasure to say so, Sir Jacob: is it your worship's will that I lend a ministring hand to the maimed?

SIR J. By all means.

LINT. And to whom must I bring in my bill?

SIR J. Doubtless, the vestry.

LINT. Your worship knows, that, kill or cure, I have contracted to physic the parish poor by the great *gross* : but this must be a separate charge.

SIR J. No, no ; all under one : come, Master Lint, don't be unreasonable.

LINT. Indeed, Sir Jacob, I can hardly afford it. What with the dearness of drugs, and the number of patients the peace has procured me, I cannot get salt to my porridge.

SIR J. Bad this year, better the next. We must take things rough and smooth as they run.

LINT. Indeed I have a very hard bargain.

SIR J. No such matter : we are, neighbour Lint, a little better instructed. Formerly, indeed, a fit of illness was very expensive ; but now, physic is cheaper than food.

LINT. Marry, heaven forbid !

SIR J. No, no ; your essences, elixirs, emetics, sweats, drops, and your pastes, and your pills, have silenced your pestles and mortars. Why, a fever, that would formerly have cost you a fortune, you may now cure for twelve penn'orth of powder.

LINT. Or kill, Sir Jacob.

SIR J. And then, as to your scurvies, and gouts, rheumatisms, consumptions, coughs, and catarrhs, tar-water and turpentine will make you as sound as a roach.

LINT. Nostrums !

SIR J. Specifics, specifics, Master Lint.

LINT. I am very sorry to find a man of your worship's——Sir Jacob, a promoter of puffs—an encourager of quacks, Sir Jacob ?

SIR J. Regulars, Lint, regulars; look at their names. Roger, bring me the news: not a soul of them but is either P. L. or M. D.

LINT. Plaguy Liars! Murderous Dogs!

Enter ROGER, L., bringing the newspaper.

SIR J. Liars! Here, look at the list of their cures. The oath of Margery Squab, of Ratcliff Highway, spinster.

LINT. Perjuries!

SIR J. And see here, the churchwardens have signed it.

LINT. Fictitious, Sir Jacob.

SIR J. Sworn before the worshipful Mr. Justice Drowsy, this thirteenth day of——

LINT. Forgery.

SIR J. Why, harkye, sirrah—do you think Mr. Justice Drowsy would set his hand to a forgery?

LINT. I know, Sir Jacob, that woman; she has been cured of fifty diseases in a fortnight, and every one of 'em mortal.

SIR J. You impudent——

LINT. Of a dropsy, by West——

SIR J. Audacious——

LINT. A cancer, by Cleland——

SIR J. Arrogant——

LINT. A palsy, by Walker——

SIR J. Impertinent——

LINT. Gout and sciatica, by Rock——

SIR J. Insolent——

LINT. Consumption, by Stevens's drops——

SIR J. Paltry——

LINT. And squinting, by the Chevalier Taylor——

SIR J. Pill-gilding puppy!

LINT. And as to the justice, so the affidavit brings him a shilling——

SIR J. Why, harkye, rascal—how dare you abuse the commission? You blood-letting, tooth-drawing, corn-cutting, worm-killing, blistering, glistering——

LINT. Bless me, Sir Jacob! I did not think to——

SIR J. What, sirrah, do you insult me in my office? Here, Roger, out with him—turn him out.

LINT. Sir, as I hope to be——

SIR J. Away with him. You scoundrel, if my clerk was within, I'd send you this instant to Bridewell. Things are come to a pretty pass, indeed, if after all my reading in Wood, and Nelson, and Burn; if after twenty years' attendance at turnpike-meetings, sessions petty and quarter; if after settling of rates, licencing ale-houses, and committing of vagrants—But all respect to authority is lost, and *Unus Quorum* tacked to a man's name, is no more regarded now-a-days, than a petty constable. [*Knocking.*] Roger, see who is at the gate. Why, the fellow is deaf. [*Exit ROGER, L.*"]

ROGER. [*Without.*] Justice Sturgeon, the fishmonger, from Brentford.

SIR J. Gad's my life! and major to the Middlesex militia. Usher him in, Roger.

Enter MAJOR STURGEON, L.

I could have wished you had come a little sooner, Major Sturgeon.

MAJ. S. Why, what has been the matter, Sir Jacob?

SIR J. There has, major, been here an impudent

pill-monger, who has dared to scandalize the whole body of the bench.

MAJ. S. Insolent companion! Had I been here, I would have mittimused the rascal at once.

SIR J. No, no—he wanted the major more than the magistrate: a few smart strokes from your cane would have fully answered the purpose. Well, major, our wars are done; the rattling drum and squeaking fife now wound our ears no more.

MAJ. S. True, Sir Jacob, our *corpse* is disembodied; so the French may sleep in security.

SIR J. But, major, was it not rather late in life for you to enter upon the profession of arms?

MAJ. S. A little awkward in the beginning, Sir Jacob: the great difficulty they had was to get me to turn out my toes; but use, use reconciles all them kind of things: why, after my first campaign, I no more minded the noise of the guns than a flea-bite.

SIR J. No!

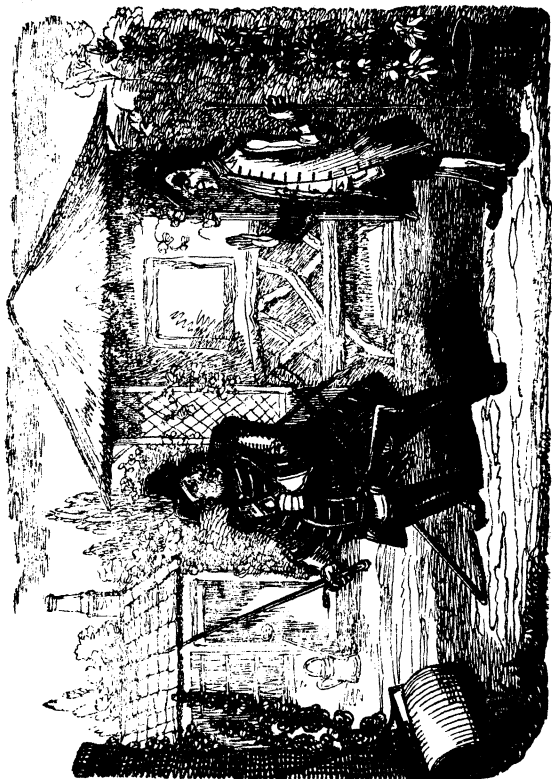
MAJ. S. No. There is more made of these matters than they merit. For the general good, indeed, I am glad of the peace; but as to my single self—and yet, we have had some desperate duty, Sir Jacob.

SIR J. No doubt.

MAJ. S. Oh! such marchings and counter-marchings—from Brentford to Ealing—from Ealing to Acton—from Acton to Uxbridge; the dust flying, sun scorching, men sweating! Why, there was our last expedition to Hounslow; that day's work carried off Major Molasses. Bunhill-Fields never saw a braver commander! He was an irreparable loss to the service.

SIR J. How came that about?





MAJ. S. The drums beat in the front, the dogs barked in the rear, &c. &c.

MAJ. S. Why, it was partly the major's own fault : I advised him to pull off his spurs before he went upon action ; but he was resolute, and would not be ruled.

SIR J. Spirit—zeal for the service.

MAJ. S. Doubtless. But to proceed : in order to get our men in good spirits, we were quartered at Isleworth the evening before. At day-break our regiment formed at Hounslow town's end, as it might be about here, The major made a fine disposition : on we marched, the men all in high spirits, to attack the gibbet where Gardel is hanging ; but, turning down a narrow lane to the left, as it might be about there, in order to possess a pig's-stye, that we might take the gallows in flank, and at all events secure a retreat, who should come by but a drove of fat oxen for Smithfield. The drums beat in the front, the dogs barked in the rear, the oxen set up a gallop ; on they came thundering upon us, broke through our ranks in an instant, and threw the whole corps in confusion.

SIR J. Terrible !

MAJ. S. The major's horse took to his heels ; away he scoured over the heath. That gallant commander stuck both his spurs into the flank, and for some time held by his mane ; but, in crossing a ditch, the horse threw up his head, gave the major a dowse in the chops, and plumped him into a gravel-pit, just by the powder-mills.

SIR J. Dreadful !

MAJ. S. Whether from the fall or the fright, the major moved off in a month. Indeed, it was an unfortunate day for us all.

SIR J. As how ?

MAJ. S. Why, as captain Cucumber, lieutenant Pattypan, ensign Tripe, and myself, were returning to town in the Turnham-green stage, we were stopped near the Hammersmith turnpike, and robbed and stripped by a footpad.

SIR J. An unfortunate day, indeed!

MAJ. S. But, in some measure to make me amends, I got the major's commission.

SIR J. You did?

MAJ. S. O yes. I was the only one of the corps that could ride; otherwise we always succeeded of course; no jumping over heads, no underhand work among us; all men of honour; and I must do the regiment the justice to say, there never was a set of more amiable officers.

SIR J. Quiet and peaceable.

MAJ. S. As lambs, Sir Jacob. Excepting one boxing bout, at the Three Compasses in Acton, between captain Sheers and the Colonel, concerning a game at All-fours, I don't remember a single dispute.

SIR J. Why, that was mere mutiny; the captain ought to have been broke.

MAJ. S. He was; for the Colonel not only took away his cockade, but his custom; and I don't think poor captain Sheers has done a stitch for him since.

SIR J. But you soon supplied the loss of Molossas?

MAJ. S. In part only: no, Sir Jacob, he had great experience; he was trained up to arms from his youth; at sixteen, he trailed a pike in the Artillery-ground; at eighteen, got a company in the Smithfield pioneers; and by the time he was twenty, was made aid-de-camp to Sir Jeffrey Grub, knight, alderman, and colonel of the yellow.

SIR J. A rapid rise!

MAJ. S. Yes, he had a genius for war; but what I wanted in practice, I made up by doubling my diligence. Our porter at home had been a serjeant of marines; so, after shop was shut up at night, he used to teach me my exercise; and he had not to deal with a dunce, Sir Jacob.

SIR J. Your progress was great!

MAJ. S. Amazing. In a week I could shoulder, and rest, and poize, and turn to the right, and wheel to the left; and in less than a month I could fire without winking or blinking.

SIR J. A perfect Hannibal!

MAJ. S. Ah! and then I learnt to form lines, and hollows, and squares, and evolutions, and revolutions. Let me tell you, Sir Jacob, it was lucky that monsieur kept his myrmidons at home, or we should have peppered his flat-bottomed boats.

SIR J. Ay, marry, he had a marvellous escape.

MAJ. S. We would a taught him what a Briton can do, who is fighting *pro arvis* and *focus*.

SIR J. Pray now, major, which do you look upon as the best disciplined troops—the London regiments, or the Middlesex militia?

MAJ. S. Why, Sir Jacob, it does not become me to say: but, lack-a-day, they have never seen any service—Holiday soldiers! Why, I don't believe, unless indeed upon a lord-mayor's-day, and that mere matter of accident, that they were ever wet to the skin in their lives.

SIR J. Indeed!

MAJ. S. No! soldiers for sunshine, cockneys; they have not the appearance, the air, the freedom, the

jenn sequi that—Oh, could you but see me salute!
You have never a spontoon in the house?

SIR J. No! but we could get you a shove-pike.

MAJ. S. No matter. Well, Sir Jacob, and how are your fair daughters, sweet Mrs. Sneak, and the lovely Mrs. Bruin; is she as lively and as brilliant as ever?

SIR J. Oh, oh, now the murder is out; this visit was intended for them: come, own now, major, did not you expect to meet with them here? You officers are men of such gallantry.

MAJ. S. Why, we do tickle up the ladies, Sir Jacob; there is no resisting a red coat.

SIR J. True, true, major.

MAJ. S. But that is now all over with me “Farewell to the plumed steeds and neighing troops,” as the black man says in the play; like the Roman censor, I shall retire to my Savine field, and there cultivate cabbages.

SIR J. Under the shade of your laurels.

MAJ. S. True. I have done with the major, and now return to the magistrate;—*Cedunt arma togge.*

SIR J. Still in the service of your country.

MAJ. S. True; man was not made for himself; and so, thinking that this would prove a busy day in the justicing way, I am come, Sir Jacob, to lend you a hand.

SIR J. Done like a neighbour.

MAJ. S. I have brought, as I suppose most of our business will be in the battery way, some warrants and mittimuses ready filled up, with all but the names of the parties, in order to save time.

SIR J. A provident magistrate.

MAJ. S. Pray, how shall we manage as to the article of swearing; for I reckon we shall have oaths as plenty as hops.

SIR J. Why, with regard to that branch of our business, to-day, I believe, the law must be suffered to sleep.

MAJ. S. I should think we might pick up something that's pretty that way.

SIR J. No, poor rascals, they would not be able to pay; and as to the stocks, we should never find room for their legs.

MAJ. S. Pray, Sir Jacob, is Matthew Marrowbone, the butcher of your town, living or dead?

SIR J. Living.

MAJ. S. And swears as much as he used?

SIR J. An altered man, major; not an oath comes out of his mouth.

MAJ. S. You surprise me; why, when he frequented our town of a market-day, he has taken out a guinea in oaths—and quite changed?

SIR J. Entirely; they say his wife has made him a methodist, and that he preaches at Kennington Common.

MAJ. S. What a deal of mischief those rascals do in the country—Why then we have entirely lost him?

SIR J. In that way; but I got a brace of bind-overs from him last week for a couple of bastards.

MAJ. S. Well done, master Matthew—but pray now, Sir Jacob——

[MOB, *without*, *Huzza!*

Re-enter ROGER, L.

SIR J. What's the matter now, Roger?

ROGER. The electors desire to know if your worship has any body to recommend?

SIR J. By no means, let them be free in their choice; I shan't interfere.

ROGER. And if your worship has any objection to Crispin Heel-tap the cobbler's being returning officer?

SIR J. None, provided the rascal can keep himself sober. Is he there?

ROGER. Yes, Sir Jacob. Make way there; stand further off from the gate; here is Madam Sneak in a chaise, along with her husband. *Exit, L.*

MAJ. S. 'Gad-so, you will permit me to convoy her in? [*Exit Maj. L.—dancing affectedly.*]

SIR J. Now here is one of the evils of war. This Sturgeon was as pains-taking a Billingsgate-broker as any in the bills of mortality. But the fish is got out of his element; the soldier has quite demolished the citizen.

Enter MRS. SNEAK, L. handed by the MAJOR.

MRS. S. Dear Major, I demand a million of pardons. I have given you a profusion of trouble; but my husband is such a goose-cap, that I can't get no good out of him at home or abroad.—Jerry! Jerry Sneak!—Your blessing, Sir Jacob.

SIR J. Daughter, you are welcome to Garratt.

MRS. S. Why, Jerry Sneak! I say.

Enter JERRY SNEAK, L, with a band-box, a hoop petticoat under his arm, and cardinal, &c. &c. &c.

SNEAK. Here, lovy.

MRS. S. Here, looby. There lay these things in the hall; and then go and look after the horse. Are you sure you have got all the things out of the chaise?

SNEAK. Yes, chuck.

MRS. S. Then give me my fan.—[*Jerry drops the things in searching his pocket for the fan.*]—Did ever mortal see such a—I declare, I am quite ashamed to be seen with him abroad; go, get you gone out of my sight.

SNEAK. I go, lovy. Good day to my father-in-law.

SIR J. I am glad to see you, son Sneak: but where is your brother Bruin and his wife?

SNEAK. He will be here anon, father Sir Jacob; he did but just step into the Alley, to gather how tickets were selling.

SIR J. Very well, son Sneak. [*Exit Sneak, R.*

MRS. S. Son! yes, and a pretty son you have provided.

SIR J. I hope all for the best: why, what terrible work there would have been, had you married such a one as your sister; one house could never have contained you—Now, I thought this meek mate——

MRS. S. Meek! a mushroom! a milksop!

SIR J. Look ye, Molly, I have married you to a man; take care you don't make him a monster.

[*Exit Sir J. R.*

MRS. S. Monster? Why, major, the fellow has no more heart than a mouse. Had my kind stars indeed allotted me a military man, I should, doubtless, have deported myself in a beseemingly manner.

MAJ. S. Unquestionably, madam.

MRS. S. Nor would the major have found, had it been my fortune to intermarry with him, that Molly Jollup would have dishonoured his cloth.

MAJ. S. I should have been too happy.

MRS. S. Indeed, Sir, I reverence the army; they

are all so brave, so polite, so every thing a woman can wish.

MAJ. S. Oh! madam——

MRS. S. So elegant, so genteel, so obliging: and then the rank; why, who would dare to affront the wife of a major?

MAJ. S. No man with impunity; that I take the freedom to say, madam.

MRS. S. I know it, good Sir. Oh! I am no stranger to what I have missed.

MAJ. S. Oh, madam!—Let me die, but she has infinite merit. [aside..

MRS. S. Then to be joined to a sneaking slovenly cit; a paltry, prying, pitiful, pin-maker.

MAJ. S. Melancholy!

MRS. S. To be jostled and crammed with the crowd; no respect, no place, no precedence; to be choked with the smoke of the city; no country jaunts but to Islington; no balls but at Pewterers'-hall.

MAJ. S. Intolerable!

MRS. S. I see, Sir, you have a proper sense of my sufferings.

MAJ. S. And would shed my best blood to relieve them.

MRS. S. Gallant gentleman!

MAJ. S. The brave must favour the fair.

MRS. S. Intrepid major!

MAJ. S. Divine Mrs. Sneak!

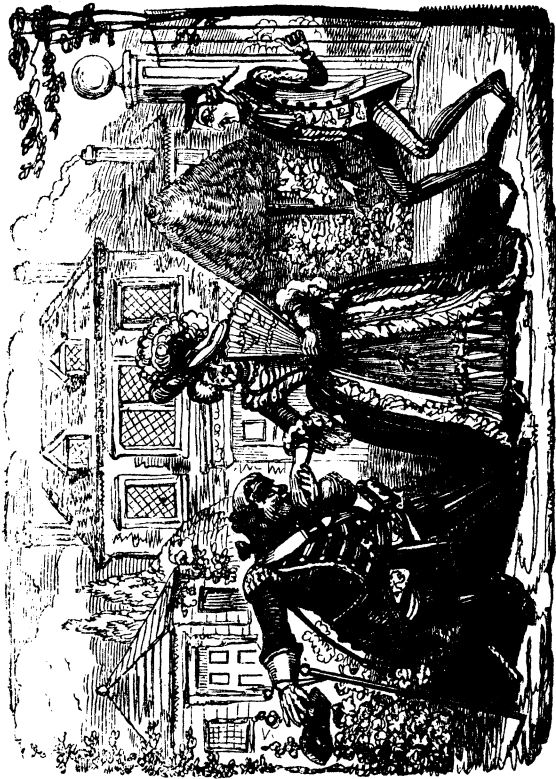
MRS. S. Obliging commander!

MAJ. S. Might I be permitted the honour——

MRS. S. Sir!—

MAJ. S. Just to ravish a kiss from your hand?

MRS. S. You have a right to all we can grant.



MAJ. S. Courteous, condescending, complying—
Hum— Ha!
Enter Jerry Sneak.

MAJ. S. Courteous, condescending, complying—
Hum——Ha! [Kisses her hand.

Re-enter JERRY SNEAK, R.

SNEAK. Chuck, my brother and sister Bruin are just turning the corner; the Clapham stage was quite full, and so they came by water.

MRS. S. I wish they had all been soused in the Thames.—A prying, impertinent puppy! [*Aside.*

MAJ. S. Next time I will clap a sentinel to secure the door. [*Aside.*

MRS. S. Major Sturgeon, permit me to withdraw for a moment: my dress demands a little repair.

MAJ. S. Your ladyship's most entirely devoted.

MRS. S. Ladyship? He is the very Broglio and Belleisle of the army?

SNEAK. Shall I wait upon you, dove?

MRS. S. No, dolt; what, would you leave the major alone? Is that your manners, you mongrel?

MAJ. S. Oh, madam, I can never be alone; your sweet idera will be my constant companion.

MRS. S. Mark that. I am sorry, Sir, I am obligated to leave you.

MAJ. S. Madam——

MRS. S. Especially with such a wretched companion.

MAJ. S. Oh, madam——

MRS. S. But as soon as my dress is restored, I shall fly to relieve your distress.

MAJ. S. For that moment I shall wait with the greatest impatience.

MRS. S. Courteous commander!

MAJ. S. Barragon of women!

MRS. S. Adieu!

MAJ. S. Adieu!

[*Exit Mrs. Sneak, R.*]

SNEAK. Notwithstanding, Sir, all my chicken has said, I am special company when she is not by.

MAJ. S. I doubt not, master Sneak.

SNEAK. If you would but come one Thursday night to our club, at the Nag's-Head, in the Poultry, you would meet some roaring, rare boys, i'faith. There's Jemmy Perkins, the packer; little Tom Simkins, the grocer: honest master Muzzle, the midwife——

MAJ. S. A goodly company!

SNEAK. Ay, and then sometimes we have the choice spirits from Comus's Court, and we crack jokes, and are so jolly and funny. I have learnt myself to sing "An old woman clothed in grey." But I durst not sing out loud, because my wife would overhear me; and she says as how I bawl worser than the broomman.

[*A song is here usually introduced which is generally named instead of "An old woman clothed in grey."*]

MAJ. S. And you must not think of disobliging your lady,

SNEAK. I never does. I never contradicts her, not I.

MAJ. S. That's right; she is a woman of infinite merit.

SNEAK. O, a power! and don't you think she is very pretty withal?

MAJ. S. A Venus!

SNEAK. Yes, werry like Wenus—mayhap you have known her some time?

MAJ. S. Long.

SNEAK. Belike, before she was married?

MAJ. S. I did, master Sneak.

SNEAK. Ay, when she was a wirgin. I thought you was an old acquaintance, by your kissing her hand; for we ben't quite so familiar as that—but then, indeed, we han't been married a year.

MAJ. S. The mere honey-moon.

SNEAK. Ay, ay, I suppose we shall come to it by degrees.

BRUIN. [*without.*] Come along, Jane; why you are as pursy and lazy, you jade——

Enter BRUIN and WIFE, L; Bruin with a cotton cap on; his wife with his wig, great-coat, and fishing-rod.

BRUIN. Come, Jane, give me my wig; you slut how you have tousled the curls! Master Sneak, a good morning to you. Sir, I am your humble servant, unknown.

Enter ROGER, R.

ROGER. Mrs. Sneak begs to speak with the major.

MAJ. S. I will wait on the lady immediately.

SNEAK. Don't tarry an instant; you can't think how impatient she is. [*Exit Major Sneak, R.*] A good morrow to you, brother Bruin; you have had a warm walk across the fields.

MRS. B. Good lord, I am all in a muck——

BRUIN. And who may you thank for it, hussy? If you had got up time enough, you might have secured the stage; but you are a lazy lie-a-bed.

MRS. B. There's Mr. Sneak keeps my sister a chay.

BRUIN. And so he may; but I know better what to do with my money: indeed if the war had but con-

tinued awhile, I don't know what mought ha' been done; but this plaguy peace, with a pox to't, has knocked up all the trade of the Alley.

MRS. B. For the matter of that, we can afford it well enough as it is.

BRUIN. And how do you know that? Who told you as much, Mrs. Mixen? I hope I know the world better than to trust my concerns with a wife: no, no, thank you for that, Mrs. Jane.

MRS. B. And pray who is more fitterer to be trusted?

BRUIN. Hey-day! Why the wench is bewitched. Come, come, let's have none of your palaver here—Take twelve-pence and pay the waterman. But first see if he has broke none of the pipes—and, d'ye hear, Jane, be sure to lay the fishing-rod safe. [*Exit Mrs. B. L.*]

SNEAK. Ods me, how finely she's managed! what would I give to have my wife as much under!

BRUIN. It is all your own fault, brother Sneak.

SNEAK. D'ye think so?—She is a sweet pretty creature.

BRUIN. A vixen.

SNEAK. Why, to say the truth, she does now and then hector a little; and, between ourselves, domineers like the devil: O Lord, I lead the life of a dog: why she allows me but two shillings a week for my pocket.

BRUIN. No!

SNEAK. No, man; 'tis she that receives and pays all: and then I am forced to trot after her to church, with her cardinal, pattens, and prayer-book, for all the world as if I was still a 'prentice.

BRUIN. Zounds! I would souse them all in the kennel.

SNEAK. I durst not.—And then at table, I never gets what I loves.

BRUIN. The devil!

SNEAK. No; she always helps me herself to the tough drumsticks of turkeys, and the damned fat flaps of shoulders of mutton; I don't think I have eat a bit of under-crust since we have been married: you see, brother Bruin, I am almost as thin as a lath.

BRUIN. An absolute skeleton!

SNEAK. Now, if you think I could carry my point, I would so swinge and leather my lambkin; God, I would so curry and claw her.

BRUIN. By the lord Harry, she richly deserves it.

SNEAK. Will you, brother, lend me a lift?

BRUIN. Command me at all times.

SNEAK. Why then, I will verily pluck up a spirit; and the first time she offers to——

MRS. S. [*without.*] Jerry! Jerry Sneak!

SNEAK. Gad's my life, sure as a gun that's her voice: look-ye, brother, I don't chuse to breed a disturbance in another body's house; but as soon as ever I get home—

BRUIN. Now is your time.

SNEAK. No, no; it would not be decent.

MRS. S. [*without.*] Jerry! Jerry!——

SNEAK. I come, lovy. But you will be sure to stand by me?

BRUIN. Trot, nincompoop.

SNEAK. Well, if I don't, I wish——

MRS. S. [*without.*] Where is this lazy puppy a-loitering?

SNEAK. I come, chuck, as fast as I can—Good Lord, what a sad life do I lead! [*Exit Sneak, R.*

BRUIN. *Ex quovis linguo* : who can make a silk purse of a sow's ear ?

Enter SIR JACOB, R.

SIR J. Come, son Bruin, we are all seated at table, man ; we have but just time for a sack : the candidates are near upon coming.

BRUIN. A poor, paltry, mean-spirited—Damn it, before I would submit to such a——

SIR J. Come, come, man ; don't be so crusty.

BRUIN. I follow, Sir Jacob.—Damme, when once a man gives up his prerogative, he might as well give up—but, however, it is no bread and butter of mine.—Jerry, Jerry!—Zounds, I would Jerry and jerk her too.

[*Exeunt* R.]



END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

Scene as before.

SIR JACOB, MAJOR STURGEON, MR. and MRS. BRUIN,
MR. and MRS. SNEAK, *discovered.*

MRS. S. Indeed, major, not a grain of curiosity! Can it be thought that we, who have a lord-mayor's show every year, can take any pleasure in this?

MAJ. S. In time of war, madam, these meetings are not amiss; I fancy a man might pick up a good many recruits: but in these piping times of peace, I wonder Sir Jacob permits it.

SIR J. It would, major, cost me my popularity to quash it. The common people are as fond of their customs as the barons were of their *Magna Charta*. Besides, my tenants make some little advantage.

Enter ROGER.

ROGER. Crispin Heel-tap, with the electors, are set out from the Adam and Eve.

SIR J. Gad-so, then they will soon be upon us. Come, good folks, the balcony will give us the best view of the whole. Major, you will take the ladies under protection.

MAJ. S. Sir Jacob, I am upon guard.

SIR J. I can tell you, this Heel-tap is an arch rascal.—

SNEAK. And plays the best game at cribbage in the whole corporation of Garratt.

MRS. S. That puppy will always be a-chattering.

SNEAK. Nay, I did but——

MRS. S. Hold your tongue, or I'll send you home in an instant——

SIR J. Pr'ythee, daughter! — You may to-day, major, meet with something that will put you in mind of more important transactions.

MAJ. S. Perhaps so.

SIR J. Lack-a-day, all men are alike; their principles exactly the same; for though art and education may disguise or polish the manners, the same motives and springs are universally planted.

MAJ. S. Indeed!

SIR J. Why, in this mob, this group of plebeians, you will meet with materials to make a Sylla, a Cicero, a Solon, or a Cæsar: let them but change conditions, and the world's great lord had been but the best wrestler on the green.

MAJ. S. Ay, ay, I could have told these things formerly; but since I have been in the army, I have entirely neglected the classics.

[*Mob, without, Huzza!*

SIR J. But the heroes are at hand, major.

SNEAK. Father sir Jacob, might not we have a tankard of stingo above?

SIR J. By all means.

SNEAK. D'ye hear, Roger.

[*Exeunt into the balcony.*

SCENE, *a Street, before Sir Jacob's garden wall, on which are seen Sir Jacob Jollup, Major Sturgeon, Bruin, Mrs. Bruin, Jerry Sneak, and Mrs. Sneak.*

Enter MOB, L., with HEEL-TAP at their head; some crying "a Goose;" others "a Mug;" others "a Primmer."

HEEL. Silence, there; silence!

1st MOB. Hear neighbour Heel-tap.

2d MOB. Ay, ay, hear Crispin.

3d MOB. Ay, ay, hear him, hear Crispin: he will put us into the model of the thing at once.

HEEL. Why then, silence! I say.

ALL. Silence!

HEEL. Silence, and let us proceed, neighbours, with all the decency and confusion usual upon these occasions.

1st MOB. Ay, ay, there is no doing without that.

ALL. No, no, no.

HEEL. Silence, then, and keep the peace: what, is there no respect paid to authority? am not I the returning officer?

ALL. Ay, ay, ay.

HEEL. Chosen by yourselves, and approved of by sir Jacob?

ALL. True, true.

HEEL. Well, then, be silent and civil; stand back there, that gentleman without a shirt, and make room for your betters; where's Simon Snuffle, the sexton?

SNUFFLE. Here.

HEEL. Let him come forward; we appoint him our

secretary ; for Simon is a scollard, and can read written hand ; and so let him be respected accordingly.

3d MOB. Room for master Snuffle.

HEEL. Here, stand by me : and let us, neighbours, proceed to open the premunire of the thing : but first, your reverence to the lord of the manor : a long life and a merry one to our landlord sir Jacob ! huzza !

MOB. Huzza !

SNEAK. How fares it, honest Crispin ?

HEEL. Servant, master Sneak. Let us now open the premunire of the thing, which I shall do briefly, with all the loquacity possible ; that is, in a medium way : which, that we may the better do it, let the secretary read the names of the candidates, and what they say for themselves ; and then we shall know what to say of them. Master Snuffle, begin.

SNUFFLE. (*Reads.*) " To the worthy inhabitants of the ancient corporation of Garratt : Gentlemen, your votes and interest are humbly requested in favour of Timothy Goose, to succeed your late worthy mayor, Mr. Richard Dripping, in the said office, he being "——

HEEL. This Goose is but a kind of gosling, a sort of sneaking scoundrel : who is he ?

SNUFFLE. A journeyman tailor, from Putney.

HEEL. A journeyman tailor ! A rascal, has he the impudence to transpire to be mayor ? D'ye consider, neighbours, the weight of this office ? Why, it is a burthen for the back of a porter ; and can you think that this cross-legged cabbage-eating son of a cucumber, this whey-faced ninny, who is but the ninth part of a man, has strength to support it.

1st MOB. No Goose! no Goose!

2d MOB. A Goose!

HEEL. Hold your hissing, and proceed to the next.

SNUFFLE. (*Reads.*) "Your votes are desired for Matthew Mug."

1st MOB. A Mug! A Mug!

HEEL. Oh, oh! what, you are all ready to have a touch of the tankard: but, fair and soft, good neighbours, let us taste this master Mug, before we swallow him; and unless I am mistaken, you will find him a damn'd bitter draught.

1st MOB. A Mug! A Mug!

2d MOB. Hear him; hear master Heel-tap.

HEEL. Harkye, you fellow, with your mouth full of Mug, let me ask you a question; bring him forward; pray, is not this Matthew Mug a victualler?

3d MOB. I believe he may.

HEEL. And lives at the sign of the Adam and Eve.

3d MOB. I believe he may.

HEEL. Now answer me upon your honour, and as you are a gentleman, what is the present price of a quart of home-brewed at the Adam and Eve?

3d MOB. I don't know.

HEEL. You lie, sirrah; an't it a groat?

3d MOB. I believe it may.

HEEL. Oh, may be so: now, neighbours, here's a pretty rascal; this same Mug, because, d'ye see, state-affairs would not jog glibly without laying a farthing a quart upon ale; this scoundrel, not contented to take things in a medium way, has had the impudence to raise it a penny.

MOB. No Mug! no Mug!

HEEL. So, I thought I should crack Mr. Mug. Come, proceed to the next, Simon.

SNUFFLE. The next upon the list is Peter Primmer, the schoolmaster.

HEEL. Ay, neighbours, and a sufficient man; let me tell you, master Primmer is the man for my money: a man of learning; that can lay down the law; why, adzooks, he is wise enough to puzzle the parson: and then, how you have heard him oration at the Adam and Eve of a Saturday night, about Russia and Prussia; ecod, George Gage, the exciseman, is nothing at all to un.

4th MOB. A Primmer!

HEEL. Ay, if the folks above did but know him—why, lads, he will make us all statesmen in time.

2d MOB. Indeed!

HEEL. Why, he swears as how all the miscarriages are owing to the great people's not learning to read.

3d MOB. Indeed!

HEEL. For, says Peter, says he, if they would but once submit to be learned by me, there's no knowing to what a pitch the nation might rise.

1st MOB. Ay, I wish they would.

SNEAK. Crispin, what is Peter Primmer a candidate?

HEEL. He is, master Sneak.

SNEAK. Lord, I know him, mun, as well as my mother: why, I used to go to his lectures to Pewterers-hall, 'long with deputy Firkin.

HEEL. Like enough.

Sneak. Odds-me, brother Bruin, can you tell what's become of my wife?

BRUIN. She's gone off with the major.

SNEAK. Mayhap to take a walk in the garden; I will go and take a peep at what they're doing.

[*Exit Sneak, from the wall.*]

MOB, *without, Huzza.*

HEEL. Gad-so, the candidates are coming. Come, neighbours, range yourselves to the right and left, that you may be canvassed in order. Let us see who comes first.

1st MOB. Master Mug.

HEEL. Now, neighbours, have a caution that this master Mug does not cajole you; he's a damn'd palavering fellow.

Enter MATTHEW MUG, L.

“MUG. Gentlemen, I am the lowest of your slaves. Mr. Heel-tap, have the honour of kissing your hand.

HEEL. There, did not I tell you?

MUG. Ah, my very good friend, I hope your father is well.

1st MOB. He's dead.

MUG. So he is. Mr. Grub, if my wishes prevail, your very good wife is in health.

2d MOB. Wife! I never was married.

MUG. No more you were. Well, neighbours and friends—Ah! what, honest Dick Bennet.

3d MOB. My name is Gregory Gubbins.

MUG. You are right, it is so: and how fares it with good master Gubbins?

3d MOB. Pretty tight, master Mug.

MUG. I am exceedingly happy to hear it.

4th MOB. Harkye, master Mug.

MUG. Your pleasure, my very dear friend?

4th MOB. Why, as how and concerning our young one at home.

MUG. Right; she is a prodigious promising girl.

4th MOB. Girl! Zooks, why 'tis a boy.

MUG. True; a fine boy! I love and honour the child.

4th MOB. Nay, 'tis none such a child; but you promised to get un a place.

MUG. A place! what place?

4th MOB. Why, a gentleman's service, you know.

MUG. It is done; it is fixed; it is settled.

4th MOB. And when is the lad to take on?

MUG. He must go in a fortnight at farthest.

4th MOB. And is it a pretty goodish birth, master Mug?

MUG. The best in the world; head butler to Lady Barbara Bounce.

4th MOB. A lady!

MUG. The wages are not much, but the vails are amazing.

4th MOB. Barbara Bunch?

MUG. Yes; she has routs on Tuesdays and Sundays, and he gathers the tables; only he finds candles, cards, coffee, and tea.

4th MOB. Is Lady Barbara's work pretty light?

MUG. As good as a sinecure; he only writes cards to her company, and dresses his mistress's hair.

4th MOB. Hair! Zounds, why Jack was bred to dressing of horses.

MUG. True; but he is suffered to do that by deputy.

4th MOB. May be so.

MUG. It is so. Harkye, dear Heel-tap, who is this fellow? I should remember his face.

HEEL. And don't you?

MUG. Not I, I profess.

HEEL. No!

MUG. No.

HEEL. Well said, master Mug;—but come, time wears—have you any thing more to say to the corporation?

MUG. Gentlemen of the corporation of Garratt——

HEEL. Now, twig him; now, mind him: mark how he hawls his muscles about.

MUG. The honour I this day solicit, will be to me the most honourable honour that can be conferred; and, should I succeed, you, gentlemen, may depend on my using my utmost endeavours to promote the good of the borough; to which purpose, the encouragement of your trade and manufactories will most principally tend. Garratt, it must be owned, is an inland town, and has not, like Wandsworth, and Fulham, and Putney, the glorious advantage of a port; but what nature has denied, industry may supply: cabbages, carrots, and colly-flowers, may be deemed, at present, your staple commodities; but why should not your commerce be extended? Were I, gentlemen, worthy to advise, I should recommend the opening a new branch of trade; sparagrass, gentlemen, the manufacturing of sparagrass: Battersea, I own, gentlemen, bears, at present, the belle; but where lies the fault? In ourselves, gentlemen: let us, gentlemen, but exert our natural strength, and I will take upon me to say, that a hundred of grass from the corporation of Garratt, will in a short time, at the London market, be held, at least, as an equivalent to a Battersea bundle.

MOB. A Mug! a Mug!

HEEL. Damn the fellow, what a tongue he has. God, I must step in, or he will carry the day. Harkee, master Mug!

MUG. Your pleasure, my very good friend?

HEEL. No flumming me: I tell thee, Matthew, 'twont do: why, as to this article of ale here, how comes it about that you have raised it a penny a quart?

MUG. A word in your ear, Crispin; you and your friends shall have it at three pence.

HEEL. What, sirrah, d'ye offer a bribe!—d'ye dare to corrupt me, you scoundrel!

MUG. Gentlemen——

HEEL. Here, neighbours, the fellow has offered to bate a penny a quart, if so be as how I would be consenting to impose upon you.

MOB. No Mug! no Mug!

MUG. Neighbours, friends——

MOB. No Mug!

MUG. I believe this is the first borough that ever was lost by the returning officer's refusing a bribe.

[*Exit Mug, R.*]

2d MOB. Let us go and pull down his sign."

HEEL. Hold, hold, no riot! but that we may not give Mug time to pervert the votes and carry the day, let us proceed to the election.

MOB. Agreed, agreed! [*Exit Heel-tap and Mob, L. Re-enter SIR JACOB, BRUIN, and Wife, coming from the garden gate, L.*]

SIR J. Well, son Bruin, how d'ye relish the corporation of Garratt?

BRUIN. Why, lookye, Sir Jacob, my way is always to speak what I think: I don't approve on't at all.

MRS. B. No!

SIR J. And what's your objection?

BRUIN. Why, I was never over-fond of your May-games: besides, corporations are too serious things; they are edge-tools, Sir Jacob.

SIR J. That they are frequently tools, I can readily grant; but I never heard much of their edge.

MRS. B. Well, now, I protest, I am pleased with it mightily.

BRUIN. And who the devil doubts it?—You women folks are easily pleased.

MRS. B. Well, I like it so well, that I hope to see one every year.

BRUIN. Do you? Why then you will be damnably bit; you may take your leave, I can tell you, for this is the last you shall see.

SIR J. Fye, Mr. Bruin, how can you be such a bear; is that a manner of treating your wife?

BRUIN. What, I suppose you would have me such a snivelling sot as your son-in-law Sneak, to truckle and cringe, to fetch and to——

Enter SNEAK, in a violent hurry, from the garden gate, L., crying.

SNEAK. Where's brother Bruin? O Lord! brother, I have such a dismal story to tell you——

BRUIN. What's the matter?

SNEAK. Why, you know I went into the garden to look for my wife and the major, and there I hunted and hunted as sharp as if it had been for one of my own minnikins; but the deuce a major or madam could I see: at last, a thought came into my head to look for them up in the summer-house.

BRUIN. And there you found them?

SNEAK. I'll tell you, the door was locked; and then I looked through the key-hole; and, there, Lord a mercy upon us! [*whispers*] as sure as a gun.

BRUIN. Indeed! Zounds, why did not you break open the door?

SNEAK. I durst not: what, would you have me set my wit to a soldier? I warrant, the major would have knocked me down with one of his boots; for I could see they were both of them off.

BRUIN. Very well! Pretty doings! You see, sir Jacob, these are the fruits of indulgence; you may call me bear, but your daughter shall never make me a beast. [MOB huzzas.]

SIR J. Hey-day! What, is the election over already?

Enter CRISPIN, &c. L.

HEEL. Where is master Sneak?

SNEAK. Here, Crispin.

HEEL. The ancient corporation of Garratt, in consideration of your great parts and abilities, and out of respect to their landlord, Sir Jacob, have unanimously chosen you mayor.

SNEAK. Me! huzza! good Lord, who would have thought it: but how came master Primmer to lose it?

HEEL. Why, Phill Fleam had told the electors, that master Primmer was an Irishman; and so they would none of them give their vote for a foreigner.

SNEAK. So then, I have it for certain: huzza! Now, brother Bruin, you shall see how I'll manage my madam. Gad, I'll make her know I am a man of authority; she shan't think to bullock and domineer over me.

BRUIN. Now for it, Sneak; the enemy's at hand.

SNEAK. You promise to stand by me, brother Bruin.

BRUIN. Tooth and nail.

SNEAK. Then now for it; I am ready, let her come when she will.

Enter MRS. SNEAK from the garden gate.

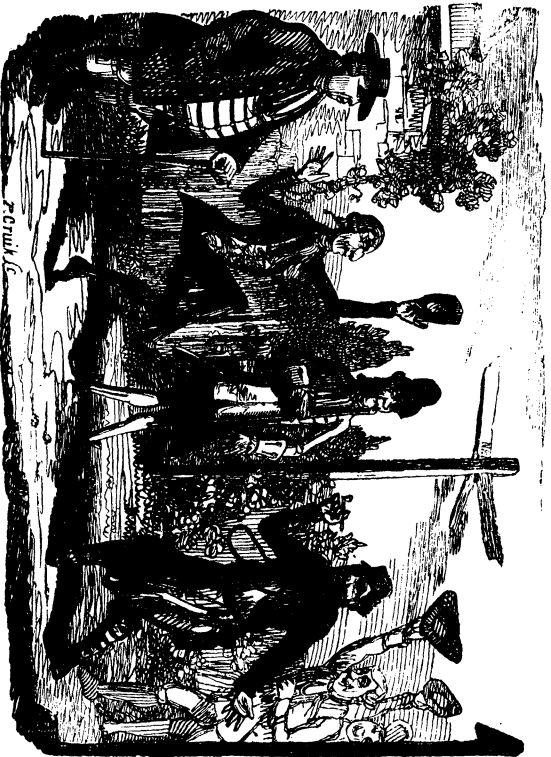
MRS. S. Where is the puppy?

SNEAK. Yes, yes, she is axing for me.

MRS. S. So, sot; what, is this true that I hear?

SNEAK. May be 'tis, may be tan't: I don't choose to trust my affairs with a voman. Is that right, brother Bruin?

[*Aside.*]



J. Cruik

SNEAK. Me! huza! good Lord, wh o would have thought it.

BRUIN. Fine! don't bate her an inch. [Aside.

SNEAK. Stand by me. [Aside.

MRS. S. Hey-day! I am amazed! Why, what is the meaning of this?

SNEAK. The meaning is plain, that I am grown a man, and vil do what I please, without being accountable to nobody.

[At the commencement of this and following speeches addressed to his wife, Sneak advances towards her, but at the end of each retreats to Bruin.]

MRS. S. Why, the fellow is surely bewitched.

SNEAK. No, I am unwitched, and that you shall know to your cost; and since you provoke me, I will tell you a bit of my mind; what, I am the husband, I hope?

BRUIN. That's right: at her again. [Aside.

SNEAK. Yes; and you shan't think to hector and domineer over me as you have done; for I'll go to the club when I please, and stay out as late as I list, and row in a boat to Putney on Sundays, and wisit my friends at Vitsuntide, and keep the key of the till, and help myself at table to vhat wittles I like; and I'll have a bit of the brown,

BRUIN. Bravo, brother Sneak, the day's your own. [Aside.

SNEAK. An't it? vhy, I did not think it vas in me, Shall I tell her all I know? [Aside.

BRUIN. Every thing. You see she is struck dumb.

SNEAK. As an oyster. [Aside.] Besides, madam, I have something further to tell you: 'ecod, if some folks go into gardens with majors, mayhap other people may go into garrets with maids. There, I gave it her home, brother Bruin. [Aside.

MRS. S. Why, doodle! jackanapes! harkye, who am I?

SNEAK. Come, don't go to call names. Am I? Why, my wife, and I am your master.

MRS. S. My master! you paltry, puddling puppy! you sneaking, shabby, scrubby, snivelling whelp!

SNEAK. Brother Bruin, don't let her come near me. [*Aside.*

MRS. S. Have I, sirrah, demeaned myself to wed such a thing, such a reptile as thee? Have I not made myself a by-word to all my acquaintance? Don't all the world cry, Lord, who would have thought it? Miss Molly Jollup to be married to Sneak; to take up at last with such a noodle as he!

SNEAK. Ay, and glad enough you could catch me! you know you were pretty near your last legs.

MRS. S. Was there ever such a confident cur? My last legs! Why, all the country knows I could have picked and choosed where I would. Did not I refuse squire Ap-Griffith from Wales? Did not counsellor Crab come a courting a twelvemonth? Did not Mr. Wort, the great brewer of Brentford, make an offer that I should keep my post-chay?

SNEAK. Nay, brother Bruin, she has had werry good proffers, that is certain. [*Aside.*

MRS. S. My last legs!—but I can rein my passion no longer; let me get at the villain.

BRUIN. O fie, sister Sneak. [*Holding her.*

SNEAK. Hold her fast. [*Aside.*

MRS. S. Mr. Bruin, unhand me: what, is it you that have stirred up these coals then? He is set on by you to abuse me.

BRUIN. Not I; I would only have a man behave like a man.

MRS. S. What, and you are to teach him, I warrant—But here comes the major.

Enter MAJOR STURGEON, from the garden-gate.

Oh, major! such a riot and rumpus! Like a man, indeed! I wish people would mind their own affairs, and not meddle with matters that does not concern them:—but all in good time; I shall one day catch him alone, when he has not his bullies to back him.

SNEAK. Adod, that's true, brother Bruin: what shall I do when she has me at home, and nobody by but ourselves?

BRUIN. If you get her once under, you may do with her whatever you will.

MAJ. S. Lookye, master Bruin [*Advancing*], I don't know how this behaviour may suit with a citizen; but were you an officer, and Major Sturgeon upon your court-martial——

BRUIN. What then?

MAJ. S. Then! why then you would be broke.

[*Retreats.*]

BRUIN. Broke! and for what!

MAJ. S. What! read the articles of war. But these things are out of your spear: points of honour are for the sons of the sword.

SNEAK. Honour! if you come to that, where was your honour when you got my vife in the garden?

MAJ. S. Now, Sir Jacob, this is the curse of our cloth!—all suspected for the faults of a few.

SNEAK. Ay, and not without reason; I heard of your tricks at the King of Bohemy, when you was campaigning about, I did. Father Sir Jacob, he is as vicious as an old ram.

MAJ. S. Stop whilst you are safe, Master Sneak : for the sake of your amiable lady, I pardon what is past, But for you—— [To BRUIN.

BRUIN. Well.

MAJ. S. Dread the whole force of my fury.

BRUIN. Why, lookye, Major Sturgeon—I don't much care for your poppers and sharps, because why, they are out of my way : but if you will doff your boots, and box a couple of bouts——

[BRUIN and JERRY strip.

MAJ. S. BOX ! BOX ! Blades ! bullets ! bagshot !

MRS. S. Not for the world, my dear major—oh ! risk not so precious a life. Ungrateful wretches ! and is this the reward for all the great feats he has done ? After all his marchings, his sousings, his sweatings, his swimmings—must his dear blood be spilt by a broker ?

MAJ. S. Be satisfied, sweet Mrs. Sneak ; these little fracasés we soldiers are subject to ; trifles, bagatiles, Mrs. Sneak. But that matters may be conducted in a military manner, I will get our chaplain to pen me a challenge. Expect to hear from my adjutant.

[During this speech, SNEAK puts on BRUIN'S coat ; BRUIN, in a rage, strives to put on SNEAK'S, but tears it, discovers the mistake, and each puts on his own.

MRS. S. Major ! Sir Jacob ! What, are you all leagued against his dear —— ? A man ! yes—a very manly action indeed, to set married people a quarrelling, and ferment a difference between husband and wife : if you were a man, you would not stand by and see a poor woman beat and abused by a brute—you would not.

SNEAK. Oh, lord, I can hold out no longer ! Why,



MAJ. S. Expect to hear from my adjutant.

brother Bruin, you have set her a weeping. My life, my lovy, don't weep: did I ever think I should have made my Molly to weep? [Going up to his wife.

MRS. S. Last legs! you lubberly— [Strikes him.

SIR J. Oh, fie, Molly!

MRS. S. What, are you leagued against me, sir Jacob?

SIR J. Pr'ythee, don't expose yourself before the whole parish. But what has been the occasion of this?

MRS. S. Why, has he not gone and made himself the fool of the fair? Mayor of Garratt, indeed! 'ecod, I could trample him under my feet.

SNEAK. Nay, why should you grudge me my purfarment?

MRS. S. Did you ever hear such an oaf? Why, thee will be pointed at wherever thee goest. Lookye, Jerry, mind what I say; go get 'em to choose somebody else, or never come near me again.

SNEAK. What shall I do, father sir Jacob?

SIR J. Nay, daughter, you take this thing in too serious a light; my honest neighbours thought to compliment me: but come, we'll settle the business at once. Neighbours, my son Sneak being seldom amongst us, the duty will never be done; so we will get our honest friend, Heel-tap, to execute the office: he is, I think, every way qualified.

MOB. A Heel-tap!

HEEL. What, d'ye mean as master Jeremy's deputy?

SIR J. Ay, ay, his *locum tenens*.

SNEAK. Do, Crispin; do be my *locum tenens*.

HEEL. Give me your hand, master Sneak, and to oblige you, I will be the *locum tenens*.

SIR J. So, that is settled: but now to heal the other breach: come, major, the gentlemen of your cloth seldom bear malice; let me interpose between you and my son.

MAJ. S. Your son-in-law, sir Jacob, does deserve a castigation; but on recollection, a cit would but sully my arms. I forgive him.

SIR J. That's right. As a token of amity, and to celebrate our feast, let us call in the fiddles. Now, if the major had but his shoes, he might join in a country dance.

MAJ. S. Sir Jacob, no shoes; a major must be never out of his boots; always ready for action. Mrs. Sneak will find me lightsome enough.

SNEAK. What, are all the vomen engaged? why then my *locum tenens* and I will jig together. Forget and forgive, major.

MAJ. S. Freely.

Nor be it said, that after all my toil,
I stain'd my regimentals by a broil.

To you I dedicate boots, sword and shield,

SIR J. As harmless in the chamber as the field.





PEACHUM.—If I am hanged, it shall be for ridding the world of an arrant rascal!
[*They collar each other.*]

L. KIEGNER.
R.C.

THE
BEGGAR'S OPERA;

IN THREE ACTS,

By JOHN GAY;

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES ROYAL

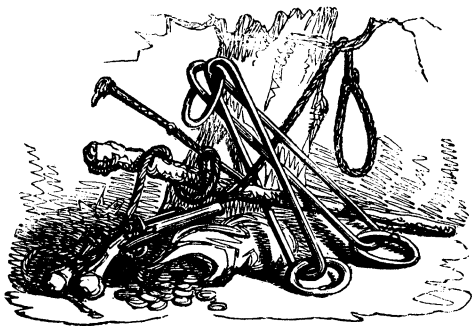
ILLUSTRATED WITH ORIGINAL DESIGNS,

BY ROBERT CRUIKSHANK,

ENGRAVED BY

KIRCHNER AND P. CRUIKSHANK.

WITH INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.



LONDON:

JOSEPH THOMAS, FINCH LANE, CORNHILL,

SOLD BY SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL, STATIONERS' COURT.

1837.

~~~~~  
**WILLOUGHBY & CO. PRINTERS, 109, GOSWELL STREET.**



**THE BEGGAR'S OPERA**, perhaps the most successful piece ever produced on the English stage, was first performed on the 29th of January, 1728.

Its origin is generally attributed to a remark of Swift, as related in the words of Pope by Spence, to the effect of—"what a pretty sort of a thing a Newgate Pastoral might make." "Gay," says Pope, "was inclined to try at such a thing for some time; but afterwards thought it would be better to write a comedy on the same plan." The reason which induced this change in our author's project, may probably be found in the extraordinary success which at that time attended the Italian Opera, only recently (in 1705) introduced into England, and then under the direction of Handel; and the quarrel then raging between two of its principal singers, Faustina and Cuzzoni, which occupied and divided the fashionables of the town to such an extent, that after an infinity of private slander, public abuse, and the absolute personal conflict of the two signoras, it was only terminated by Cuzzoni quitting the kingdom. It may be easily imagined, when the papers had daily teemed with accounts of the actions between the rival parties, headed on the one side by the Countess of Pembroke, and on the other by the Ladies Burlington and Delawar, when a war, the subject of which had been the rival pretensions of two celebrated women,—fiercely maintained by women—had just terminated, and the combatants languished after the dread contention and the plenteous discharge of the missives of politer warfare, pointed in epigrams, exchanged with glorious ardour, amid hissings and clapping of hands, animated by the melodious sounds of cat-calls and other accompaniments, and which not the laws of decorum nor the presence of royalty itself could restrain; that such a time would be highly favourable to the production of such a piece, even had it proceeded from a pen less distinguished than that of Gay, and had its merits been less than those of the Beggar's Opera.

Pope says, that when Gay first mentioned his project

to Swift, the doctor did not like it; and that when it was done, neither Pope nor Swift thought it could succeed: Congreve could not make up his mind as to whether it would "take greatly or be damned confoundedly;" but the Duke of Argyle, who had, it seems, a particular knack of discovering the taste of the public (which often means the same thing as leading it), long before the first act was concluded, exclaimed: "It will do—it must do! I see it in the eyes of them"—and he was right, for the applause grew stronger and stronger, and ended in an universal clamour.

It was first offered to Cibber at Drury-Lane, and rejected; and being then taken to Rich at Lincoln's Inn theatre, had the effect, as it was said, of making *Gay rich* and *Rich gay*; our author's profits amounting to six hundred pounds. It was performed sixty-three nights in the first season, the receipts during such representations amounting to £11,363. 4s. 0d., being an average of about £180 per night, an immense sum for that period. It was renewed the next season with equal applause; immediately spread into all the great towns of England, Scotland and Ireland, and in many places was played thirty, forty, and fifty times successively. The ladies carried about with them the favourite songs in fans, houses were furnished with them in screens, and even playing cards were made the vehicles of music and song, no doubt to the serious annoyance of our whist-loving grandmothers, who heartily cursed the poor card-maker that first sent our poet's airs "*to Bath.*" Nor was its fame confined to our author. "The lady who acted Polly, Lavinia Fenton, until then obscure, became at once the favourite of the town, (and of the Duke of Bolton, whom she afterwards married), her pictures were engraved, her life written, books of letters and verses, to her published, and pamphlets made even of her sayings and jests."

The public seemed as though they never could be satiated with the piece, while the manager took good care to

keep up the excitement to the greatest of his ability. On new-year's-day, 1729, it was acted "by the Lilliputians," before the Prince of Wales, and these pigmy prodigies served to amuse the town for fifteen nights, the lowest receipt being £37. 2s., while the tragedy of Macbeth, acted shortly after, brought only fourteen guineas. But this was not to last for ever, and it soon shared the fate of the productions of our "immortal bard," in not being able occasionally to draw an audience, for, in 1737—"Dismissed the Beggar's Opera,"—occurs in the register of Covent-Garden theatre, on the 26th May and 27th June; and the same event is rather extraordinarily recorded on the 17th May, 1740, on the night appointed "for the benefit of Mr. Walker," at Drury-Lane, as this is supposed to refer to Tom Walker, the original Macheath.

The success of the Beggar's Opera induced Gay to attempt a continuation, under the name of "Polly," but the poet was out of favour at court, and the satire of the Beggar's Opera had been so little relished by those at whom it was supposed (principally by its fitness) to be levelled, that, under pretence of discouraging a species of writing "which exalted vice and error into qualifications for a hero—that hero a highwayman—and dismissed at last unpunished," it was prohibited by the Lord Chamberlain. Had the courtiers been wise, they would have revenged themselves by letting the piece be played, for a more rubbishing and vapid production than Polly never appeared, while, by persecuting our author, it was eagerly sought after, and produced him by its printing nearly £1,200. His repulse, also, gained for him the increased attention of the Duke of Queensbury, into whose house he was taken and with whom he passed the remainder of his life. The anger of the court may be supposed to have been great, when the Duke and Duchess of Queensbury were forbidden its *entrée*, in consequence of their patronage of Gay. The duke, however, was not to be daunted, he threw up his employments, and the duchess

wrote a spirited, though not very elegant remonstrance to the king and queen on the occasion.

The objection to its performance on the score of its immorality has not been confined to the reign of George II., for in 1773 Mr. Colman, then manager of Covent-Garden theatre, received a letter from the magistrates of Bow-street, requesting him not to exhibit the opera, they "deeming it productive of mischief to society, as in their opinion *it most undoubtedly increased the number of thieves,*"—in reply to which Mr. Colman observed, that he differed in opinion from their worships, "thinking that the theatre was one of the *very few houses in the neighbourhood which did not contribute to that effect.*" So far, perhaps, Mr. Colman was right, but when, in 1780, he had recourse to the whimsical and indecent mode of attracting visitors to the Haymarket, by travestyng the same opera, putting all the female performers in the male parts, and *vice versa*, had the authorities interfered for the prevention of this novel exhibition of our late immaculate licencer, it could not have been considered a very unjustifiable stretch of the magisterial power. The tendency of the piece is briefly but ably stated by Johnson, who says, in reference to Swift's commendations for its excellent morality, and Dr. Herring's censures, that "both these derisions are surely exaggerated. The play, like many others, was plainly written, only to divert, without any moral purpose, and is not likely therefore to do good; nor can it be conceived without more speculation than life requires or admits, to be productive of evil. Highwaymen and house-breakers seldom frequent the play-house, or mingle in any elegant diversion, nor is it possible for any one to imagine that he may rob with safety, because he sees Macheath reprieved on the stage."

Gay was born in 1688, at or near Barnstaple, where he was educated, and at the age of twenty-five produced his poem of Rural Sports, which he inscribed to Pope, with whom he thus formed a friendship which ended only

with his life. His first dramatic effort, the *Mohocks*, was produced in 1712, and he subsequently wrote eleven other pieces, of which the *Beggar's Opera* was alone eminently and deservedly successful, although to him is inscribed by Johnson the invention of the *Ballad Opera*. His *Fables* are the most popular of his other poems, still keeping their place among the classics of our language. Gay, with all his knowledge of the passions and failings of mankind, was little skilled in the world's ways. He made money but to display his want of economy and his ignorance of its employment; while elated at a trifling success or oppressed at a trivial disappointment, he was of so weak a temperament as always to be dependant on his friends for consolation and direction. His last grand failure, with regard to his "*Polly*," so deeply affected him, that all the attentions of his friends were unable to rally even his pliant disposition, and he died on the 4th of December, 1732, sincerely and deeply regretted by the literati of the day, who had always "regarded him as a play-fellow rather than a partner, and treated him with more fondness than respect."

The *Beggar's Opera* continues, and is likely to continue, a stock piece, as its wit, humour, and universal satire belong to no peculiar class of men or time. Since its first production, the most eminent performers in the character of *Polly* have been Mrs. Cibber, Mrs. Billington, Mrs. Dickons, Miss Stephens, and Mrs. Wood; *Lucy* has never been better played than in our time, by Miss Kelly, although some prefer Mrs. Charles Kemble in the same part; while *Macheath* has found a succession of representatives in Beard, Lowe, Wilder, Vernon, Incedon, and Braham. Mrs. Davenport was celebrated in Mrs. Peachum, a character for which Mrs. C. Jones is eminently calculated. *Filch*, *Peachum*, and *Lockit* have been admirably sustained by Simmons, Munden, and Dowton, but in naming the last of these characters, it would be unjust to omit all mention of our late favourites Emery and Blanchard. The piece has not been

lately very effectively cast, nor, in the present dearth of real comic talent, does it appear likely soon to be so. It has been, however, successfully parodied on the political stage, and the *Beggar's Opera* has, for some time, been nightly played by "*Her Majesty's Servants*," under the management and for the benefit of Mr. Daniel O'Connell, whose bills, while they put forth, somewhat ostentatiously, "VIVAT REGINA," are more conspicuous for the size of the print, in which "those who run may read,"—

"NO MONEY TO BE RETURNED."

July, 1837.

J. T.

---

### Costume.

---

**MACHEATH.**—First dress. Green frock coat, coloured waistcoat, leather breeches, jockey boots, and white hat. Second dress. Suit of black.

**PEACHUM.**—Black or brown velvet coat, scarlet or flowered waistcoat; breeches, stockings, shoes and buckles; brown wig.

**LOCKIT.**—Old-fashioned brown coat, coloured waistcoat, breeches, stockings, shoes and buckles; wig and cocked hat.

**FILCH.**—Brown coat, striped waistcoat, drab breeches and gaiters.

**JAILORS, THIEVES, &c.**—Old-fashioned but suitable dresses.

**POLLY.**—White leno or muslin dress, made in a style of elegance and fashion, head-dress to correspond.

**LUCY.**—Smart cotton or coloured gown, apron made from a belcher silk handkerchief, white cap with tawdry ornaments.

**MRS. PEACHUM.**—Green silk gown flounced and made very full, apron made from a delicate silk handkerchief trimmed with lace.

**JENNY DIVER, &c. &c. &c.**—Smart modern dresses.

---

### Stage Directions.

*R.* means *Right*.—*L.* *Left*.—*C.* *Centre*.

The lines distinguished by inverted commas ("") are omitted in the representation. ▶

# THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

---

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—PEACHUM'S *House*.

PEACHUM *sitting at a table, with a large book of accounts before him.*

AIR—PEACHUM.—(*An old woman clothed in grey.*)

Through all the employments in life,  
Each neighbour abuses his brother:  
Whore and rogue, they call husband and wife;  
All professions be-rogue one another.  
The priest calls the lawyer a cheat;  
The lawyer be-knaves the divine:  
And the statesman, because he's so great,  
Thinks his trade is as honest as mine.

A lawyer is an honest employment—so is mine. Like me, too, he acts in a double capacity, both against rogues, and for them; for 'tis but fitting, that we should protect and encourage cheats, since we live by them.

*Enter* FILCH, L.

FILCH. Sir, Black Moll has sent word, that her trial comes on in the afternoon, and she hopes you will order matters so as to bring her off.

PEACH. Why, as the wench is very active and industrious, you may satisfy her, that I'll soften the evidence.

FILCH. Tom Gagg, sir, is found guilty.

PEACH. A lazy dog! When I took him, the time before, I told him what he would come to, if he did not mend his hand. This is death, without reprieve.

I may venture to book him; [*Writes.*] for Tom Gagg, forty pounds. Let Betty Sly know, that I'll save her from transportation, for I can get more by her staying in England.

FILCH. Betty has brought more goods to our lock this year, than any five of the gang; and in truth, 'tis pity to lose so good a customer.

PEACH. If none of the gang take her off, she may, in the common course of business, live a twelvemonth longer. I love to let a woman 'scape, Filch. A good sportsman always lets the hen partridges fly, because the breed of the game depends upon them. Besides, here the law allows us no reward: there is nothing to be got by the death of women—except our wives.

FILCH. Without dispute she is a fine woman! 'Twas to her I was obliged for my education. To say a bold word, she has trained up more young fellows to the business than the gaming table.

PEACH. Truly, Filch, thy observation is right. We and the surgeons are more beholden to women than all the professions besides.

AIR—FILCH.—(*The bonny grey-ey'd morn, &c.*)

'Tis woman that seduces all mankind;

By her we first were taught the wheedling arts.

Her very eyes can cheat; when most she's kind,

She tricks us out of our money, with our hearts.

For her, like wolves by night, we roam for prey,

And practice every fraud to bribe her charms;

For suits of love, like law, are won by pay,

And beauty must be fee'd into our arms.

PEACH. But make haste to Newgate, boy, and let my friends know what I intend; for I love to make them easy, one way or another.



FILCH. When a gentleman is long kept in suspense, penitence may break his spirit ever after. Besides, certainty gives a man a good air upon his trial, and makes him risk another, without fear or scruple. But I'll away, for 'tis a pleasure to be a messenger of comfort to friends in affliction. [Exit, L.

PEACH. But it is now high time to look about me for a decent execution against next session. I hate a lazy rogue, by whom one can get nothing, till he is hanged. A register of the gang. [Reading.] *Crook-finger'd Jack*—*a year and a half in the service*—let me see how much the stock owes to his industry;—One two, three, four, five gold watches, and seven silver ones. A mighty clean-handed fellow! sixteen snuff-boxes, five of them true gold; six dozen of handkerchiefs, four silver-hilted swords, half-a-dozen of shirts, three tie-periwigs, and a piece of broad cloth. Considering these are only the fruits of his leisure hours, I don't know a prettier fellow; for no man alive hath a more engaging presence of mind upon the road. *Wat Dreary, alias Brown Will*, an irregular dog! who hath an underhand way of disposing of his goods; I'll try him only for a session or two longer, upon his good behaviour. *Harry Paddington*, a poor petty-larceny rascal, without the least genius! that fellow, though he were to live these six months, will never come to the gallows with any credit. *Slippery Sam*, he goes off the next session; for the villain hath the impudence to have views of following his trade as a tailor, which he calls an honest employment. *Mat o' the Mint* listed not above a month ago; a promising sturdy fellow, and diligent in his way; somewhat too bold and hasty, and may raise good contributions on

the public, if he does not cut himself short by murder. *Tom Tipple*, a guzzling, soaking sot, who is always too drunk to stand himself, or to make others stand; a cart is absolutely necessary for him. *Robin of Bag-shot*, *alias Gorgon*, *alias Bluff Bob*, *alias Carbuncle*, *alias Bob Booty*—

*Enter Mrs. PEACHUM, R.*

Mrs. P. What of Bob Booty, husband? I hope nothing bad hath betided him. You know, my dear, he's a favourite customer of mine; 'twas he made me a present of this ring. [*Sits opposite Peachum.*]

PEACH. I have set his name down in the black list, that's all, my dear; he spends his life among women, and, as soon as his money is gone, one or other of the ladies will hang him for the reward, and there's forty pounds lost to us for ever.

Mrs. P. You know, my dear, I never meddle in matters of death; I always leave those affairs to you. Women, indeed, are bitter bad judges in these cases; for they are so partial to the brave, that they think every man handsome who is going to the camp or the gallows.—[*Both rise and come forward*], But, really, husband, you should not be too hard-hearted, for you never had a finer, braver set of men, than at present. We have not had a murder among them all these seven months; and truly, my dear, that is a great blessing.

PEACH. What a dickens is the woman always whimpering about murder for? No gentleman is ever looked upon the worse for killing a man in his own defence; and if business cannot be carried on without it, what would you have a gentleman do? so, my dear, have done upon this subject. Was Captain Macheath

here this morning, for the bank notes he left with you last week ?

Mrs. P. Yes, my dear ; and though the bank hath stopped payment, he was so cheerful, and so agreeable ! Sure, there is not a finer gentleman upon the road than the Captain ! If he comes from Bagshot at any reasonable hour, he hath promised to make one this evening, with Polly, me, and Bob Booty, at a party at quadrille. Pray, my dear, is the Captain rich ?

PEACH. The Captain keeps too good company ever to grow rich. Marybone, and the chocolate-houses, are his undoing. The man that proposes to get money by play, should have the education of a fine gentleman, and be trained up to it from his youth.

Mrs. P. Really, I am sorry, upon Polly's account, the Captain hath not more discretion. What business hath he to keep company with lords and gentlemen ? he should leave them to prey upon one another.

PEACH. Upon Polly's account ! what a plague doth the woman mean ?—upon Polly's account !

Mrs. P. Captain Macheath is very fond of the girl.

PEACH. And what then ?

Mrs. P. If I have any skill in the ways of women, I am sure Polly thinks him a very pretty man.

PEACH. And what then ? you would not be so mad as to have the wench marry him ! Gamesters and highwaymen are, generally, very good to their whores, but they are very devils to their wives.

Mrs. P. But if Polly should be in love, how should we help her, or how can she help herself ?—Poor girl, I'm in the utmost concern about her.

PEACH. Lookye, wife, a handsome wench in our

way of business, is as profitable as at the bar of a Temple coffee-house, who looks upon it as her livelihood, to grant every liberty but one. My daughter to me, should be like a court lady to a minister of state, a key to the whole gang. Married! if the affair is not already done, I'll terrify her from it, by the example of our neighbours.

Mrs. P. Mayhap, my dear, you may injure the poor girl: she loves to imitate the fine ladies, and she may only allow the Captain liberties, in the view of interest.

PEACH. But it is your duty, my dear, to warn the girl against her ruin, and to instruct her how to make the most of her beauty. I'll go to her this moment, and sift her. In the mean time, wife, rip out the coronets and marks of these dozen of cambric handkerchiefs: I can dispose of them this afternoon to a chap in the city. [Exit, L.

Mrs. P. Never was a man more out of the way in an argument than my husband. Why must our Polly, forsooth, differ from her sex, and love only her husband? and why must Polly's marriage, contrary to all observation, make her the less followed by other men? [*Filch sings without.*] All men are thieves in love, and like a woman the better for being another's property.

*Enter FILCH, L.*

Mrs. P. Come hither, Filch.—I am as fond of this child, as, though my mind misgave me, he were my own. He hath as fine a hand at picking a pocket as a woman, and is as nimble fingered as a juggler. If an unlucky session does not cut the rope of thy life, I





FILCH.—These seven handkerchiefs, madam.

pronounce, boy, thou wilt be a great man in history. Where was your post last night, my boy?

FILCH. I plied at the opera, madam; and, considering 'twas neither dark nor rainy, so that there was no great hurry in getting chairs and coaches, made a tolerable hand on't.—[*He unties the knee-strings of his breeches and draws from each leg a silk handkerchief, then others from his coat sleeves, &c. &c.*]—These seven handkerchiefs, madam.

Mrs. P. Coloured ones, I see. They are of sure sale from our warehouse at Redriff, among the seamen.

FILCH. And this snuff-box.

Mrs. P. Set in gold! a pretty encouragement this, to a young beginner!

FILCH. I had a fair tug at a charming gold ticker. Pox take the tailors for making the fobs so deep and narrow!—it stuck by the way, and I was forced to make my escape under a coach. Really, madam, I fear I shall be cut off in the flower of my youth, so that, every now and then, since I was pumped, I have thoughts of taking up and going to sea.

Mrs. P. You should go to Hockley-in-the-hole, and to Marybone, child, to learn valour; these are the schools that have bred so many brave men. I thought, boy, by this time thou hadst lost fear as well as shame. Poor lad! how little does he know yet of the Old Bailey! For the first fact, I'll insure thee from being hanged; and going to sea, Filch, will come time enough, upon a sentence of transportation. "But now, since you have nothing better to do, even go to your book, and learn your catechism; for really a man makes but an ill figure in the ordinary's paper, who cannot give a satisfactory answer to his ques-

tions." But, hark you, my lad, don't tell me a lie; for you know I hate a liar:—Do you know of any thing that has passed between Captain Macheath and our Polly?

FILCH. I beg you, madam, don't ask me; for I must either tell a lie to you or to Miss Polly; for I promised her I would not tell.

Mrs. P. But when the honour of our family is concerned—

FILCH. I shall lead a sad life with Miss Polly, if ever she comes to know I told you. Besides, I would not willingly forfeit my own honour, by betraying any body.

Mrs. P. Yonder comes my husband and Polly. Come, Filch, you shall go with me into my own room, and tell me the whole story. I'll give thee a glass of a most delicious cordial that I keep for my own drinking. [*Exeunt, R.—As they are going off, Filch picks Mrs. Peachum's pocket, of a white handkerchief, exclaiming "I've nabbed the lily for Black Moll."*]

*Enter PEACHUM and POLLY, L.*

POLLY. I know as well as any of the fine ladies, how to make the most of myself and of my man too. A woman knows how to be mercenary, though she hath never been in a court or an assembly. We have it in our natures, papa. If I allow Captain Macheath some trifling liberties, I have this watch and other visible marks of his favour to show for it. A girl who cannot grant some things, and refuse what is most material, will make but a poor hand of her beauty, and soon be thrown upon the common.



AIR—(*What shall I do to show how much I love her.*)

Virgins are like the fair flower in its lustre,  
Which in the garden enamels the ground!  
Near it the bees, in play, flutter and cluster,  
And gaudy butterflies frolic around;

But when once pluck'd, 'tis no longer alluring,  
To Covent-Garden 'tis sent, (as yet sweet)  
There fades, and shrinks, and grows past all enduring,  
Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trod under feet.

PEACH. You know, Polly, I am not against your toying and trifling with a customer, in the way of business, or to get out a secret or so; but if I find out that you have played the fool, and are married, you jade you, I'll cut your throat, hussy. Now you know my mind.

*Enter Mrs. PEACHUM, R. in a very great passion.*

AIR—(*O London is a fine town.*)

Our Polly is a sad slut! nor heeds what we have taught her,

I wonder any man alive will ever rear a daughter!

For she must have both hoods and gowns, and hoops to swell her pride,

With scarfs and stays, and gloves and lace, and she will have men beside;

And when she's dress'd with care and cost, all tempting, fine, and gay,

As men should serve a cucumber, she flings herself away.

You baggage! you hussy! you inconsiderate jade! had you been hanged, it would not have vexed me; for that might have been your misfortune; but to do such a mad thing by choice!—The wench is married, husband.

PEACH. Married! the Captain is a bold man, and will risk any thing for money; to be sure he believes

her a fortune. Do you think your mother and I should have lived comfortably so long together, if ever we had been married, baggage?

Mrs. P. I knew she was always a proud slut; and now the wench hath played the fool and married, because, forsooth, she would do like the gentry! Can you support the expense of a husband, hussy, in gaming, and drinking? have you money enough to carry on the daily quarrels of man and wife about who shall squander most? If you must be married, could you introduce nobody into our family but a highwayman! Why, thou foolish jade, thou wilt be as ill used, and as much neglected, as if thou hadst married a lord.

PEACH. Let not your anger, my dear, break through the rules of decency; for the Captain looks upon himself, in the military capacity, as a gentleman by his profession. Besides, what he hath already, I know he is in a fair way of getting or of dying; and both these ways, let me tell you, are most excellent chances for a wife. Tell me, hussy, are you ruined or not?

Mrs. P. With Polly's fortune she might very well have gone off to a person of distinction; yes, that you might, you pouting slut.

PEACH. What! is the wench dumb? speak, or I'll make you plead by squeezing out an answer from you. Are you really bound wife to him, or are you only upon liking? [Pinches her.

POLLY. Oh!

[Screaming.

Mrs. P. How the mother is to be pitied who hath handsome daughters: Locks, bolts, bars, and lectures

of morality, are nothing to them; they break through them all; they have 'as much pleasure in cheating a father and mother as in cheating at cards.

PEACH. Why, Polly, I shall soon know if you are married, by Macheath's keeping from our house.

AIR—POLLY, C.—(*Grim king of the ghosts, &c.*)

Can love be controll'd by advice?

Will Cupid our mothers obey?

Tho' my heart were as frozen as ice,

At his flame 'twould have melted away.

When he kiss'd me, so sweetly he press'd,

'Twas so sweet that I must have complied,

So I thought it both safest and best

To marry, for fear you should chide.

Mrs. P. Then all the hopes of our family are gone for ever and ever.

PEACH. And Macheath may hang his father and mother-in-law, in hopes to get into their daughter's fortune.

POLLY. I did not marry him, 'as 'tis the fashion,' coolly and deliberately, for honour or money—but I love him.

Mrs. P. Love him! worse and worse! I thought the girl had been better bred. O husband! husband! her folly makes me mad! my head swims! I'm distracted! I cannot support myself—Oh!

[*Throws herself into a chair and faints.*]

PEACH. See, wench, to what a condition you have reduced your poor mother! A glass of cordial this instant! How the poor woman takes it to heart! [*Polly goes out, R. and returns with a bottle and glass.*] Ah, hussy! now this is the only comfort your mother has left.

[*Gives her a glass of cordial.*]

**POLLY.** Give her another glass, sir; my mamma drinks double the quantity whenever she is out of order. This, you see, fetches her.

**Mrs. P.** The girl shows such readiness, and so much concern, that I almost could find in my heart to forgive her.

*[Drinks again, rises, and they all come forward.]*

**DUET**—(*O Jenny, O Jenny, where hast thou been?*)

**Mrs. P.** O Polly, you might have toy'd and kiss'd:  
By keeping men off you keep them on.

**Polly.** But he so teas'd me,  
And he so pleas'd me,  
What I did you must have done.

**Mrs. P.** Not with a highwayman, you sorry slut.

**PEACH.** A word with you, wife. 'Tis no new thing for a wench to take a husband without consent of parents. You know 'tis the frailty of woman, my dear.

**Mrs. P.** Yes, indeed, the sex is frail; but the first time a woman is frail, she should be somewhat nice, methinks; for then, or never is her time to make her fortune: after that, she hath nothing to do, but to guard herself from being found out, and she may do what she pleases.

**PEACH.** Make yourself a little easy; I have a thought shall soon set all matters again to rights. Why so melancholy, Polly? since what is done cannot be undone, we must endeavour to make the most of it.

**Mrs. P.** Well, Polly, as far as one woman can forgive another, I forgive thee.—Your father is too fond of you, hussy.

**POLLY.** Then all my sorrows are at an end.

Mrs. P. A mighty likely speech, in troth, for a wench who is just married.

AIR—POLLY.—(*Thomas, I cannot, &c.*)

I like a ship in storms was toss'd,  
 Yet afraid to go into land,  
 For seized in the port the vessel's lost,  
 Whose treasure is contraband.  
 The waves are laid,  
 My duty's paid;  
 O joy beyond expression!  
 Thus safe ashore  
 I ask no more;  
 My all's in my possession

PEACH. I hear customers in t'other room; go talk with them, Polly; but come again as soon as they are gone. [*Polly going.*] But harkye, child, if 'tis the gentleman who was here yesterday about the repeating watch, say you can't get intelligence of it till to-morrow, for I lent it to Sukey Straddle, to make a figure with at a ball to-night, at a tavern in Drury-lane. If t'other gentleman calls for the silver-hilted sword, you know beetle-brow'd Jemmy hath it on, and he doth not come from Tunbridge till Tuesday night, so that it cannot be had till then. [*Exit POLLY, L.*] Dear wife! be a little pacified; don't let your passion run away with your senses: Polly, I grant you, hath done a rash thing.

Mrs. P. If she had only an intrigue with the fellow, why the very best families have excused and huddled up a frailty of that sort. 'Tis marriage, husband, that makes it a blemish.

PEACH. But money, wife, is the true fuller's earth for reputations; there is not a spot or stain but what

it can take out. I tell you, wife, I can make this match turn out to our advantage.

Mrs. P. I am very sensible, husband, that Captain Macheath is worth money; but I am in doubt whether he hath not two or three wives already, and then, if he should die in a session or two, Polly's dower would come into dispute.

PEACH. That indeed is a point which ought to be considered. The lawyers are bitter enemies to those in our way; they don't care that any body should get a clandestine livelihood but themselves.

*Enter POLLY, L.*

POLLY. 'Twas only Nimming Ned: he brought in a damask window-curtain, a hoop-petticoat, a pair of silver candlesticks, a periwig, and one silk stocking from the fire that happened last night.

PEACH. There is not a fellow that is cleverer in his way, and saves more goods out of the fire, than Ned. But now, Polly, to your affair; for matters must not be as they are. You are married then, it seems.

POLLY. Yes, sir.

PEACH. And how do you propose to live, child?

POLLY. Like other women, sir; upon the industry of my husband.

Mrs. P. What! is the wench turn'd fool? a highwayman's wife, like a soldier's, hath as little of his pay as of his company.

PEACH. And had not you the common views of a gentlewoman in your marriage, Polly?

POLLY. I don't know what you mean, sir.

PEACH. Of a jointure, and of being a widow.

POLLY. But I love him, sir; how then could I have thoughts of parting with him.

PEACH. Parting with him! why that is the whole scheme and intention of all marriage articles. The comfortable estate of widowhood is the only hope that keeps up a wife's spirits. Where is the woman who could scruple to be a wife, if she had it in her power to be a widow whenever she pleased? If you have any views of this sort, Polly, I shall think the match not so very unreasonable.

POLLY. How I dread to hear you advise? yet I must beg you to explain yourself.

PEACH. Secure what he hath got, have him peach'd the next session, and then at once you are made a rich widow.

POLLY. What! murder the man I love: the blood runs cold at my heart with the very thought of it!

PEACH. Fie, Polly,! what hath murder to do in the affair? Since the thing sooner or later must happen, I dare say, that the Captain himself would like that we should get the reward for his death sooner than a stranger. Why, Polly, the Captain knows, that as 'tis his employment to rob, so 'tis ours to take robbers; every man in his business; so that there is no malice in the case.

Mrs. P. To have him peach'd is the only thing could ever make me forgive her.

AIR—POLLY, to her mother (*kneeling*).—(*Now ponder well ye parents dear.*)

O ponder well! be not severe;  
 So save a wretched wife;  
 For on the rope that hangs my dear  
 Depends poor Polly's life.

[*Turns and repeats the stanza to PEACH.*

Mrs. P. But your duty to your parents, hussy,

obliges you to hang him. What would many a wife give for such an opportunity!

*[Peachum shakes his head and sighs.]*

POLLY. What is a jointure, what is widowhood to me? I know my heart; I cannot survive him. Thus, sir, it will happen to your poor Polly.

Mrs. P. What! is the fool in love in earnest then! I hate thee for being particular. Why, wench, thou art a shame to thy very sex!

POLLY. But hear, mother—if you ever loved—

Mrs. P. Those cursed play-books she reads have been her ruin! One word more, hussy, and I shall knock your brains out, if you have any.

PEACH. Keep out of the way, Polly, for fear of mischief, and consider of what is proposed to you.

Mrs. P. Away, hussy. Hang your husband, and be dutiful. *[Exit, POLLY, L.]* The thing, husband, must and shall be done. If she will not know her duty, we know ours. *[Polly listens.]*

PEACH. But really, my dear, it grieves one's heart to take off a great man. When I consider his personal bravery, his fine stratagems, how much we have already got by him, and how much more we may get, methinks I can't find in my heart to have a hand in his death: I wish you could have made Polly undertake it.

Mrs. P. But in case of necessity—our own lives are in danger.

PEACH. Then indeed we must comply with the customs of the world, and make gratitude give way to interest,—He shall be taken off.

Mrs. P. I'll undertake to manage Polly.

PEACH. And I'll prepare matters for the Old Bailey. *[Exeunt PEACH, L. and Mrs. PEACH, R.]*



*Enter POLLY, L.*

POLLY. Now I'm a wretch indeed!—Methinks I see him already in the cart, sweeter and more lovely than the nosegay in his hand!—I hear the crowd extolling his resolution and intrepidity!—I see him at the tree! the whole circle are in tears!—What then will become of Polly!—As yet I may inform him of their design, and aid him in his escape. It shall be so. But then he flies, absents himself, and I bar myself from his dear, dear conversation! that too will distract me. If he keeps out of the way, my papa and mamma may in time relent, and we may be happy. If he stays, he is hanged, and then he is lost for ever! He intended to be concealed in my room till the dusk of the evening. If they are abroad, I'll this instant let him out, lest some accident should prevent him.

*Enter MACHEATH.*

DUET—(*Pretty parrot say, &c.*)

*Mac.* Pretty Polly, say,  
When I was away,  
Did your fancy never stray  
To some new lover.

*Polly.* Without disguise,  
Heaving sighs,  
Doating eyes,  
My constant heart discover.  
Fondly let me loll!

*Mac.* O pretty, pretty, Poll!

POLLY, And are you as fond of me as ever, my dear?

MAC. Suspect my honour, my courage; suspect any thing but my love. May my pistols miss fire,

and my mare slip her shoulder while I am pursued, if ever I forsake thee!

POLLY. Nay, my dear! I have no reason to doubt you, for I find in the romance you lent me, none of the great heroes were ever false in love.

AIR—MACHEATH.—(*Pray fair one be kind.*)

My heart was so free,  
It rov'd like the bee,  
Till Polly my passion requited;  
I sipt from each flower,  
I chang'd ev'ry hour,  
But here ev'ry flow'r is united.

POLLY. Were you sentenced to transportation, sure, my dear, you could not leave me behind you—could you?

MAC. Is there any power, any force, that could tear me from thee? You might sooner tear a pension out of the hands of a courtier, a fee from a lawyer, a pretty woman from a looking-glass, or any woman from quadrille—But to tear me from thee is impossible!

DUET—(*Over the hills and far away.*)

*Mac.* Were I laid on Greenland's coast,  
And in my arms embrac'd my lass,  
Warm amidst eternal frost,  
Too soon the half-year's night would pass.

*Polly.* Were I sold on Indian soil,  
Soon as the burning day was clos'd,  
I could mock the sultry toil,  
When on my charmer's breast repos'd.

*Mac.* And I would love you all the day,  
*Polly.* Every night would kiss and play,  
*Mac.* If with me you'd fondly stray,  
*Polly.* Over the hills and far away.

POLLY. Yes, I would go with thee. But, oh!—how shall I speak it? I must be torn from thee! We must part!

MAC. How! part!

POLLY. We must, we must!—My papa and mamma are set against thy life: they now, even now, are in search after thee; they are preparing evidence against thee; thy life depends upon a moment!

AIR—POLLY.—(*Gin thou wert my ain thing.*)

O, what pain it is to part!

Can I leave thee, can I leave thee?

O, what pain it is to part!

Can thy Polly ever leave thee?

But lest death my love should thwart,

And bring thee to the fatal cart,

Thus I tear thee from my bleeding heart!

Fly hence, and let me leave thee.

One kiss, and then!—one kiss?—Begone!—Farewell!

MAC. My hand, my heart, my dear, is so riveted to thine, that I cannot unloose my hold!

POLLY. But my papa may intercept thee, and then I should lose the very glimmering of hope. A few weeks, perhaps, may reconcile us all. Shall thy Polly hear from thee?

MAC. Must I then go?

POLLY. And will not absence change your love?

MAC. If you doubt it, let me stay—and be hanged.

POLLY. Oh, how I fear!—how I tremble!—Go—but, when safety will give you leave, you will be sure to see me again; for, till then, Polly is wretched.

DUET—(*O the broom, &c.*)

Mac. The miser thus a shilling sees,  
Which he's obliged to pay,

With sighs resigns it by degrees,  
And fears 'tis gone for aye.

*Polly.*

The boy thus, when his sparrow's flown,  
The bird in silence eyes ;  
But soon as out of sight 'tis gone,  
Whines, whimpers, sobs, and cries.

*[Exeunt severally.]*



## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Tavern near Newgate.*

JEMMY TWITCHER, CROOKFINGER'D JACK, WAT DREARY, ROBIN OF BAGSHOT, NIMMING NED, HARRY PADDINGTON, MAT-O'-THE-MINT, BEN BUDGE, FILCH, *and the rest of the Gang, at a table, with wine, brandy, and tobacco.*

BEN. But pr'ythee, Mat, what has become of thy brother Tom? I have not seen him since my return from transportation.

MAT. Poor brother Tom had an accident, this time twelvemonth, and so clever made a fellow he was, I could not save him from these stealing rascals, the surgeons; and now, poor man, he is among the otamies at Surgeons'-Hall.

BEN. So it seems his time was come.

JEMMY. But the present time is ours, and nobody alive hath more. Why are the laws levelled at us? are we more dishonest than the rest of mankind? What we win, gentlemen, is our own, by the law of arms and the right of conquest.

JACK. Where shall we find such another set of practical philosophers, who, to a man, are above the fear of death?

WAT. Sound men and true!

ROBIN. Of tried courage, and indefatigable industry!

NED. Who is there here, that would not die for his friend?

HARRY. Who is there here, that would betray him for his interest?

MAT. Show me a gang of courtiers that can say as much. [*Laughter.*]

BEN. We are for a just partition of the world; for every man has a right to enjoy life.

MAT. We retrench the superfluities of mankind. The world is avaricious, and I hate avarice. A covetous fellow, like a jackdaw, steals what he was never made to enjoy, for the sake of hiding it. These are the robbers of mankind; for money was made for the free-hearted and generous: and where is the injury of taking from another what he hath not the heart to make use of? [*All laugh.*]

JEMMY. Our several stations for the day are fixed. Good luck attend us all! Fill the glasses.

AIR—MAT.—(*Fill every glass, &c.*)

Fill ev'ry glass, for wine inspires us,

And fires us,

With courage, love and joy.

Women and wine should life employ:

Is there aught else on earth desirous?

*Chorus.* Fill ev'ry glass, &c.

*Enter* MACHEATH, *L. singing.*

MAC. Gentlemen, well met; [*all rise*] my heart hath been with you this hour, but an unexpected affair hath detained me. No ceremony, I beg you.

MAT. We were just breaking up, to go upon duty. Am I to have the honour of taking the air with you, sir, this evening upon the Heath? I drink a dram, now and then with the stage-coachman, in the way of friendship and intelligence: and I know, that about this time, there will be passengers upon the western road, who are worth speaking with.

MAC. I was to have been of that party—but—

MAT. But what, sir?

MAC. Is there any one that suspects my courage?

MAT. We have all been witnesses of it.

MAC. My honour and truth to the gang?

MAT. I'll be answerable for it.

MAC. In the division of our booty, have I ever shown the least marks of avarice or injustice?

MAT. By these questions something seems to have ruffled you. Are any of us suspected?

MAC. I have a fixed confidence, gentlemen, in you all, as men of honour, and as such I value and respect you. Peachum is a man that is useful to us.

MAT. Is he about to play us any foul play! I'll shoot him through the head.

ALL—And I.

MAC. I beg you, gentlemen, act with conduct and discretion. A pistol is your last resort.

MAT. He knows nothing of this meeting.

MAC. Business cannot go on without him: he is a man who knows the world, and is a necessary agent to us. We have had a slight difference, and, till it is accommodated, I shall be obliged to keep out of his way. Any private dispute of mine shall be of no ill consequence to my friends. You must continue to act under his direction; for, the moment we break loose from him, our gang is ruined.

MAT. He is to us of great convenience.

MAC. Make him believe I have quitted the gang, which I can never do but with life. At our private quarters I will continue to meet you. A week, or so, will probably reconcile us.

MAT. Your instructions shall be observed. 'Tis now high time for us to repair to our several duties; so, till the evening, at our quarters in Moorfields, we bid you farewell.

MAC. I shall wish myself with you. Success attend you. [*Sits down, melancholy, at the table.*]

AIR—MAT.—(*March in Rinaldo, with drums and trumpets.*)

Let us take the road ;  
 Hark ! I hear the sound of coaches,  
 The hour of attack approaches,  
 To your arms, brave boys, and load.  
 See the ball I hold !  
 Let the chemists toil like asses,  
 Our fire their fire surpasses,  
 And turns all our lead to gold.

[*The GANG, ranged in front of the stage, load their pistols, and stick them under their girdles, then go off, singing the first part in the chorus. FILCH, who walks last, picks the pocket of the member of the gang who goes out before him.*]

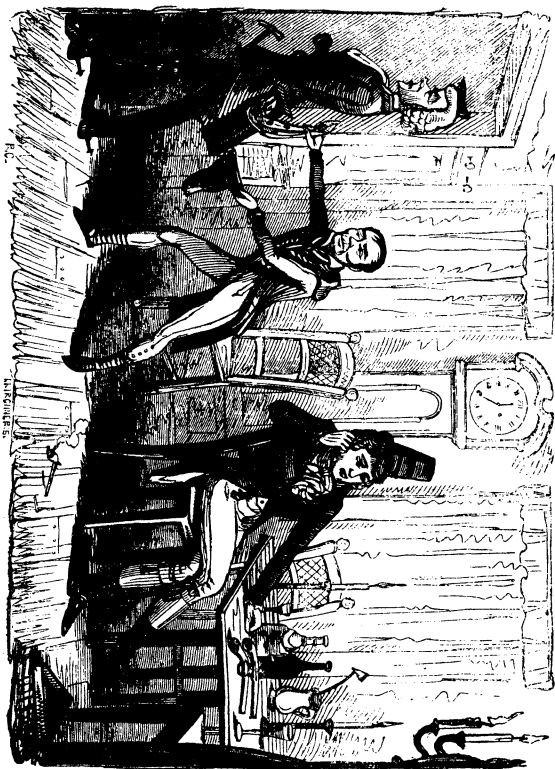
MAC. What a fool is a fond wench ! Polly is most confoundedly bit. I love the sex ; and a man who loves money, might as well be contented with one guinea, as I with one woman. The town, perhaps, hath been as much obliged to me, for recruiting it with free-hearted ladies, as to any recruiting officer in the army. If it were not for us, and the other gentlemen of the sword, Drury-Lane would be uninhabited.

[*Rises.*]

AIR—MACHEATH.—(*Would you have a young virgin.*)

If the heart of a man is depress'd with cares,  
 The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears,  
 Like the notes of a fiddle, she sweetly, sweetly,  
 Raises the spirits, and charms our ears.  
 Roses and lilies her cheeks disclose,  
 But her ripe lips are more sweet than those ;







Press her,  
Caress her,  
With blisses,  
Her kisses,

Dissolve us in pleasure and soft repose.

I must have women—there is nothing unbends the mind like them : money is not so strong a cordial for the time—Drawer !

*Enter* DRAWER, R.

Is the porter gone for all the ladies, according to my directions ?

DRAWER. I expect him back every minute ; but you know, sir, you sent him as far as Hockley-in-the-Hole, for three of the ladies ; for one in Vinegar-Yard, and for the rest of them somewhere about Lewkner's-Lane. Sure some of them are below, for I hear the bar-bell. As they come, I will show them up. Coming ! Coming ! [*Exit* R.

*Enter* Mrs. COAXER, DOLLY TRULL, Mrs. VIXEN, BETTY DOXY, JENNY DIVER, Mrs. SLAMMERKIN, SUKEY TAWDRY, and MOLLY BRAZEN, R. D.

MAC. [*To them as they enter.*] Dear Mrs. Coaxer, you are welcome ! you look charmingly to-day : I hope you don't want the repairs of quality, and lay on paint. Dolly Trull ! kiss me you slut ! are you as amorous as ever, hussy ? you are always so taken up with stealing hearts, that you don't allow yourself time to steal any thing else. Ah, Dolly ! thou wilt ever be a coquette. Mrs. Vixen, I'm yours ! I always loved a woman of wit and spirit ; they make charming mistresses, but plaguy wives. Betty Doxy ! come hither, hussy : do you drink as hard as ever ? you had better stick to good wholesome beer ; for, in troth, Betty, strong

waters will in time, ruin your constitution: you should leave those to your betters. What, and my pretty Jenny Driver too! as prim and demure as ever! there is not any prude, though ever so high bred, hath a more sanctified look, with a more mischievous heart: ah, thou art a dear, artful hypocrite! Mrs. Slammerkin! as careless and genteel as ever! all you fine ladies, who know your own beauty, affect an undress. But see! here's Sukey Tawdry come to contradict what I was saying. Molly Brazen! [*She kisses him.*] That's well done: I love a free-hearted wench: thou hast a most agreeable assurance, girl, and art as willing as a turtle.

AIR and CHORUS.—(*Cotillion.*)

*Mac.* Youth's the season made for joys,  
 Love is then our duty;  
 She alone who that employs,  
 Well deserves her beauty.  
 Let's be gay,  
 While we may,  
 Beauty's a flower despised in decay.

*Chorus.* Youth's the season, &c.

*Mac.* Let us drink and sport to-day,  
 Ours is not to-morrow;  
 Love with youth flies swift away,  
 Age is nought but sorrow.  
 Dance and sing,  
 Time's on the wing,  
 Life never knows the return of spring.

*Chorus.* Let us drink, &c.

*MAC.* Now pray ladies, take your places. Here, drawer, bring us more wine. If any of the ladies choose gin, I hope they will be so free as to call for it.

*JEN.* You look as if you meant me. Wine is strong

enough for me. Indeed, sir, I never drink strong waters, but when I have the cholic.

MAC. Just the excuse of the fine ladies! why, a lady of quality is never without the cholic. I hope, Mrs. Coaxer, you have had good success of late in your visits among the mercers!

Mrs. C. We have so many interlopers; yet, with industry, one may still have a little picking. If any woman hath more art than another, to be sure 'tis Jenny Driver.

MAC. Have done with your compliments, ladies, and drink about. You are not so fond of me, Jenny, as you used to be.

JEN. 'Tis not convenient, sir, to show my fondness among so many rivals. 'Tis your own choice, and not the warmth of my inclination, that will determine you. But to be sure, sir, with so much good fortune as you have had upon the road, you must be grown immensely rich.

MAC. The road, indeed, hath done me justice, but the gaming table hath been my ruin.

JEN. A man of courage should never put any thing to the risk but his life. These are the tools of a man of honour, (*pointing to his pistols on the table*;) cards and dice are only fit for cowardly cheats, who prey upon their friends.

[*She takes up one pistol; SUKEY TAWDRY takes up the other.*]

SUKEY. This, sir, is fitter for your hand. Beside your loss of money, 'tis a loss to the ladies. How fond could I be of you: but, before company, 'tis ill-bred.

MAC. Wanton hussies!

JEN. I must, and will have a kiss, to give my wine a zest.

[*They take him about his neck, and make signs to PEACHUM and CONSTABLES, who rush in upon him, R. D.*]

PEACH. I seize you, sir, as my prisoner.

MAC. Was this well done, Jenny?—Women are decoy-ducks; who can trust them?—jades, jilts, harpies, furies!

PEACH. Your case, Mr. Macheath, is not particular. The greatest heroes have been ruined by women. But, to do them justice, I must own they are a pretty sort of creature, if we could trust them. You must now, sir, take your leave of the ladies: and, if they have a mind to make you a visit, they will be sure to find you at home. This gentleman, ladies, lodges in Newgate. Constables, wait upon the Captain to his lodgings.

AIR—MACHEATH.—*When first I laid siege to my Chloris.*

At the tree I shall suffer with pleasure,  
At the tree I shall suffer with pleasure,  
Let me go where I will,  
In all kinds of ill,  
I shall find no such furies as these are.

[*Exit MACHEATH, guarded by PEACHUM and CONSTABLES, R. D.; and the LADIES after, with great ceremony and bye-play.*]

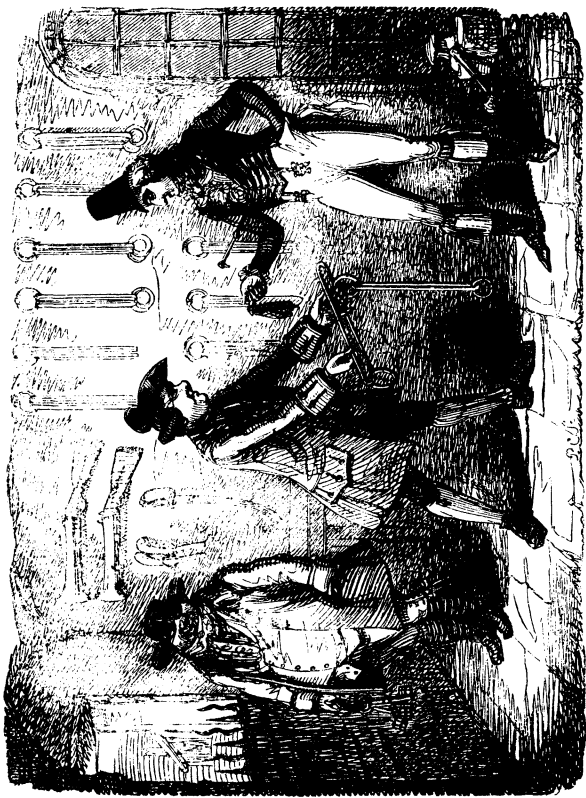
---

SCENE II.—*Newgate.*

*Enter LOCKIT, TURNKEYS, MACHEATH, and CONSTABLES.*

LOCKIT. Noble Captain, you are welcome! you





Lockir.—We have them of all prices, from one guinea to ten.



have not been a lodger of mine this year and a half. You know the custom, sir ; garnish, Captain, garnish. Hand me down those fetters there. [*Noise of chains.*]

MAC. Those, Mr. Lockit, seem to be the heaviest of the whole set. With your leave, I should like the farther pair better.

LOCKIT. Lookye, Captain, we know what is fittest for our prisoners. When a gentleman uses me with civility, I always do the best I can to please him.—Hand them down, I say.—We have them of all prices, from one guinea to ten ; and 'tis fitting every gentleman should please himself.

MAC. I understand you, sir. [*Gives money.*] The fees here are so many, and so exorbitant, that few fortunes can bear the expense of getting off handsomely, or of dying like a gentleman.

LOCKIT. Those, I see, will fit the Captain better.—Take down the farther pair. [*Turnkey hands chain.*] Do but examine them, sir—Never was better work—How genteelly they are made !—They will sit as easy as a glove, and the nicest man in England might not be ashamed to wear them. [*He puts on the chains.*] If I had the best gentleman in the land in my custody, I could not equip him more handsomely. And so, sir, I now leave you to your private meditations.

[*Exeunt* LOCKIT, TURNKEYS, and CONSTABLES.]

AIR—MACHEATH.—(*Courtiers, courtiers, think it no harm.*)

Man may escape from rope and gun,  
Nay, some have outliv'd the doctor's pill ;  
Who takes a woman must be undone,  
That basilisk is sure to kill.

The fly, that sips treacle, is lost in the sweets,  
 So he that tastes woman, woman, woman,  
 He that tastes woman, ruin meets.

To what a woful plight have I brought myself! Here must I, all day long till I am hanged, be confined to bear the reproaches of a wench, who lays her ruin at my door—I am in the custody of her father; and, to be sure, if he knows of the matter, I shall have a fine time on't betwixt this and my execution.—But I promis'd the wench marriage.—What signifies a promise to a woman? does not a man, in marriage itself, promise a hundred things that he never means to perform? Do all we can, women will believe us; for they look upon a promise as an excuse for following their own inclinations.—But here comes Lucy, and I cannot get from her—would I were deaf.

*Enter LUCY, L.*

LUCY. You base man, you!—how can you look me in the face, after what hath passed between us;—Oh, Macheath! thou hast robbed me of my quiet—to see thee tortured would give me pleasure.

AIR—LUCY—(*A lovely Lass to a Friar came.*)

Thus when a good housewife sees a rat  
 In her trap in the morning taken,  
 With pleasure her heart goes pit-a-pat,  
 In revenge for loss of her bacon;  
 'Then she throws him  
 To the dog or cat,  
 To be worried, crush'd, and shaken.

MAC. Have you no tenderness, my dear Lucy! to see a husband in these circumstances?

LUCY. A husband!

MAC. In every respect but the form, and that, my

dear, may be said over us at any time.—Friends should not insist upon ceremonies. From a man of honour, his word is as good as his bond.

LUCY. It is the pleasure of all you fine men to insult the women you have ruined.

MAC. The very first opportunity, my dear, but have patience, you shall be my wife in whatever manner you please.

LUCY. Insinuating monster! And so you think I know nothing of the affair of Miss Polly Peachum?—I could tear your eyes out.

MAC. Sure, Lucy, you can't be such a fool as to be jealous of Polly.

LUCY. Are you not married to her, you brute you?

MAC. Married! very good. The wench gives it out only to vex thee, and to ruin me in thy good opinion. 'Tis true I go to the house, I chat with the girl, I kiss her, I say a thousand things to her, as all gentlemen do, that mean nothing, to divert myself; and now the silly jade hath set it about that I am married to her, to let me know what she would be at. Indeed, my dear Lucy, those violent passions may be of ill consequence to a woman in your condition.

LUCY. Come, come, Captain, for all your assurance, you know that Miss Polly hath put it out of your power to do me the justice you promised me.

MAC. A jealous woman believes every thing her passion suggests. To convince you of my sincerity, if we can find the ordinary I shall have no scruples of making you my wife; and I know the consequence of having two at a time.

LUCY. That you are only to be hanged, and so get rid of them both.

MAC. I am ready, my dear Lucy, to give you satisfaction—if you think there is any thing in marriage.—What can a man of honour say more?

LUCY. So then it seems you are not married to Miss Polly?

MAC. You know, Lucy, the girl is prodigiously conceited! no man can say a civil thing to her, but like other fine ladies her vanity makes her think he's her own for ever and ever.

AIR. MACHEATH. (*The sun had loos'd his weary teams.*)

The first time at the looking-glass,  
The mother sets her daughter;  
The image strikes the smiling lass  
With self-love ever after.

Each time she looks, she, fonder grown,  
Thinks every charm grows stronger;  
But alas, vain maid! all eyes but your own,  
Can see you are not younger.

When women consider their own beauties, they are all alike unreasonable in their demands; for they expect their lovers should like them as long as they like themselves.

LUCY. Yonder is my father.—Perhaps this way we may light upon the ordinary, who shall try if you will be as good as your word—for I long to be made an honest woman. [*Exeunt R.*

*Enter PEACHUM, and LOCKIT, with an account book. L.*

LOCKIT. In this last affair, brother Peachum, we are agreed. You have consented to go halves in Macheath. [*Both sit at a table.*

PEACH. We shall never fall out about an execution. But as to that article, pray how stands our last year's account?

LOCKIT. If you will run your eye over it, you'll find 'tis fair and clearly stated.

PEACH. This long arrear of the government is very hard upon us. Can it be expected that we should hang our acquaintance for nothing, when our betters will hardly save their's without being paid for it? Unless the people in employment pay better, I promise them for the future I shall let other rogues live beside their own.

LOCKIT. Perhaps, brother, they are afraid those matters may be carried too far. We are treated too by them with contempt, as if our profession were not reputable.

PEACH. In one respect, indeed, our employment may be reckoned dishonest, because, like great statesmen, we encourage those who betray their friends.

LOCKIT. Such language, brother, any where else might turn to your prejudice. Learn to be more guarded, I beg you.

AIR—LOCKIT.—(*How happy are we, &c.*)

When you censure the age,  
 Be cautious and sage,  
 Lest the courtiers offended should be;  
 If you mention vice or bribe,  
 'Tis so pat to all the tribe,  
 Each cries—That was levell'd at me.

PEACH. Here's poor Ned Clincher's name, I see; sure, brother Lockett, there was a little unfair proceeding in Ned's case; for he told me in the condemned hold, that, for value received, you had promised him a session or two longer, without molestation.

LOCKIT. Mr. Peachum—this is the first time my honour was ever called in question.

PEACH. Business is at an end—if once we act dishonourably.

LOCKIT. Who accuses me?

PEACH. You are warm, brother.

LOCKIT. He that attacks my honour, attacks my livelihood—and this usage—sir—is not to be borne.

PEACH. Since you provoke me to speak—I must tell you, too, that Mrs. Coaxer charges you with defrauding her of her information-money for the apprehending of Curtpated Hugh. Indeed, indeed, brother, we must punctually pay our spies, or we shall have no information.

LOCKIT. Is this language to me, sirrah—who have saved you from the gallows, sirrah.

*[Collaring each other.]*

PEACH. If I am hanged, it shall be for ridding the world of an arrant rascal.

LOCKIT. This hand shall do the office of the halter you deserve, and throttle you—you dog.

PEACH. Brother, brother—we are both in the wrong—we shall be both losers in the dispute—for you know we have it in our power to hang each other. You should not be so passionate.

LOCKIT. Nor you so provoking.

PEACH. 'Tis our mutual interest—'tis for the interest of the world, we should agree. If I said any thing, brother, to the prejudice of your character, I ask pardon.

LOCKIT. Brother Peachum—I can forgive as well as resent—Give me your hand; suspicion does not become a friend.

PEACH. I only meant to give you occasion to justify yourself. But I must now step home, for I expect

the gentleman about this snuff-box that Filch nimmed two nights ago in the park. I appointed him at this hour. (*Aside.*) I shall get you taken care of next session. [*Exit. L. D.*]

*Enter* LUCY. R.

LOCKIT. Whence come you hussy?

LUCY. My tears might answer that question.

LOCKIT. You have been whimpering and fondling like a spaniel, over the fellow that has abused you.

LUCY. One can't help love; one can't cure it. 'Tis not in my power to obey you and hate him.

LOCKIT. Learn to bear your husband's death like a reasonable woman; 'tis not the fashion now-a-days, so much as to affect sorrow upon these occasions. No woman would ever marry, if she had not the chance of mortality for a release. Act like a woman of spirit, hussy, and thank your father for what he is doing.

AIR—LUCY.—(*Of a noble race was Shenkin.*)

Is then his fate decreed, sir,

Such a man can I think of quitting?

When first we met, so moves me yet,

O see how my heart is splitting!

LOCKIT. Lookye, Lucy—there is no saving him—so I think you must even do like other widows—buy yourself weeds, and be cheerful.

AIR.—LOCKIT.

You'll think, ere many days ensue,

This sentence not severe;

I hang your husband, child, 'tis true,

But with him hang your care.

Twang dang dillo dee.

Like a good wife, go moan over your dying husband;

that, child, is your duty—Consider girl, you can't have the man and the money too—so make yourself as easy as you can, by getting all you can from him.

*Enter* MACHEATH. R. *[Exit.*

LUCY. Though the ordinary was out of the way to-day, I hope, my dear, you will upon the first opportunity quiet my scruples—Oh, sir! my father's hard heart is not to be softened, and I am in the utmost despair.

MAC. But if I could raise a small sum—would not twenty guineas, think you, move him?—Of all the arguments in the way of business, the perquisite is the most prevailing—Money, well timed, and properly applied, will do any thing.

LUCY. What love or money can do, shall be done; for all my comfort depends upon your safety.

*Enter* POLLY. L.

POLLY. Where is my dear husband?—Was a rope ever intended for this neck!—Oh, let me throw my arms about it, and throttle thee with love!—Why dost thou turn away from me? 'tis thy Polly—'tis thy wife.

MAC. Was ever such an unfortunate rascal as I am?

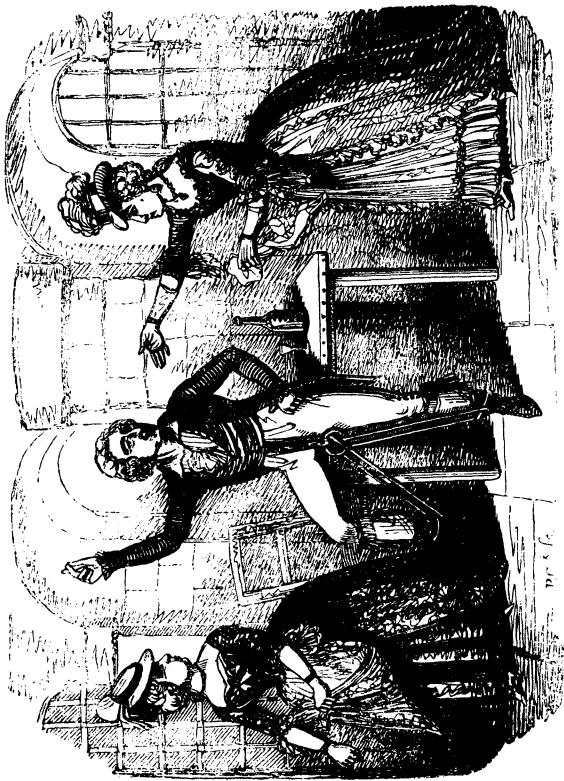
LUCY. Was there ever such another villain?

POLLY. Oh, Macheath! was it for this we parted? Taken! imprisoned! tried! hanged!—Cruel reflection! I'll stay with thee till death—no force shall tear thy dear wife from thee now. What means my love?—not one kind word! not one kind look!—Think what thy Polly suffers, to see thee in this condition.

MAC. I must disown her. *[Aside.]* The wench is distracted!







AIR—MACHEATH.—How happy could I be with either.

LUCY. Am I then bilked of my virtue? Can I have no reparation? Sure men were born to lie, and women to believe them! Oh villain! villain!

POLLY. Am I not thy wife?—Thy neglect of me, thy aversion to me, too severely proves it.—Look on me—Tell me, am I not thy wife?

LUCY. Perfidious wretch!

POLLY. Barbarous husband!

LUCY. Hadst thou been hanged five months ago, I had been happy.

POLLY. If you had been kind to me till death, it would not have vexed me.

LUCY. Art thou then married to another? Hast thou two wives, monster?

MAC. If women's tongues can cease for an answer—hear me.

LUCY. I won't—Flesh and blood can't bear my usage!

POLLY. Shall not I claim my own? Justice bids me speak.

AIR.—MAC.—(*Have you heard of a frolicksome ditty.*)

How happy could I be with either,

Were t'other dear charmer away!

But, while ye thus tease me together,

To neither a word will I say;

But tol de rol, &c.

POLLY. Sure my dear, there ought to be some preference shown to a wife—at least, she may claim the appearance of it. He must be distracted with misfortunes, or he could not use me thus.

LUCY. Oh, villain! villain! thou hast deceived me!—I could even inform against thee with pleasure. Not a prude wishes more heartily to have facts against her intimate acquaintance, than I now wish to have facts against thee. I would have her satisfaction, and they should all out.

DUET.—(*Irish Trot.*)

*Polly.* I'm bubbled.

*Lucy.* I'm bubbled.

*Polly.* Oh, how I'm troubled.

*Lucy.* Bamboozled and bit.

*Polly.* My distresses are doubled.

*Lucy.* When you come to the tree, should the hangman refuse,

These fingers with pleasure, could fasten the noose.

*Polly.* I'm bubbled, &c.

MAC. Be pacified, my dear Lucy—this is all a fetch of Polly's to make me desperate with you, in case I get off. If I am hanged, she would fain have the credit of being thought my widow.—Really, Polly, this is no time for a dispute of this sort; for whenever you are talking of marriage, I am thinking of hanging.

POLLY. And hast thou the heart to persist in disowning me?

MAC. And hast thou the heart to persist in persuading me that I am married? Why, Polly, dost thou seek to aggravate my misfortunes?

LUCY. Really, Miss Peachum, you do but expose yourself; besides, 'tis barbarous in you to worry a gentleman in his circumstances.

## AIR—POLLY.

Cease your funning,  
 Force or cunning  
 Never shall my heart trepan;  
 All these sallies,  
 Are but malice,  
 To seduce my constant man.  
 'Tis most certain,  
 By their flirting,  
 Women oft have envy shown;  
 Pleas'd to ruin

Others' wooing,  
Never happy in their own!

Decency, madam, methinks, might teach you to behave yourself with some reserve to the husband, while his wife is present.

MAC. But seriously, Polly, this is carrying the joke a little too far.

LUCY. If you are determined, madam, to raise a disturbance in the prison, I shall be obliged to send for the turnkey, to show you the door. I am sorry, madam, you force me to be so ill-bred.

POLLY. Give me leave to tell you, madam, these forward airs don't become you in the least, madam; and my duty, madam, obliges me to stay with my husband, madam.

AIR—(*Good Morrow Gossip Joan.*)

Lucy. Why, how now, madam Flirt?

If you thus must chatter,  
And are for flinging dirt,  
Let's try who best can spatter,  
Madam Flirt?

Polly. Why, how now, saucy jade?

Sure the wench is tipsy;  
How can you see me made [To him.  
The scoff of such a gipsy?  
Saucy jade. [To her.

*Enter PEACHUM. L.*

PEACH. Where's my wench? Ah, hussy, hussy! Come home, you slut! and when your fellow is hanged, hang yourself, to make your family some amends.

POLLY. Dear, dear father! do not tear me from him—I must speak—I have more to say to him—Oh, twist thy fetters about me, that he may not haul me from thee.

PEACH. Sure, all women are alike! if ever they commit one folly, they are sure to commit another

by exposing themselves. Away—not a word more!  
You are my prisoner now, hussy.

AIR—POLLY.—(*Irish howl.*)

No pow'r on earth can e'er divide,  
The knot that sacred love hath tied;  
When parents draw against our mind,  
The true-love's knot, they faster bind.

Oh, oh, ray, oh Amborah—Oh, oh, &c.

[*Holding MACHEATH, PEACHUM pulling her.*

[*Exeunt PEACHUM and POLLY. L.*

MAC. I am naturally compassionate, wife, so that I could not use the wench as she deserved, which made you at first suspect there was something in what she said.

LUCY. Indeed, my dear, I was strangely puzzled.

MAC. If that had been the case, her father would never have brought me into this circumstance—No Lucy, I had rather die, than be false to thee.

LUCY. How happy am I, if you say this from your heart! for I love thee so, that I could sooner bear to see thee hanged, than in the arms of another.

MAC. But couldst thou bear to see me hanged?

LUCY. Oh, Macheath! I could never live to see that day.

MAC. You see, Lucy, in the account of love, you are in my debt. Make me if possible, love thee more, and let me owe my life to thee. If you refuse to assist me, Peachum and your father will immediately put me beyond all means of escape.

LUCY. My father, I know, hath been drinking hard with the prisoners, and I fancy he is now taking his nap in his own room. If I can procure the keys, shall I go off with thee, my dear?

MAC. If we are together, 'twill be impossible to lie concealed. As soon as the search begins to be a little

cool, I will send to thee; till then, my heart is thy prisoner.

LUCY. Come, then, my dear husband, owe thy life to me; and, though you love me not, be grateful. But that Polly runs in my head strangely.

MAC. A moment of time may make us unhappy for ever.

AIR—LUCY.—(*The Lass of Patie's Mill.*)

I, like the fox, shall grieve,  
 Whose mate hath left her side :  
 Whom hounds, from morn to eve,  
 Chase o'er the country wide.  
 Where can my lover hide?  
 Where cheat the weary pack?  
 If love be not his guide,  
 He never will come back.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT III.—SCENE I—*Newgate.*

LOCKIT and LUCY. R.

LOCKIT. To be sure, wench, you must have been aiding and abetting to help him to this escape?

LUCY. Sir, here hath been Peachum, and his daughter Polly, and, to be sure, they know the ways of Newgate as well as if they had been born and bred in the place all their lives. Why must all your suspicion light upon me?

LOCKIT. Lucy, Lucy, I will have none of these shuffling answers?

LUCY. Well, then, if I know any thing of him, I wish I may be burned.

LOCKIT. Keep your temper, Lucy, or I shall pronounce you guilty.

LUCY. Keep your's, sir—I do wish I may be burned, I do, and what can I say more to convince you?

LOCKIT. Did he tip handsomely?—How much did he come down with?—Come, hussy, don't cheat your father, and I shall not be angry with you.—Perhaps you have made a better bargain with him than I could have done—How much, my good girl?

LUCY. You know, sir, I am fond of him, and would have given money to have kept him with me.

LOCKIT. Ah, Lucy! thy education might have put thee more upon thy guard: for a girl, in the bar of an alehouse, is always besieged.

LUCY. If you can forgive me, sir, I will make a fair confession, for, to be sure, he hath been a most barbarous villain to me!

LOCKIT, And so, you have let him escape, hussy—have you?

LUCY. When a woman loves, a kind look, a tender word, can persuade her to any thing, and I could ask



no other bribe. Notwithstanding all he swore, I am now fully convinced, that Polly Peachum is actually his wife—Did I let him escape, fool that I was! to go with her? Polly will wheedle herself into his money; and then Peachum will hang him, and cheat us both.

LOCKIT. So I am to be ruined, because, forsooth, you must be in love!—a very pretty excuse!

LUCY. I could murder that impudent, happy strumpet!—I gave him his life, and that creature enjoys the sweets of it—Ungrateful Macheath!

AIR—LUCY.—(*South sea ballad.*)

My love is all madness and folly;  
 Alone I lie,  
 Toss, tumble, and cry,  
 What a happy creature is Polly!  
 Was e'er such a wretch as I?  
 With rage I redden like scarlet,  
 That my dear inconstant varlet,  
 Stark blind to my charms,  
 Is lost in the arms,  
 Of that jilt, that inveigling harlot,  
 Stark blind, &c.

This, this my resentment alarms.

LOCKIT. And so, after all this mischief, I must stay here to be entertained with your caterwauling, Mistress Puss!—Out of my sight, wanton strumpet!—You shall fast and mortify yourself into reason, with now and then, a little handsome discipline to bring you to your senses. Go! [*Exit LUCY. L.*] Peachum, then, intends to outwit me in this affair; but I'll be even with him! The dog is leaky in his liquor, so I'll ply him that way, get the secret from him, and turn this affair to my own advantage. Lucy—

*Enter LUCY. L.*

Are there any of Peachum's people now in the house?

LUCY. Filch, sir, is drinking a quartern of strong waters in the next room with Black Moll.

LOCKIT. Bid him come to me. [*Exit* LUCY. L.]

*Enter* FILCH. L.

Why, boy, thou look'st as if thou wert half starved—like a shotten herring. But, boy, canst thou tell me where thy master is to be found?

FILCH. At his lock, sir, at the Crooked Billet.

LOCKIT. Very well—I have nothing more with you. [*Exit* FILCH. L.] I'll go to him there, for I have many important affairs to settle with him, and in the way of those transactions, I'll get artfully into his secret—so that Macheath shall not remain a day longer out of my clutches. [*Exit*, R.]

*Enter* LUCY. L.

LUCY. Jealousy, rage, love and fear, are at once tearing me to pieces. How am I weather-beaten and shattered with distresses!

AIR—LUCY.—(*One evening having lost my way.*)

I'm like a skiff on the ocean tost,

Now high, now low, with each billow borne,

With her rudder broke and her anchor lost,

Deserted and all forlorn.

While thus I lie rolling and tossing all night,

That Polly lies sporting on seas of delight!

Revenge, revenge, revenge,

Shall appease my restless sprite.

I have the ratsbane ready—I run no risk; for I can lay her death upon the gin, and so many die of that naturally, that I shall never be called in question.—But say I were to be hanged—I never could be hanged for any thing that would give me greater comfort than the poisoning that slut.

*Enter* FILCH. L.

FILCH. Madam, here's Miss Polly come to wait

upon you.

LUCY. Show her in.

FILCH. Tumble up, Miss Polly. [*Exit FILCH, L.*

*Enter POLLY, L.*

LUCY. Dear madam! your servant. I hope you will pardon my passion when I was so happy as to see you last—I was so overturned with the spleen, that I was perfectly out of myself; and really when one hath the spleen, every thing is to be excused by a friend.

AIR—LUCY. (*Now Roger, I'll tell thee because thou'rt my son.*)

When a wife's in the pout,

(As she's sometimes, no doubt)

The good husband, as meek as a lamb,

Her vapours to still,

First grants her her will,

And the quieting draught is a dram.

Poor man, and the quieting draught is a dram.

I wish all our quarrels might have so comfortable a reconciliation.

POLLY. I have no excuse for my own behaviour, madam, but my misfortunes—and really, madam, I suffer too upon your account.

LUCY. But, Miss Polly, in the way of friendship, will you give me leave to propose a glass of cordial to you?

POLLY. Strong waters are apt to give me the headache—I hope, madam, you will excuse me?

LUCY. Not the greatest lady in the land could have better in her closet for her own private drinking. You seem mighty low in spirits, my dear.

POLLY. I am sorry, madam, my health will not allow me to accept of your offer. I should not have left you in the rude manner I did when we met last, madam, had not my papa hauled me away so unex-

pectedly. I was indeed somewhat provoked, and perhaps might use some expressions that were disrespectful—but really, madam, the Captain treated me with so much contempt and cruelty, that I deserved your pity rather than your resentment.

LUCY. But since his escape, no doubt, all matters are made up again. Ah! Polly, Polly, 'tis I am the unhappy wife, and he loves you as if you were only his mistress.

POLLY. Sure, madam, you cannot think me so happy as to be the object of your jealousy. A man is always afraid of a woman who loves him too well. So that I must expect to be neglected and avoided.

LUCY. Then our cases, my dear Polly, are exactly alike: both of us indeed have been too fond. Indeed, my dear Polly, we are both of us a cup too low; let me prevail upon you to accept of my offer.

AIR—LUCY.—(*Come, sweet lass.*)

Come, sweet lass,  
 Let's banish sorrow,  
 Till to-morrow;  
 Come, sweet lass,  
 Let's take a chirping glass.  
 Wine can clear  
 The vapours of despair,  
 And make us light as air;  
 Then drink and banish care.

I can't bear, child, to see you in such low spirits—and I must persuade you to what I know will do you good—I shall now soon be even with the hypocritical strumpet. [*Aside*]. [*Exit. R.*]

POLLY. All this wheedling of Lucy can't be for nothing—at this time, too, when I know she hates me! The dissembling of a woman is always the forerunner of mischief. By pouring strong waters down

my throat she thinks to pump some secrets out of me—I'll be upon my guard, and won't taste a drop of her liquor, I'm resolved.

*Re-enter LUCY, with Strong Waters.*

LUCY. Come, Miss Polly.

POLLY. Indeed, child, you have given yourself trouble to no purpose—You must, my dear, excuse me.

LUCY. Really, Miss Polly, you are as squeamishly affected about taking a cup of strong waters as a lady before company. I vow, Polly, I shall take it monstrously ill if you refuse me.

POLLY. I protest, madam, it goes against me—What do I see! Macheath again in custody!—now every glimmering of happiness is lost! [*Drops the glass.*

*Enter LOCKIT, MACHEATH, and PEACHUM. R.*

LOCKIT. Set your heart at ease, Captain—You have neither the chance of love or money for another escape, for you are ordered to be called down upon your trial immediately.

PEACH. Away, hussies! This is not a time for a man to be hampered with his wives—you see the gentleman is in chains already.

LUCY. O husband, husband! my heart longed to see thee, but to see thee thus, distracts me.

POLLY. Will not my dear husband look upon his Polly? Why hadst thou not flown to me for protection? with me thou hadst been safe.

DUET—(*The last time I came o'er the Muir.*)

*Polly.* Hither, dear husband, turn your eyes!

*Lucy.* Bestow one glance to cheer me.

*Polly.* Think, with that look, thy Polly dies.

*Lucy.* Oh, shun me not, but hear me!

*Polly.* 'Tis Polly sues,

*Lucy.* 'Tis Lucy speaks.

*Polly.* Is thus true love requited?

*Lucy.* My heart is bursting.

*Polly.* Mine, too, breaks.

*Lucy.* Must I \_\_\_\_\_

*Polly.* Must I be slighted?

**MAC.** What would you have me say, ladies? You see this affair will soon be at an end, without my obliging either of you.

**PEACH.** But the settling of this point, Captain, might prevent a law-suit between your two widows.

**AIR—MACHEATH—***(Tom Tinker's my true love, &c.)*

Which way shall I turn me? how can I decide?

Wives, the day of our death, are as fond as a bride.

One wife is too much for most husbands to hear,

But two at a time there's no mortal can bear.

This way, and that way, and which way I will,

What would comfort the one, t'other wife would take ill.

**POLLY.** But if his own misfortunes have made him insensible to mine, a father, sure, will be more compassionate!—Dear, dear sir! sink the material evidence, and bring him off at his trial—Polly, upon her knees, begs it of you.

**AIR—POLLY.** *Kneeling to Peachum. (I am a poor Shepherd, undone.)*

When my hero in court appears,

And stands arraign'd for his life,

Then think of poor Polly's tears,

For ah, poor Polly's his wife.

Like the sailor he holds up his hand,

Distress'd, on the dashing wave;

To die a dry death at land,

Is as bad as a watery grave.

And alas, poor Polly;

Alack, and well-a-day:

Before I was in love,

Oh, ev'ry month was May.

**PEACH.** Set your heart at rest, Polly, your husband is to die to-day; therefore, if you are not already

provided, 'tis high time to look about for another.  
There's comfort for you, you slut. [Old Bailey.]

LOCKIT. We are ready, sir, to conduct you to the

AIR—MACHEATH.—(*Bonny Dundee.*)

The charge is prepar'd, the lawyers are met,

The judges all rang'd, (a terrible show;)

I go undismay'd, for death is a debt—

A debt on demand, so take what I owe.

Then farewell, my love—dear charmers adieu;

Contented I die—'tis the better for you.

Here ends all dispute, for the rest of our lives,

For this way, at once, I please all my wives.

Now gentlemen, I am ready to attend you. [*Exeunt.*

LOCKIT and MAC. R.] [PEACH. POLLY and LUCY. L.]

SCENE II.—*Another part of the prison.—A dance of prisoners in fetters.*

SCENE III.—*The Condemned Hold—MACHEATH in a melancholy posture.*

AIR—(*Happy Groves.*)

Oh, cruel, cruel, cruel case;

Must I suffer this disgrace?

AIR—(*Of all the girls that are so smart.*)

Of all the friends in time of grief,

When threatening death looks grimmer,

Not one so sure can bring relief,

As this best friend, a brimmer. [*Drinks.*

AIR—(*Britons strike home.*)

Since I must swing—I scorn, I scorn to whince or whine.

AIR—(*Chevy Chace.*)

[*Rises.*

But now again my spirits sink,

I'll raise them high with wine. [*Drinks a glass of wine.*

AIR—(*To old Sir Symon, the King.*)

But valour the stronger grows,

The stronger the liquor we're drinking,

And how can we feel our woes,

When we've lost the trouble of thinking? [*Drinks.*

AIR—(*Joy to Cæsar.*)

If thus a man can die,  
Much bolder with brandy.

[*Pours out a bumper of brandy.*]

AIR.—(*There was an old Woman, &c.*)

So I take off this bumper—and now I can stand the test,  
And my comrades shall see that I die as brave as the best

AIR—(*Did you ever hear of a gallant Sailor.*)

But, I can leave my pretty hussies,  
Without one tear or tender sigh?

AIR—(*Why are mine eyes thus flowing?*)

Their eyes, their lips, their busses,  
Recall my love—Ah! must I die?

AIR—(*Green Sleeves.*)

Since laws were made for every degree,  
To curb vice in others, as well as in me,  
I wonder we ha'n't better company

Upon Tyburn tree.

But gold, from law, can take out the sting.

And if rich men, like us, were to swing,

'Twould thin the land, such numbers to string

Upon Tyburn tree.

*Enter GAOLER. L.*

GAOLER. Some friends of yours, Captain, desire to  
be admitted—I leave you together. [*Exit. L.*]

*Enter BEN BUDGE, and MAT o' the MINT.*

MAC. For my having broke prison, you see, gentlemen, I am ordered for immediate execution. The Sheriff's officers, I believe, are now at the door. That Jemmy Twitcher should 'peach me, I own, surprised me. 'Tis a plain proof that the world is all alike, and that even our gang can no more trust one another than other people; therefore, I beg you, gentlemen, to look well to yourselves, for in all probability you may not live many months longer.

MAT. We are heartily sorry, Captain, for your



misfortune, but 'tis what we must all come to.

MAC. Peachum and Lockett, you know, are infamous scoundrels—their lives are as much in your power, as your's are in theirs—Remember your dying friend—'tis my last request. Bring those villains to the gallows before you, and I am satisfied.

MAT. We'll do it. Good-bye, but damn it, die game.

*Enter GAOLER. L.*

GAOLER. Miss Polly and Miss Lucy entreat a word with you. *[Exit, L.*

MAC. Gentlemen, adieu! *[Exit BEN BUDGE & MAT. L.*

*Enter LUCY, and POLLY. L.*

MAC. My dear Lucy! my dear Polly! whatsoever hath passed between us is now at an end.

TRIO—*(All you that must take a leap, &c.)*

Lucy. Would I might be hang'd!

Polly. And I would so too!

Lucy. To be hang'd with you.

Polly. My dear, with you.

Mac. Oh, leave me to thought! I fear, I doubt,  
I tremble—I droop!—See, my courage is out!

*[Turns up the empty glass.*

Polly. No token of love?

Mac. See, my courage is out!

*[Turns up the empty bottle.*

Lucy. No token of love?

Polly. Adieu!

Lucy. Farewell!

Mac. But hark! I hear the toll of the bell.

*Enter GAOLER.*

GAOLER. Four women more, Captain, with a child a-piece.

MAC. What! four wives more! this is too much—Here, tell the Sheriff's officers I am ready. *[Exeunt L.*

MOB. *[Within]* A reprieve! a reprieve!

*Re-enter* MACHEATH, POLLY. LUCY. &c. &c. L.

MAC. So, it seems, I am not left to my choice, but must have a wife at last—Lookye, my dears, we will have no controversy now. Let us give this day to mirth, and I am sure she who thinks herself my wife will testify her joy by a dance.

ALL. Come, a dance! a dance!

MAC. Ladies, I hope you will give me leave to present a partner to each of you; and I take Polly for mine—and for life, you slut, for we are really married.

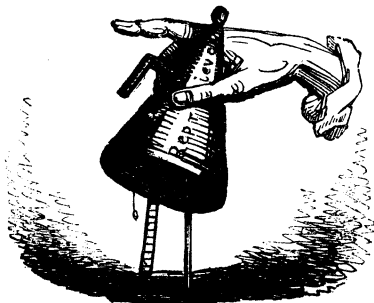
[*Exit* LUCY, *crying*, L.

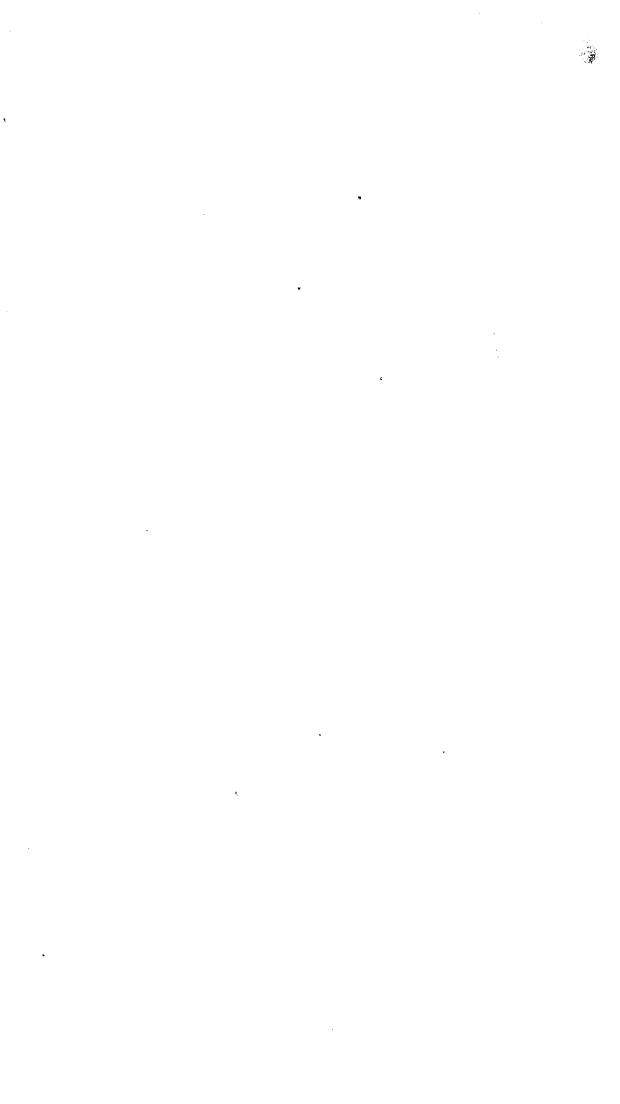
AIR—(*Lumps of Pudding, &c.*)

Thus I stand, like a Turk, with my doxies around,  
From all sides, their glances his passion confound;  
For black, brown, and fair, his inconstancy burns,  
And the different beauties subdue him by turns:  
Each calls forth her charms, to provoke his desires,  
Though willing to all, but with one he retires;  
Then think of this maxim, and put off all sorrow,  
The wretch of to-day may be happy to-morrow.

*Chorus.* Then think of this maxim, &c.

CURTAIN FALLS.







BIO. "This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,  
That down fell priest and 'book, and book and priest ;

SHAKESPEARE'S  
**KATHARINE AND PETRUCHIO.**

A COMEDY;

TAKEN BY

**DAVID GARRICK**

FROM

*THE TAMING OF A SHREW.*

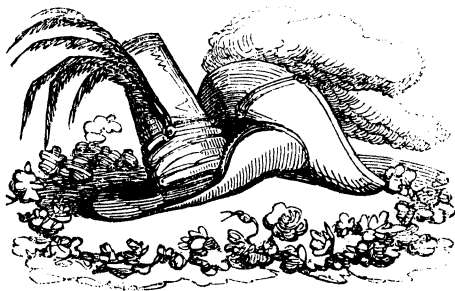
ILLUSTRATED WITH ORIGINAL DESIGNS BY

**ROBERT CRUIKSHANK,**

ENGRAVED BY

**P. CRUIKSHANK, KIRCHNER AND WRIGHT.**

WITH INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.



LONDON :

JOSEPH THOMAS, 1, FINCH LANE, CORNHILL.

SOLD BY SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL, STATIONERS' COURT.

---

1838.

---

WILLOUGHBY & CO., PRINTERS, 109, GOSWELL STREET.

DAVID Garrick had no more to do with the authorship of "Katharine and Petruchio," than in altering it from Shakespeare's "Taming of a Shrew," which although highly comic in its humour, and filled with numerous beauties, had been long thrown aside by the managers of our theatres.

Dr. Johnson, says of the original comedy, that "its two plots are so well united that they can hardly be called two without injury to the art with which they are interwoven." We differ however with the learned critic, so far as to think that the untwisting of the said plots has greatly added to the value of the play as an *acting* drama; and that by judicious retrenchment, alteration and transposition, it has gained much more in regularity than it has lost in the variety he so highly praises.

Garrick has in our opinion executed his task with much skill and fidelity; preserving all the spirit of his great original, yet never deviating from, or adding to his words, while the knowledge which he possessed of theatrical conduct, and scenic effect, has gone far to render the piece the stock favorite it continues to be.

Malone assigns the date of 1606, to the "Taming of a Shrew," and supposes it to be the twenty-ninth dramatic production of our immortal bard; who, as appears to have been no uncommon practice with him, not having the fear of "Serjeant Talfourd's Bill" before his eyes, to furnish him with *Legal Hints on Dramatic Etiquette*, founded it on a piece of the same name, entered on the books of Stationers' Hall, the 24th of May, 1594, as a "Pleasant conceited Historie, called the Taming of a Shrew." This old play is variously attributed; but that it was popular would appear from a work published in 1596, by Sir John Harrington, who says, "read the booke of Taming of a Shrew, which hath made a number of us so perfect, that now every one can rule a shrew in our country, save he that hath her."

The oldest edition of Shakespeare's play, is the folio of 1623, but a quarto edition was published in 1631. It has formed the foundation of several later pieces as "Sawney the Scot," brought out by Lacy in 1698; Charles Johnson's "Cobbler of Preston," produced in 1716, and Garrick's "Katharine and Petruchio," first acted at Drury Lane in 1756. The induction to the Taming of a Shrew, which is omitted in the following play, has been traced to an old ballad in the Pepysian library, called "The Frolicksome Duke or the Tinker's good fortune," 1570, black letter; and finally to the Arabian tale of "The Sleeper Awakened."

In 1647, Beaumont and Fletcher published, "The Woman's Prize, or the Tamer Tamed," in which Petruchio is subdued by a second wife. J. T.

### Characters and Costume.

**PETRUCHIO.**—White kerseymere shape dress. Cloak of the same trimmed with scarlet and green. Black velvet sword belt, white tights and shoes. Black hat and white feathers. *Second dress.* White dimmity body with blue sleeves, red breeches, leather sword belt, old gloves, odd boots, broken-hilted sword, hat and red feathers.

**BAPTISTA.**—Blue velvet dress spangled with crimson puffs, red scarlet stockings, shoes. White hat and feathers.

**HORTENSIO.**—Brown and pink Spanish dress. Hat and boots, white tights.

**MUSIC MASTER.**—A light blue Romaldo dress, with dark blue sleeves, white pantaloons and boots.

**GRUMIO.** Brown jacket drab binding and red stockings, black breeches mock mended, yellow binding, russet shoes.

**BIONDELLO & PEDRO.**—Blue and crimson livery, short breeches, crimson stockings, white shoes.

**TAILOR.**—Black jacket, light blue breeches, scarlet stockings, red night-cap, small cloak.

**SIX SERVANTS.**—Green and yellow liveries.

**COOK.**—White cotton jacket, cap and apron.

**FOUR GENTS.**—Romaldo shirts. White tights. Hats and feathers. Russet boots.

**KATHARINE.**—White satin dress, pink vandykes. *Second dress.* Blue cloak and petticoat covered with mud.

**BIANCA.**—Pink satin dress. Black vandykes.

**CURTIS.**—Dark brown dress. Black vandykes.

**FOUR LADIES.**—Pink and white train dresses.

### Stage Directions.

R. means *Right*.—L. *Left*.—C. *Centre*.

The lines distinguished by inverted commas (") are omitted in the representation.



# KATHARINE AND PETRUCHIO.

---

## ACT I.

SCENE—BAPTISTA'S *House*.—*A Hall*.

*Enter* BAPTISTA, PETRUCHIO. L.—“*and GRUMIO, who waits behind.*”

BAP. Thus have I, 'gainst my own self-interest,  
Repeated all the worst you're to expect  
From my shrewd daughter, Katharine:—if you'll  
venture,

Maugre my plain and honest declaration,  
You have my free consent, win her and wed her.

PET. Signior Baptista, thus it stands with me.  
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd :  
You knew him well, and, knowing him, know me,  
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,  
Which I have better'd, rather than deceas'd :  
And I have thrust myself into the world,  
Haply to wive and thrive, as best I may.  
My business asketh haste, old Signior,  
And every day I cannot come to woo :  
Let specialities be therefore drawn between us,  
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

BAP. Yes, when the special thing is well obtain'd,  
My daughter's love ; for that is all in all.

PET. Why that is nothing ; for I tell you, father,  
I am as peremptory, as she proud-minded ;  
And where two raging fires meet together,  
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury.  
Though little fire grows great with little wind,  
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all ;  
So, I to her, and so, she yields to me ;  
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

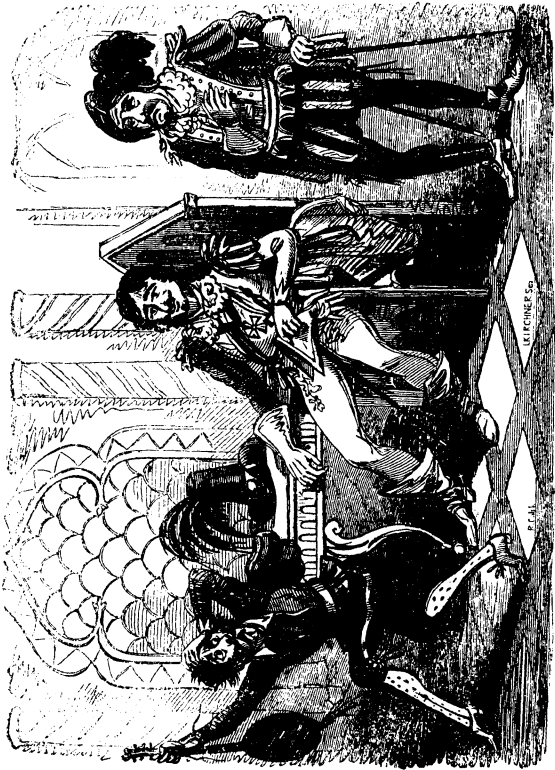
“ GRU. Nay, look you, Sir, he tells you flatly what  
his mind is. Why, give him gold enough, and marry  
him to a puppet, or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in  
her head. Though she have as many diseases as two  
and fifty horses.—Why, nothing comes amiss, so  
money comes withal.—You know him not.”

BAP. And will you woo her, Sir ?

PET. Why come I hither, but to that intent ?  
Think you, a little din can daunt my ears ?  
Have I not, in my time, heard lions roar ?  
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,  
And Heaven's artillery thunder in the skies ?  
Have I not, in a pitched battle, heard  
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang ?  
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue ;  
That gives not half so great a blow to hear,  
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire ?—  
Tush, tush ! fear boys with bugs.

BAP. Then, thou'rt the man,  
The man for Katharine, and her father too ;  
That shall she know, and know my mind at once.  
I'll portion her above her gentler sister,  
New-married to Hortensio :





BAP. How now, my friend, why dost thou look so pale?

“ And, if, with scurril taunt, and squeamish pride,  
 She make a mouth, and will not taste her fortune,  
 I'll turn her forth to seek it in the world ;  
 Nor henceforth shall she know her father's doors.”

PET. Say'st thou me so ? Then, as your daughter,  
 Signior,  
 Is rich enough to be Petruchio's wife ;  
 Be she as curst as Socrates' Xantippe,  
 She moves me not a whit.—Were she as rough,  
 As are the swelling Adriatic seas,  
 I come to wive it wealthily in Padua.  
 If wealthily, then happily, in Padua.

BAP. Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy  
 speed !  
 But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.  
 PET. Ay, to the proof ; as mountains are for winds  
 That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

[KATHARINE and the Music-master make a Noise  
 without. R. H.]

MAS. Help ! help !

KAT. Out of the house, you scraping fool.

PET. What noise is that ?

BAP. O, nothing ; this is nothing.—

My daughter, Katharine, and her music-master,  
 This is the third I've had within this month :  
 She is an enemy to harmony.

*Enter Music-master, R. H. with his Forehead bloody,  
 and a broken Lute in his Hand, crosses to L. H.*

How now, my friend, why dost thou look so pale ?

MAS. For fear, I promise you, if I do look pale.

BAP. What, will my daughter prove a good musician ?

MAS. I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier ;  
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

BAP. Why, then, thou canst not break her to the lute ?

MAS. Why, no ; for she hath broke the lute to me.  
I did but tell her, she mistook her frets,  
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,  
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,  
Frets call you them ?—quoth she,—I'll fret your  
fool's cap :

And, with that word, she struck me on the head,  
And through the instrument my pate made way ;  
And there I stood, amazed for awhile,  
As on a pillory, looking through the lute :  
While she did call me rascal-fidler,  
And twangling-jack, with twenty such vile terms,  
As she had studied to misuse me so.

PET. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench ;  
“ I love her ten times more than e'er I did.”  
O, how I long to have a grapple with her !

MAS. I would not have another grapple with her,  
To purchase Padua : for what is past,  
I'm paid sufficiently : if, at your leisure,  
You think my broken fortunes, head and lute,  
Deserve some reparation, you know where  
To enquire for me ; and so, good gentlemen,  
I am your much  
Disorder'd, broken-pated, humble servant.

[*Exit Music-master. L.*

BAP. What, are you mov'd Petruchio ? Do you flinch ?

PET. I'm more and more impatient, Sir; and long  
To be a partner in these favourite pleasures.

BAP. O, by all means, Sir.—Will you go with me,  
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

PET. I pray you do, I will attend her here.

[*Exit* BAPTISTA. R.]

“ Grumio, retire, and wait my call within

[*Exit* GRUMIO. L.”]

Since that her father is so resolute,  
I'll woo her with some spirit, when she comes:—  
Say, that she rail,—why then, I'll tell her plain,  
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:—  
Say, that she frown,—I'll say, she looks as clear  
As morning roses, newly wash'd with dew:—  
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,  
As though she bade me stay by her a week;—  
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day  
When I shall ask the bans, and when be married.

[KATHARINE and BAPTISTA *without*. R.]

KAT. Sir,—father,—surely——

BAP. Hence, Kate!—ne'er tell me.

PET. O, here she comes,—and now, Petruchio,  
speak.

*Enter* KATHARINE R. *crosses to* L.

KAT. How? Turn'd adrift, nor know my father's  
house?

Reduc'd to this, or none? the maid's last prayer?

Sent to be woo'd, like bear unto the stake?

Trim wooing like to be!—and he the bear;

For I shall bait him.—Yet, the man's a man.

PET. Kate in a calm?—Maids must not be wooers,  
Good morrow, Kate; for that's your name I hear.

KAT. Well have you heard, but impudently said:

[*crosses to R.*]

They call me Katharine, that do talk of me.

PET. You lie, in faith; for you are called plain  
Kate,—

And bonny Kate,—and sometimes Kate the curst.

But, Kate,—the prettiest Kate in Christendom,—

Take this of me, Kate of my consolation.—

Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,

Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,

Thy affability, and bashful modesty,

Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,

Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

KAT. Mov'd in good time! Let him that mov'd  
you hither,

Remove you hence: I knew you at the first,

You were a moveable.

PET. A moveable! Why, what's that?

KAT. A joint-stool.

PET. Thou hast hit it: come sit on me.

[*bends on one knee.*]

KAT. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.—

PET. Women are made to bear, and so are you.—

Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee;

For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

KAT. Too light, for such a swain as you to catch.

[*going, crosses to L.*]

PET. Come, come, you wasp; i'faith, you are too  
angry.







PER. I swear, I'll cuff you if you strike again.—

KAT. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

PET. My remedy then is, to pluck it out.

KAT. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

PET. The fool knows where the honey lies, sweet  
Kate.

KAT. 'Tis not for drones to taste.

PET. That will I try.—

[*Offers to kiss her.—She strikes him.*]

I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.—

Nay, come, Kate, come: you must not look so sour.

KAT. How can I help it, when I see that face?  
But I'll be shock'd no longer with the sight.

[*Going, crosses to R.*]

PET. Nay, hear you, Kate; in sooth, you 'scape  
not so.

KAT. I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.

PET. No, not a whit; I find you passing gentle:  
'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and sullen;  
But now I find report a very liar:  
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,  
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,  
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk:  
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,  
With gentle conference, soft and affable.

KAT. This is beyond all patience:—

[*Walks backwards and forwards.*]

Don't provoke me!

PET. Why doth the world report that Kate doth  
limp?

O, slanderous world! Kate, like the hazel-twig,

Is straight, and slender, and as brown in hue  
 As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.—  
 Thou dost not limp.—So, let me see thee walk :—  
 Walk, walk, walk.

KAT. [*She stops. R.*] Go, fool, and whom thou  
 keep'st command.

PET. Did ever Dian so become a grove,  
 As Kate this chamber, with her princely gait ?  
 O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate,  
 And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful !

KAT. Where did you study all this goodly speech ?

PET. Study !—

It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

KAT. A witty mother, witless else her son.

PET. Am I not wise ?

KAT. Yes, in your own conceit ;

Keep yourself warm with that, or else you'll freeze.

PET. Or rather, warm me in thy arms, my Kate !  
 And therefore, setting all this chat aside,  
 Thus, in plain terms,—your father hath consented  
 That you shall be my wife ; your dowry 'greed on ;  
 And will you, nill you, I will marry you.

KAT. Whether I will or no ?—O, fortune's spite !

PET. Nay, Kate, I am a husband, for your turn ;  
 For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,—  
 Thy beauty that doth make me love thee well,—  
 Thou must be married to no man but me ;  
 For I am he, that's born to tame you, Kate.

KAT. That will admit dispute, my saucy groom.

PET. Here comes your father : never make denial ;  
 I must, and will, have Katharine to my wife.

*Enter* BAPTISTA. R.

BAP. Now, Signior, now,—how speed you with  
 my daughter ?

PET. How should I speed, but well, Sir? How, but well?

It were impossible, I should speed amiss.

BAP. Why, how now, daughter Katharine? in your dumps?

KAT. Call you me daughter? Now, I promise you, You've show'd a tender fatherly regard, To wish me wed to one half lunatic: A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing jack, That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

BAP. Better this jack than starve; and that's your portion,—

PET. Father, 'tis thus: yourself, and all the world That talk'd of her, have talked of her amiss; If she be curst, it is for policy; For she's not froward, but modest as the dove; She is not hot, but temperate as the morn; For patience, she will prove a second Grissel: And, to conclude, we 'greed so well together, We've fix'd to-morrow for the wedding day.

KAT. I'll see thee hang'd to-morrow, first.—To-morrow!

BAP. Petruchio, hark:—she says, she'll see thee hang'd first.

PET. What's that to you?

If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you? 'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone, That she shall still be curst in company.

KAT. [*Aside*] A plague upon his impudence! I'm vex'd—

I'll marry my revenge, but I will tame him.

PET. I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe How much she loves me. O, the kindest Kate!

She hung about my neck, [*Kate greatly enraged*] and  
kiss on kiss

She vy'd so fast, protesting oath on oath,  
That, in a twink, she won me to her love.

O, you are novices! 'Tis a world to see  
How tame, when men and women are alone.

Give me thy hand Kate. [*crosses to c.*]—I will now  
away,

To buy apparel for my gentle bride.

Father, provide the feast, and bid the guests.

BAP. What dost thou say, my Katharine? Give  
thy hand.

KAT. Never to man shall Katharine give her hand,  
Here 'tis,—and let him take it, an he dare.

PET. Were it the fore-foot of an angry bear,  
I'd shake it off; but, as it's Kate's, I kiss it.

KAT. You'll kiss it closer, ere our moon be wan'd.

BAP. Heaven send you joy, Petruchio!—'tis a  
match.

PET. Father, and wife, adieu! I must away,  
[*crosses to l.*]

Unto my country-house, and stir my grooms,  
Scour off their country rust, and make'em fine,  
For the reception of my Katharine.

We will have rings, and things, and fine array,—  
To-morrow, Kate, shall be our wedding-day.

[*Exit PETRUCHIO. l.*]

BAP. Well, daughter, though the man be somewhat  
wild,

And thereto frantic, yet his means are great:  
Thou hast done well to seize the first kind offer;  
For, by thy mother's soul, 'twill be the last.

"KAT. My duty, Sir, hath follow'd your command.

BAP. Art thou in earnest? Hast no trick behind?  
I'll take thee at thy word, and send to invite  
My son-in-law, Hortensio, and thy sister,  
And all our friends, to grace thy nuptials, Kate."

[*Exit* BAPTISTA. L.]

KAT. Why, yes; sister Bianca now shall see,  
The poor abandon'd Katharine, as she calls me,  
Can make her husband stoop unto her lure,  
And hold her head as high, and be as proud,  
As she, or e'er a wife in Padua.

As double as my portion be my scorn!  
Look to your seat, Petruchio, or I throw you:  
Katharine shall tame this haggard; or, if she fails,  
Shall tie her tongue up, and pare down her nails.

[*Exit*. R.]

END OF ACT I.



## ACT II.

SCENE I.—BAPTISTA'S *House*.—*A Hall*.

*Enter* KATHARINE, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, BIANCA.  
*Gentlemen and Ladies.* L.

BAP. Signior Hortensio, this is the appointed day,  
That Katharine and Petruchio should be married ;  
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.

What says Hortensio to this shame of our's ?

KAT. No shame but mine ; I must, forsooth, be  
forc'd

To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,  
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen,  
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.  
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,  
And say, Lo ! there is mad Petruchio's wife,  
If it would please him come, and marry her.

BIA. Such hasty matches seldom end in good.

HOR. Patience, good Katharine, and Bianca too ?  
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,  
Whatever fortune stays him from his word :  
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise ;  
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

KAT. Would I had never seen his honesty —  
O ! I could tear my flesh for very madness.

[*Exit* KATHARINE. R.]

BAP. Follow your sister, girl, and comfort her,

[*Exit* BIANCA. R.]

I cannot blame thee now, to weep and rage ;



For such an injury would vex a saint ;  
 Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

*Enter BIONDELLO. L.*

BIO. Master, master, news ; and such news as you  
 never heard of.

BAP. Is Petruchio come ?

BIO. Why, no, Sir.

BAP. What then ?

BIO. He is coming : But how ? Why, in a new  
 hat, and an old jerkin ; a pair of old breeches, thrice  
 turn'd : a pair of boots that have been candle-cases,  
 one buckled, another lac'd ; an old rusty sword, ta'en  
 out of the town-armoury, with a broken hilt, and  
 chapeless : His horse hipp'd with an old mothy saddle  
 the stirrups of no kindred ; besides, possess'd with the  
 glanders, and like to mose in the chine, troubled with  
 the lampass, infected with the farcy, full of windgalls,  
 sped with spavins, raied with the yellows, past cure  
 of the fives, stark spoil'd with the staggers, begnawn  
 with the bots, sway'd in the back, and shoulder-  
 shotten, near-legg'd before : and with a half-check'd  
 bit, and a head-stall of sheep-leather, which, being  
 restrain'd, to keep him from stumbling, hath been  
 often burst, and now repair'd with knots ; one girt  
 six times piec'd, and a woman's crupper of velure,  
 which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down  
 in studs, and, here and there, piec'd with pack-  
 thread.

BAP. Who comes with him ?

BIO. O, Sir, his lacquey, for all the world capari-  
 son'd like the horse ; with a linen stock on one leg,  
 and a kersey boot-hose on the other, garter'd with a  
 red and blue list ; an old hat, and the humour of

forty fancies prick'd upon it for a feather;—A monster, a very monster, in apparel; and not like a christian foot-boy, or a gentleman's lacquey.

[PETRUCHIO *without*. L. *Smacking a Whip*]

PET. Hollo! Holla! [Exit BIONDELLO. R.]

BAP. I am glad he is come, howsoe'er he comes.

*Enter PETRUCHIO, and GRUMIO, L. fantastically habited*

PET. Hoa!—Where be these gallants? Who is at home?

BAP. You're welcome, Sir.

PET. Well am I come then, Sir.

BAP. Not so well 'parell'd, as I wish you were.

PET. Why, were it better, I should rush in thus.—  
But where is Kate? Where is my lovely bride?—  
How does my father? Gentles, methinks, you frown:  
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,  
As if they saw some wonderous monument,  
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

BAP. Why, Sir, you know this is your wedding day:

First we were sad, fearing you would not come?  
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.  
Fy! doff this habit, shame to your estate,  
An eye-sore to our solemn festival.

HOR. And tell us, what occasion of import  
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife;  
And sent you hither so unlike yourself.

PET. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:  
Let it suffice, I'm come to keep my word.  
But where is Kate? I stay too long from her:  
The morning wears; 'tis time we were at church.

HOR. See not your bride in these unreverend robes;  
Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

PET. Not I, believe me; thus I'll visit her.

BAP. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

PET. Goodsooth, even thus; therefore ha' done  
with words:

To me she's married, not unto my clothes:  
Could I repair what she will wear in me,  
As I could change these poor accoutrements,  
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.  
But what a fool am I, to chat with you,  
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,  
And seal the title with a loving kiss!  
What ho! my Kate! my Kate!

[*Exit* PETRUCHIO. R. *Cracking his whip.*

GRU. What ho! why Kate! why Kate!

[*Exit* GRUMIO. R. *Cracking his whip.*

"HOR. He hath some meaning in this mad attire.

BAP. Let's after him, and see the event of this."

[*Exeunt.* R.]

## SCENE II.—*Another Chamber.*

*Enter* GRUMIO. R.

GRU. He's gone swearing to church with her. I would sooner have led her to the gallows. If he can but hold it, 'tis well:—and if I know any thing of myself and my master, no two men were ever born with such qualities to tame women.—When madam goes home, we must look for another-guise master than we have had. We shall see old coil between 'em.—If I can spy into futurity a little, there will be much clatter among the moveables, and some

practice for the surgeons.—By this, the parson has given 'em his license to fall together by the ears.

*Enter PEDRO hastily. R.*

PED. Grumio, your master bid me find you out, and speed you to his country-house, to prepare for his reception; and, if he finds not things as he expects 'em, according to the directions that he gave you, you know, he says, what follows. This message he deliver'd before his bride, even in her way to church, and shook his whip in token of his love.

GRU. I understand it, Sir; and will convey the same token to my horse immediately, that he may take to his heels, in order to save my bones, and his own ribs. [*Exit GRUMIO running. L.*]

PED. So odd a master, and so fit a man,  
Were never seen in Padua before.

*Enter BIONDELLO hastily. R.*

Now, Biondello, came you from the church?

BIO. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

PED. And is the bride, and bridegroom, coming home?

BIO. A bridegroom, say you? 'Tis a groom, indeed. A grumbling groom: and that the girl shall find.

PED. Curs'der than she? Why, 'tis impossible.

BIO. Why, he's a devil:—a devil?—a very fiend.

PED. Why, she's a devil:—a devil?—the devil's dam.

BIO. Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool, to him. I'll tell you, brother Pedro. When the priest should ask, if Katharine should be his wife, Ay, by gogs-wounds, quoth he: and swore so loud,

That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall his book ;  
 And, as he stoop'd to take it up again,  
 This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,  
 That down fell priest and book, and book and priest :  
 Now take them up, quoth he, if any list.

. PED. What said the wench, when he rose up again ?

BIO. Trembled and shook :—for why ?—He stamp'd  
 and swore,

As if the vicar went to cozen him.

But, after many ceremonies done,

He calls for wine :—A health, quoth he ;—as if

He'd been aboard carousing to his mates

After a storm :—quafft off the muscadel,

And threw the sops all in the sexton's face ;

Having no other cause, but that his beard

Grew thin and hungerly, and seem'd to ask

His sops, as he was drinking. This done, he took

The bride about the neck, and kiss'd her lips

With such a clamorous smack, that, at the parting,

All the church echo'd : and I, seeing this,

Came thence for very shame ; and after me

I know the rout is coming.—(*Music without.* R.)

Hark, hark, I hear the minstrels play.—

Such a mad marriage never was before.

[*Exeunt* PEDRO and BIONDELLO. L.]

[*Music.* R.]

*Enter Gentlemen, Ladies, BIANCA, HORTENSIO, BAPTISTA, PETRUCHIO, singing and dancing, KATHARINE, Ladies and Gentlemen.* R.

PET. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your  
 pains ;—

I know, you think to dine with me to-day,  
 And have prepar'd great store of wedding-cheer ;  
 But, so it is, my haste doth call me hence ;  
 And, therefore, here I mean to take my leave.

BIA. Is't possible, you will away to-night ?

PET. I must away to-day, before night come.  
 Make it no wonder ; if you knew my business,  
 You would entreat me rather go, than stay.  
 And, honest company, I thank you all,  
 That have beheld me give away myself  
 To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife :  
 Dine with my father, drink a health to me,  
 For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

HOR. Let me entreat you, stay till after dinner.

PET. It may not be.

BIA. Let me entreat you, that my sister stay ;  
 " I came on purpose to attend the wedding,  
 And pass this day in mirth and festival."

PET. It cannot be.

KAT. Let me entreat you.

PET. I am content.

KAT. Are you content to stay.

PET. I am content, you shall entreat my stay ;  
 But yet, not stay, entreat me how you can.

KAT. Now, if you love me, stay.

PET. My horses, there ! What, ho, my horses, there !

KAT. Nay then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day ;  
 No, nor to-morrow ! nor till I please myself.  
 The door is open, Sir : there lies your way ;  
 You may be jogging, while your boots are green ;  
 For me, I'll not go, till I please myself.—  
 'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly surly groom,

To take it on you at the first so roundly. [*crosses to L.*]

BAP. Nay, Kate, content thee : 'Pr'ythee, be not angry.

KAT. I will be angry ;—

Father, be quiet ; he shall stay my leisure.

“HOR. Ay, marry, Sir, now it begins to work.”

KAT. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner.—

I see a woman may be made a fool,

If she had not a spirit to resist. [*crosses to R.*]

PET. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.

Obeys the bride, you that attend on her ;

Go to the feast, revel and domineer ;

Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves ;

But, for my bonny Kate, she must with me.—

Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret,

I will be master of what is mine own ;

She is my goods, my chattels ; she is my house,

My household-stuff, my field, my barn,

My horse, my ox, my ass, my any-thing :

And here she stands, touch her whoever dare.

I'll bring my action on the proudest he

That stops my way in Padua.—[*Baptista draws his sword*]*—*Petruchio,

Draw forth thy weapon, thou'rt beset with thieves ;

[*Petruchio draws*]

Rescue thy wife then, if thou be a man.—

Fear not, sweet wench ; they shall not touch thee,  
Kate ;

I'll buckler thee against a million, Kate.

[*Exeunt KATHARINE and PETRUCHIO. L.*  
*followed by all the Company.*]

SCENE III.—*Petruchio's Country-house.—A Hall.**Enter GRUMIO. L.*

GRU. What, ho!—Curtis!—Fy, fy on all jades, and all mad masters, and all foul ways? Was ever man so beaten? Was ever man so ray'd? Was ever man so weary? I am sent before, to make a fire; and they are coming after, to warm them—Curtis!—Now were I not a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me; but I, with blowing the fire shall warm myself; for, considering the weather a taller man than I will take cold.—Holla, ho, Curtis!

*Enter CURTIS. R.*

CUR. Who is it that calls so coldly?

GRU. A piece of ice: if thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck.—A fire, good Curtis.

CUR. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

GRU. O, ay, Curtis, ay; and therefore, fire, fire. Cast on no water.

CUR. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

GRU. She was, good Curtis, before the frost; but, thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast:—where's the cook? Is supper ready, the house trimm'd, the serving-men in their best clothes, and every officer his wedding garments on? Be the Jacks fair within? the Jills fair without? Carpets laid, and every thing in order?

CUR. All ready: and therefore, I pray thee, what news?

GRU. First, know, my horse is tir'd; my master



and mistress fallen out,—

CUR. How?

GRU. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

CUR. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

GRU. Lend thine ear.

CUR. Here.

GRU. There.—[*Boxes her ear.*]

CUR. This is, to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

GRU. And therefore, 'tis call'd a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: Imprimis, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress, —

CUR. Both on one horse?

GRU. What's that to thee? Tell thou the tale. But, hadst thou not crost me, thou should'st have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou should'st have heard in how miry a place; how she was bemoil'd; how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore, how she pray'd,—that never pray'd before!—how I cry'd; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst, how I lost my crupper; how my mistress lost her slippers, tore and bemir'd her garments, limp'd to the farm-house, put on Rebecca's old shoes and petticoat; with many things worthy of memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienc'd to thy grave.

CUR. By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.

GRU. Ay, for the nonce;—and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he come home.—But what talk I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Gabriel,

Gregory, Adam, Walter, Ralph, and the rest.—Are they all ready?

CUR. They are.—Do you hear, ho!—Nathaniel Gabriel, Gregory,—where are you?

*Enter* NATHANIEL, GABRIEL, GREGORY, ADAM,  
WALTER, and RALPH R.

NAT. Welcome home, Grumio.

GAB. How now, Grumio?

GRE. What, Grumio!

ADA. Fellow Grumio!

WAL. How now, old lad!

RAL. Ha, Grumio!

GRU. Welcome you: How now, you: What you: Fellow you:—and thus much for greeting.—Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

NAT. All things are ready. How near is our master?

GRU. Even at hand: alighted by this; and therefore be not——

[PETRUCHIO *without*. L.]

PET. Holloa!

GRU. Cock's passion! Silence; I hear my master.

*Enter* PETRUCHIO and KATHARINE. L.

PET. Where are these knaves? What, no man at the door,

[CURTIS, *helps her off with her Fardingale and goes out*. R.]

To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse?

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Adam?

*All the servants*. Here, Sir; here, Sir; here, Sir.

PET. Here, Sir; here, Sir; here, Sir;

“ You loggerheaded, and unpolish'd, grooms!

What, no attendance, no regard, no duty?"

Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

GRU. Here, Sir, as foolish as I was before.

PET. "Thou peasant swain, thou stupid malt-horse drudge,"

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,  
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

GRU. Nathaniel's coat, Sir, was not fully made;  
And Gabriel's pumps where all unpink'd i' the heel:  
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,  
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:  
There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory,

The rest were ragged, old and beggarly:  
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

PET. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

GRU. The supper,—the supper.

[*Exeunt all the Servants, but GRUMIO. R.*]

PET. Here,—take my boots off.—Sit down, Kate,  
and welcome.—

*Enter the Cook, NATHANIEL, GABRIEL, WALTER,  
and RALPH, with the supper, &c. R.*

Pull off my boots.—Nay, good sweet Kate, be  
merry.—

Some water for my hands,—some water, Grumio.

[*Exit GRUMIO. R.*]

*Enter GREGORY, with Slippers, R. and pulls off his Boots.*

PET. [*Sings*] "It was a fryar of order grey,  
"As he walk'd forth upon his way."

Out, out, you rogue! You pluck my foot awry:  
Take that, and mind the plucking off the other.

[*Beats him.*]

Some water here.—Be merry, Kate.—What ho!  
Shall I have some water?

*Enter ADAM with a Basin of Water, running.*

*[Adam falls, and breaks the Basin.]*

You careless villain, will you let it fall ?

*[Beats him.]*

KAT. Patience, I pray you ; 'twas a fault unwilling.

PET. A blundering beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave !—

What, ho ! my supper.—

*Enter GRUMIO. R.*

GRU. Supper, supper.

PET. Come, Kate, sit down : I know, you have a stomach.

KAT. Indeed I have :

And never was repast so welcome to me. *[They sit down.]*

PET. Will you say grace, sweet Kate, or else shall I ?—

What is this ?

WAL. Mutton.

PET. Who brought it ?

WAL. He. *[Pointing to RALPH.]*

RAL. No ; he did. *[Pointing to WALTER.]*

PET. 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meat.

Where is the rascal cook ?

GRU. Cook, cook,— *[Cook comes forward.]*

PET. How durst you, villain, bring it from the dresser,

And serve it thus to me, that loves it not ?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups and all,

*[Throwing the Meat, &c. about.]*

“ You heedless jolt-heads, and unmanner'd slaves.—

What, do you grumble ? I'll be with you straight.”

*[Beats the Servants, till they all run away. R. and L.]*

KAT. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet ;



Per. There take it to you. trenchers. cuds and all.

Throwing the Meat. &c about.



The meat was well, and well I could have eat,  
If you were so dispos'd ; I'm sick with fasting.

PET. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dry'd away  
And I expressly am forbid to touch it ;  
For it engenders cholera, planteth anger ;  
And better 'twere that both of us did fast,  
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,  
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.—  
Be patient ; to-morrow it shall be mended :  
And, for this night, we'll fast for company.—

KAT. Fast ?—Go to bed without my supper thus ?

PET. 'Tis the unwholesom'st thing i'the world,  
sweet Kate.—

Come, I will show thee to thy bridal chamber.

[*Exeunt. R.*

“ *Enter* GRUMIO, WALTER, RALPH, GABRIEL, NATHANIEL, GREGORY, and ADAM. R.

NAT. Why, Grumio, didst thou ever see the like ?

GRU. He kills her in her own humour. I did not think so good and kind a master could have put on so resolute a bearing.—

*Enter* CURTIS. R.

Where is he, Curtis ?

CUR. In her chamber, making a sermon of patience to her ; and all the while he rails, and swears at such a rate, that she, poor soul, knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak ; but sits as one new-waking from a dream.—Away, away : for he is coming hither.

[*Exeunt. R.*”

*Enter* PETRUCHIO. R.

PET. Thus have I, politicly, begun my reign,  
And 'tis my hope to end successfully :  
As with the meat, some undeserved fault

I'll find about the making of the bed :  
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,  
This way the coverlet, that way the sheets ;  
Ay, and, amid this hurly, I'll pretend  
That all is done in reverend care of her ;  
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night :  
And if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,  
And with the clamour keep her still awake.  
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness,  
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.  
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,  
Now let him speak, 'twere charity to show. [*Exit. R.*]

## END OF ACT II.





## ACT III.

SCENE.—*Petruchio's Country-house,**A Hall.—Table, two Chairs.**Enter GRUMIO and KATHARINE.*

GRU. No, no, forsooth ; I dare not, for my life.

KAT. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears :

What, did he marry me to famish me ?—

But, that which plagues me more than all these wants,  
He does it under name of perfect love ;As who would say, if I should sleep or eat,  
'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death !—

I pr'ythee, go, and get me some repast ;

I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

GRU. What say you to a neat's foot ?

KAT. 'Tis passing good ; I pr'ythee, let me have it.

GRU. I fear, it is too phlegmatic a meat :

How say you to a fat tripe, finely boil'd ?

KAT. I like it well ; good Grumio, fetch it me.

GRU. I cannot tell ;—I fear, it's choleric.—

What say you to a piece of beef and mustard ?

KAT. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

GRU. Ay ; but the mustard is too hot a little.

KAT. Why then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.

GRU. Nay, that I will not; you shall have the  
mustard,

Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

KAT. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

GRU. Why then, the mustard, dame, without the  
beef.

KAT. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,  
[Beats him.]

That feed'st me only with the name of meat.

*Enter* PETRUCHIO. L.

PET. Holloa!—How fares my Kate?

What, sweeting, all amort? Mistress, what cheer?

KAT. 'Faith, as cold as can be.

PET. Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me;  
For now, my honey-love, we are refresh'd,—

KAT. Refresh'd! With what?

PET. We will return unto thy father's house,  
And revel it as bravely as the best,  
With silken coats, and caps and golden rings,  
With ruffs, and cuffs, and fardingales, and things:—  
Look up, my love:—the tailor stays thy leisure,  
To deck thy body with his rustling treasure.—  
Tailor, come in.—[*They sit*]—PET. L.—KATH. R.

*Enter* Tailor. L.

Where are these ornaments?

TAI. Here is the cap, your worship did bespeak.

PET. The what? (*takes the cap on his whip*)

TAI. The cap.

PET. Why, this was moulded on a porringer ;  
A velvet dish : fy, fy, 'tis lewd and filthy :  
Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-shell,  
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap.—  
Away with it, and let me have a bigger.

KAT. I'll have no bigger : this doth fit the time ;  
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

PET. [*Aside.*] When you are gentle, you shall have  
one too,—

“ 'Tis a mere bauble :—say no more about it.”

KAT. Why, Sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak,  
And speak I will ; I am no child, no babe :  
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind ;  
And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.

PET. Thou say'st true, Kate ; it is a paltry cap :  
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

KAT. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap,  
And I will have it ; or I will have none.

PET. The gown ? Why, ay :—come, tailor, let me  
see't.—

O, mercy, Heaven ! What masking stuff is here ?  
What's this ? a sleeve ? 'Tis like a demi-cannon.  
All up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart !  
Here's snip and nip, and cut, and slish and slash,  
Like to a censer in a barber's shop.

Why, what i' the devil's name, tailor, call'st thou  
this ?

GRU. [*Aside. R.*] I see, she's like to 've neither cap  
nor gown.

TAI. You bid me make it orderly and well,  
According to the fashion of the time.

PET. Marry, and did : but, if you be remember'd,  
I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Go, hop me over every kennel home ;  
For you shall hop without my custom, Sir ;  
Hence, make your best of it ; I'll none of it.

KAT. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,  
"More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable,"  
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

PET. Why, true ; he means to make a puppet of  
thee.

TAI. She says, your worship means to make a  
puppet of her.

PET. O, most monstrous arrogance !  
Thou liest, thou thread, thou thimble,  
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail.—  
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket, thou !—  
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread !—  
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant ;  
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy Tailor's yard,  
As thou shalt think on prating while thou liv'st.—  
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd the gown.

TAI. Your worship is deceiv'd ; the gown is made  
Just as my master had direction :

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

GRU. I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.

TAI. But how did you desire it should be made ?

GRU. Marry, Sir, with a needle and thread.—  
How should it be made ?

TAI. But did you not request to have it cut ?

GRU. Though thou hast fac'd many things, face not  
me : I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut the gown ;  
but I did not bid him cut it to pieces : ergo, thou  
liest.





Gau. I am for thee, straight : come on, you parchment shred !—

TAI. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

PET. Read it.

TAI. Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown.

GRU. Master, if ever I said a loose-bodied gown, sew me up in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread :—I said, a gown.

PET. Proceed.

TAI. With a small compass cape.

GRU. I confess the cape.

TAI. With a trunk-sleeve.

GRU. I confess two sleeves.

TAI. The sleeves curiously cut.

PET. Ay, there's the villany.

GRU. Error i' the bill, Sir ; error i' the bill :—I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sew'd up again ; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be arm'd in a thimble.

TAI. This is true that I say : an I had thee in a place, thou should'st know it.

GRU. I am for thee, straight : come on you parchment shred !—*[They fight.]*

PET. What, chickens spar in presence of the kite ! I'll swoop upon you both ; out, out, ye vermin !

*[PETRUCHIO beats the Tailor off L.—GRUMIO retires a little behind, laughing at him.]*

KAT. For Heaven's sake, Sir, have patience ! How you fright me ! *[Crying.]*

PET. Well, come, my Katharine ; we will now away To feast and sport us at thy father's house.—

Go, call my men, and bring our horses out.

[*Exit GRUMIO. L.*

KAT. O, happy hearing! Let us straight be gone;  
I cannot tarry here another day.

PET. Cannot my Kate? O, yes; indeed you can.

KAT. Indeed I cannot.

PET. O, yes, you could my Katharine, if I wish'd it.

KAT. I tell you, I'll not stay another moment.

*Enter GRUMIO, running. L.*

GRU. The horses, Sir, are ready, and——

PET. Put up.—On second thoughts, 'tis now too late;

For, look, how bright and goodly shines the moon.

KAT. The moon? the sun:—it is not moon-light now.

PET. I say, it is the moon that shines so bright.

KAT. I say, it is the sun that shines so bright.

PET. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself.  
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,  
Or ere I journey to your father's house.—  
Go you, and put the horses up again.—  
Evermore crost, and crost! nothing but crost!

[*crosses to R.*

GRU. [*Aside to KAT.*] Say as he says; or we shall never go. [*Exit GRUMIO. L.*

KAT. I see, 'tis vain to struggle with my bonds.—  
Sir, be it moon, or sun, or what you please;  
And if you please to call it a rush-candle,  
Henceforth, I vow, it shall be so for me.



PET. I say, it is the moon that shines so bright.

KAT. I know, it is the moon.

PET. Nay then, you lie ; it is the blessed sun.

KAT. Just as you please : it is the blessed sun.

But, sun it is not, when you say it is not ;  
 And the moon changes, even as your mind :  
 What you will have it nam'd, even that it is,  
 And so it shall be for your Katharine.

PET. Get out the horses.—Thus the bow shall run,  
 And not unluckily, against the bias.—  
 But soft, some company is coming here,  
 And stops our journey.

*Enter BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA. L.*

Good morrow, gentle mistress ! Where away ?  
 Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,  
 Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman ?  
 “What stars do spangle Heaven with such beauty,  
 As those two eyes become that heavenly face ?  
 Fair lovely maid, once more, good day to thee !”  
 Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

BAP. How now ?—Embrace me for my beauty's  
 sake !—

What is all this ?

KAT. [*crosses to c.*] Young budding virgin, fair and  
 fresh, and sweet.

Whither away, or where is thy abode ?  
 Happy the parents of so fair a child !  
 Happier the man whom favourable stars  
 Allot thee, for his lovely bedfellow !

BAP. What mummery is this ?

PET. Why, how now, Kate? I hope thou art not,  
mad.

This is Baptista, our old reverend father;  
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

KAT. Pardon, dear father, my mistaken eyes,  
That have been so bedazzled with the——

PET. The sun.

KAT. The sun,

That every thing, I look on, seemeth green;  
Now I perceive, thou art my reverend father:  
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking. [*Kneels.*]

BAP. Rise, rise, my child. What strange vagary's  
this?

I came to see thee, with my son and daughter.  
How lik'st thou wedlock? Art not alter'd Kate?

KAT. Indeed I am: almost transform'd to stone.

PET. Chang'd for the better much; art not my  
Kate?

KAT. So good a master cannot choose but mend me.

"HOR. Here is a wonder, if you talk of wonders.

BIA. And so it is; I wonder what it bodes.

PET. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet  
life,

And awful rule, and right supremacy;—

And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy?

BIA. Was ever woman's spirit broke so soon!

What is the matter, Kate? Hold up thy head;

Nor lose our sex's best prerogative,

To wish, and have our will.

PET. Peace, brawler, peace.—

Or I will give the meek Hortensio,

Your husband there, my taming recipe.—  
 Katharine, I charge thee, tell this headstrong woman,  
 What duty 'tis she owes her lord and husband.

KAT. Such duty as the subject owes the prince,  
 E'en such, a woman oweth to her husband.  
 Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper ;  
 One that cares for thee,  
 And for thy maintenance : commits his body  
 To painful labour, both by sea and land,  
 To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,  
 While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe ;  
 And craves no other tribute at thy hands,  
 But love, fair looks, and true obedience ;  
 Too little payment for so great a debt.

PET. Well said, my Kate !—You'll learn that lesson,  
 lady.

BAP. Now joy betide thee, son Petruchio !  
 And fair befall thee, my now gentle Katharine !—  
 Go home with me along, and I will add  
 Another fortune to another daughter :  
 For thou art chang'd, as thou hadst never been.

PET. My fortune is sufficient. —Here's my wealth."  
 Kiss me, my Kate ; and, since thou art become  
 So prudent, kind, and dutiful a wife,  
 Petruchio here shall doff the lordly husband ;  
 An honest mask, which I throw off with pleasure.  
 " Far hence all rudeness, wilfulness, and noise,  
 And be our future lives one gentle stream  
 Of mutual love, compliance, and regard !"

KAT. Nay, then I'm all unworthy of thy love,  
 And look with blushes on my former self.—  
 How shameful 'tis, when women are so simple,

To offer war, where they should kneel for peace :  
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,  
Where bound to love, to honour, and obey !

## CURTAIN FALLS.



LONDON :

WILLOUGHBY &amp; CO., PRINTERS, 109, GOSWELL STREET.

# WORKS

PUBLISHED BY

JOSEPH THOMAS, 1, FINCH LANE, LONDON.

Dedicated, by permission, to the Rev. J. R. MAJOR, Head Master to King's College School, price 6s.

**POPULAR GEOGRAPHY**; being a Companion to Thomas's Library Atlas, or to Thomas's Imperial School Atlas. By ROWLAND BOND, Professor of Geography and Mathematics, and Lecturer at the London Institution.

"A book that well bears out its title, which can hardly be said of any other of the compendious elementary treatises on this useful and ill-taught branch of knowledge."—*Spectator*.

"Of all the elementary works on geography with which we are acquainted, this appears to us the best,—as a school-book, or a book for families, it will be found of rare value."—*New Monthly Magazine*.

In half-morocco, price 14s. plain, or 21s. coloured, or with the Companion, 27s.

**THOMAS'S LIBRARY ATLAS**, of Modern and Ancient Geography.

Every Map is beautifully engraved, from Original Drawings, according to the most recent authorities, carefully revised by eminent Geographical Professors.

"The work is well engraved, remarkably elegant and attractive, and very accurate."—*New Monthly Magazine*.

"The Divisions are distinctly and accurately delineated; the lettering is well executed, and the longitudes and latitudes are clearly marked."—

*United Service Journal*

Price 10s. plain, or 14s. coloured,

**THOMAS'S LIBRARY ATLAS.—MODERN.**

Price 6s. plain, or 8s. coloured,

**THOMAS'S LIBRARY ATLAS.—**

**CLASSICAL.**

**THOMAS'S IMPERIAL SCHOOL ATLAS**, of Modern and Ancient Geography, containing 44 Maps, engraved from the best authorities, by Lizars

Half-royal at 10s. 6d.,

**THE GALLERY OF PAINTINGS** of the late BENJAMIN WEST, P. R. A. Engraved in Outline by H. MOSKS, Esq.

"Well known subjects from Mr. West's pencil; engraved by Mr. Moses, with his equally well known firmness, correctness, and beauty of line."—*Literary Gazette*.

Price 2s. 6d. cloth,

**POPULAR STATISTICS and Universal Geography**; a *Perpetual Companion to all the Almanacs*; containing the Length, Breadth, Population, Chief Cities, Produce, Government, &c. of every State in the World.

"Without exaggeration, it contains a larger body of information than was ever before compressed into so small a space, or sold at so low a price."—*Metropolitan Mag.*

*The greatest obstacle to Learning the French Language entirely removed.*

Just Published, price 1s.

**PRIDEAUX'S CONCISE RULES** for acquiring the Genders of FRENCH NOUNS.

"The clearest and most complete of all the numerous publications on the subject."—*P. F. Merlet*, Professor of French to the London University.

Just Published, price 1s.

*With Explanatory Notes, and Embellished with numerous Engravings.*

**JUVENILE ASTRONOMY**; or, the Solar System in Verse. By WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, Author of a New and Improved System of Stenography.

Price 3s. boards, or 3s. 6d. half-morocco,  
**THE CHILD'S OWN HISTORY OF FRANCE**, Illustrated with Authentic Portraits of its Kings, from Pharamond to Louis Philippe

Price 3s. cloth, or 3s. 6d. half morocco.  
**THE GODS OF HOMER AND VIRGIL**; or, Mythology for Children. By the Authors of "The Pearl," "The Muses' Response;" also, by the same Authors,

Price 1s.,  
**THE PUPIL'S DAILY MEMORIAL OF CONDUCT AND STUDIES.**

*Works Published by Joseph Thomas, 1, Finch Lane, Continued.*

**TOILETTE OF RANK AND FASHION.**

Just Published—Second Edition,  
Price 1s. 6d.

**THE BOOK OF HEALTH & BEAUTY.**

By a SURGEON.

Embracing the Economy of the

|            |            |       |        |
|------------|------------|-------|--------|
| Beard      | Eye brows  | Hair  | Nails  |
| Breath     | Eye-lashes | Hands | Skin   |
| Complexion | Feet       | Lips  | Teeth  |
| Eyes       | Gums       | Mouth | Tongue |

&c. &c.

With Recipes and Directions for the use of safe and Salutory Cosmetics, and a variety of Select Recipes for the Dressing Room of both sexes.

"A highly useful book for the ladies. There are in it some valuable recipes, particularly one which we are sure has never been made public before. It contains besides, much valuable Information, and ought to be the companion of every dressing-room."—*Lady's Magazine.*

Price 5s., elegantly bound,

**TINTS OF TALENT, FROM MANY PENCILS.** Consisting of Original Articles in Prose and Verse, by

|                                       |                                   |
|---------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| The Authoress of "Sketches of Corfu," | The Author of "Brambletye House," |
| The Authoress of "Woman's Love,"      | The "Hermit in London,"           |
| Mrs. Crawford,                        | Maurice Harcourt,                 |
| Miss. M. L. Beevor,                   | J. E. Carpenter,                  |
| Viscount Glentworth,                  | John Francis,                     |
| James Montgomery,                     | G. Moir Bussey,                   |
| John Clare,                           | W. Law Gane, &c. &c.              |

"Very pleasing sketches."—*Spectator.*

"A very pretty volume—variety and elegance are happily combined."—*Morning Advertiser.*

Price 4s. 6d. half bound in Morocco,

**RAINBOW SKETCHES**; in Prose and Verse. By JOHN FRANCIS, Author of "Sunshine, or Lays for Ladies." Illustrated with Six Engravings.

"We earnestly beg the ladies to take this elegantly produced publication under their especial protection. They will find it extremely elegant light reading, mixed up with just enough of the acid of satire to prevent its sweetness from cloying."—*Metropolitan Magazine.*

Dedicated (without permission) to those consistent supporters of a LAMB Administration, Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M. P., and J. S. Buckingham, Esq., M. P.

Price 2s. 6d. cloth,

**THE ART OF DUELLING.** By a TRAVELLER.

Price 1s

**THE ANTISEPTIC MANUAL**; or, the Art of Preserving every description of Alimentary Substance,—Animal and Vegetable, for any length of time in domestic use, for long voyages, and in hot climates.

Price 1s.

**THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD**, Illustrated with eight exquisitely finished Wood-cuts from Drawings by Harvey.

Price 1s. 6d.,

**THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BEDNALL GREEN**, Illustrated with eight exquisitely finished Wood-cuts, from Drawings by Harvey.

In a case price 1s. 6d. coloured.

**THE JUVENILE MYRIORAMA**, a series of Landscapes on Card, capable of Millions of Combinations, each forming a distinct subject, for the amusement and instruction of Youth in the art of Drawing.

Price 3s. 6d. cloth,

With a Portrait of R. B. Sheridan, **DRAMATIC BEAUTIES**, selected from early and modern British Dramatists, and forming a Companion to Dodd's Beauties of Shakespeare.

**THE SHAKSPEARE FORGERIES,**

8vo., price 1s. 6d.

**VORTIGERN.** By the late W. H. IRELAND. Represented at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, April 2nd, 1796, as a supposed newly discovered drama of Shakspeare's, with a fac-simile of the original manuscript, and an original Preface, written expressly for this edition by Mr. Ireland, shortly before his decease, and containing a very curious history of his fabrication of the Shakspeare Papers.

Price 1s.

**THE LIFE OF MADAME MALIBRAN DE BERIOT,**

With Original Anecdotes and Critical Remarks, by J. NATHAN, Author of "Hebrew Melodies," &c. &c.

**NEW SONGS.**

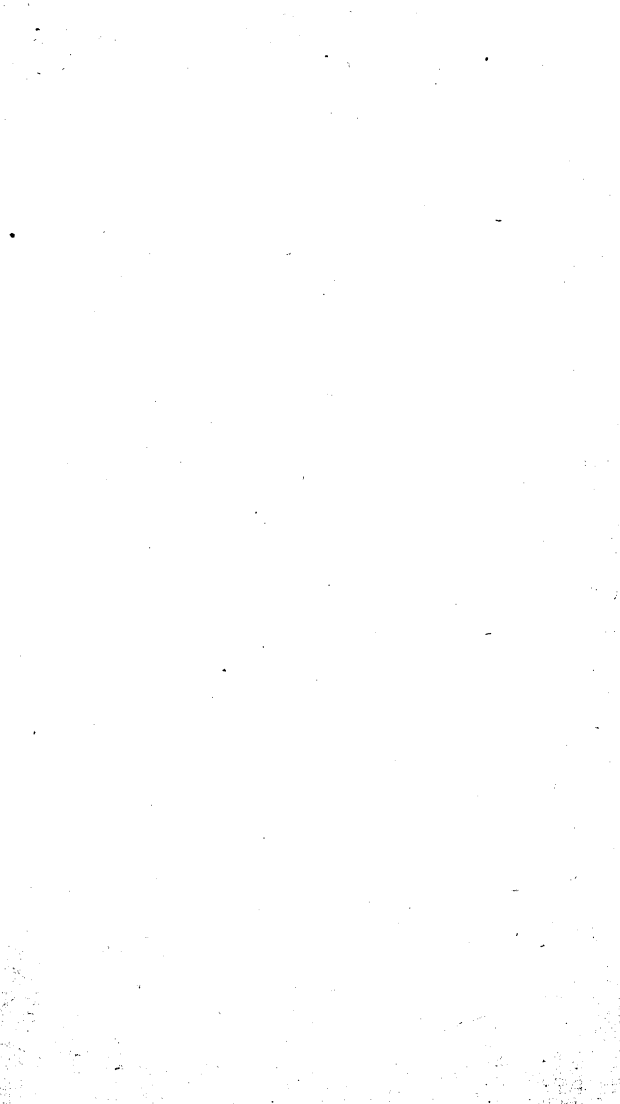
**MALIBRAN'S FAREWELL to AMERICA,** Written and sung by herself on the eve of her departure for Europe; also

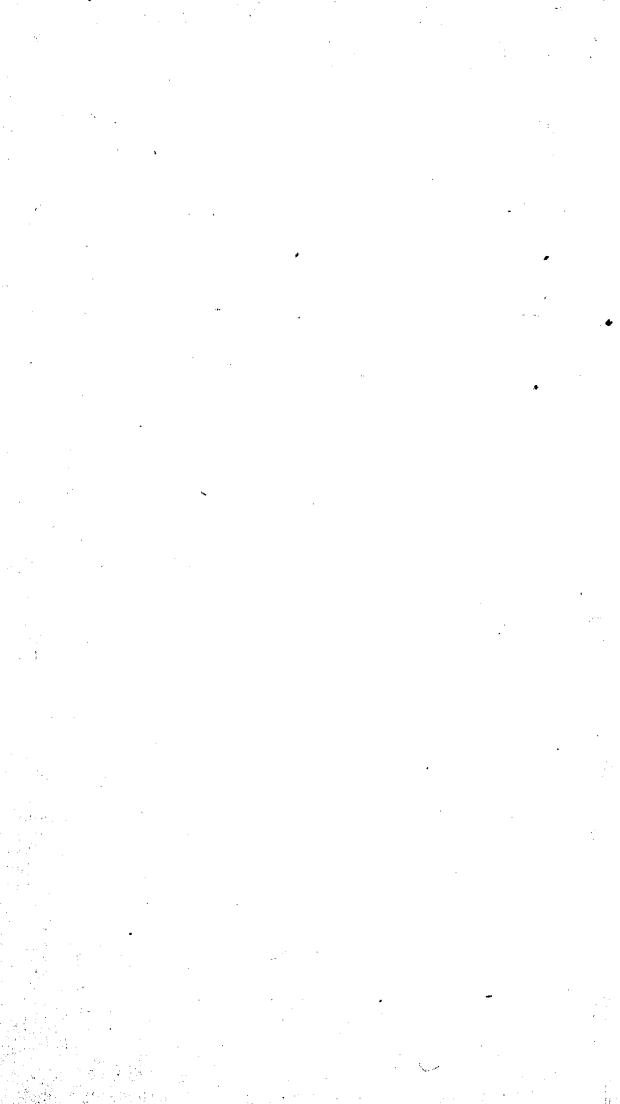
"**QUEEN OF EVENING,**"

The last composition she received in this country from the hands of her biographer; and a New Edition of Lord Byron's admired

"**WHEN WE TWO PARTED.**"

Composer, J. Nathan.—Price 2s. each.









**THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN  
GRADUATE LIBRARY**

**DATE DUE**

~~APR 21 1964~~

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



3 9015 01637 2776

1970-1971

CH.



